

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

November 28, 1956

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

PRICE

9



MELBOURNE XVI



OLYMPIC GAMES
Melbourne 1956

SOUVENIR EDITION



Look to HEINZ for the complete meals your Baby needs

BROTHS - SOUPS - MEATS - VEGETABLES - SWEETS - PUDDINGS

When real foods are added to baby's diet, the continuous round of shopping, cooking, straining can be a problem, unless you rely on Heinz Baby Foods! Heinz close co-operation with child health authorities throughout the world, and their long experience in the preparation of baby foods, has enabled Heinz to develop complete menus for both young and older babies. Day after day menus can be varied, so avoiding food fads. Hard-to-buy ingredients are never out of season, costly foods such as chicken are economically possible.

HEINZ MEALS ARE BALANCED MEALS

Because of Heinz special cooking methods, the natural healthful elements are retained—minerals, proteins and vitamins. This ensures that baby is getting all the nourishment his system demands. Because there are so many varieties of Heinz Baby Foods, it is possible to select a Heinz menu that is in accordance with your Doctor's or Health Centre's recommendation. Discuss this matter with them!

57

HEINZ BABY FOODS

FREE Send your name, address and baby's age to Dept. 17A, H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., 374 Little Collins Street, Melbourne. In return you will receive a voucher card entitling you to a free can of Heinz Strained or Junior Food from your retailer.

You know they're good because they're HEINZ



MENU SUGGESTIONS FROM HEINZ BABY FOOD RETAILERS

Your nearest Heinz Baby Foods retailer has a leaflet of Menu suggestions for your baby, no matter what his age. These leaflets are a helpful guide for mother in baby feeding and are free for asking.

Look along the Heinz Baby Food display for the menu pads as well! These pads also carry a full week's menu suggestions for babies of all ages.



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY OLYMPIC SOUVENIR ISSUE

NOVEMBER 28, 1956

Vol. 24, No. 26

KEEP THE FLAME BURNING

IN the days of the Grecian Olympics a truce was proclaimed between warring Greek cities for the duration of the Games.

Never in modern times has there been such a need for a truce before the Games as there is now.

For weeks the world has been teetering on the brink of war.

As the curtain goes up for the greatest sporting event in Australia's history the world is still sliced into uneasy segments of bitterness and heartbreak.

The Hungarian crisis and the Middle East flare-up have caused bitter enmity between many of the nations competing at the Olympics.

Australians have done all they can to make sure the Olympics are a success. The arenas, accommodation, and training facilities have all been commended by the world.

Now it is up to all concerned in the Olympics to submerge their antagonism for the duration of the Games.

There will be the inevitable arguments and differences, but they should be solved promptly and generously so that they leave no unpleasantness.

The Olympic flame has come a long way; it would be a pity to put it out.

Our cover:

- Four years' preparation ends this week with the opening of the Olympic Games in Melbourne. This issue salutes the occasion. Our cover hopscotch of Olympic competitors shows in the top row: Mary Breen, Australia (shot put), Charles Pratt, U.S.A. (hurdles). Centre Row: Ken Norris, Great Britain (runner), Nancy Borwick, Australia (long jump). Bottom Row: Geoff Goodacre, Australia (hurdles), Lois Jackman, Australia (hurdles).

This week:

- Stirling Moss, world-famous racing-driver and winner of the 1956 Grand Prix, is visiting Australia for the Olympic Games. Moss is only 27, unmarried, and rich, but he's wedded to his career. You'll find more about him on pages 16 and 17.
- This week's crossword puzzle appears on page 30.

Next week:

- The seething excitement in Melbourne, crowded and decorated within an inch of its life, has complicated life for our staff. Battling from stadium to stadium complete with camera gear and other impediments and covering the Royal visit and many brilliant social occasions are giving them a breathless week. Next week their vivid stories will bring you a close-up of the Olympic scene.

- Peach marshmallow cream, glazed plum pie, and melon de luxe are some of the delicious puddings made from summer fruits in next week's enlarged cookery section.

- Details of a fascinating new "Dog Talk" competition will appear next week. The competition is based on our popular "What Is the Baby Saying?" competition.

Full details of the cash prizes of £100 every week and the first picture to be captioned will appear next week.

Our £2000 art award

• The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize will be held again next year. Closing date for entries will be August 31, 1957—a month later than the two previous years of the competition.

PRIZE-MONEY of £2000 and conditions for our 1957 Portrait Prize have not been changed.

The sum of £1500 will be awarded for the best portrait of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or child up to 10 years, or of a child under 14 years. The remaining £500 will be awarded for the best portrait by a woman artist.

If the winning portrait is painted by a woman, she will receive the total prize-money, i.e., £2000.

The later closing date for next year's international award will give artists more time to send in their entries for the richest art prize in Australia and one of the biggest portrait prizes in the world.

Entries, suitably framed, must be delivered to the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. in Sydney between Monday, August 26, and Saturday, August 31, 1957.

No entries will be accepted at the Gallery after 3 p.m., August 31.

Portraits can be in oils, watercolors, or in pastels.

They must be the original work of competitors, and must have been painted during the 12 months preceding the dates fixed for sending in entries.

The portraits must also be painted from life, must form the major part of the composition, and be no smaller than 12in. by 16in. A painting of the nude figure will not be accepted as a portrait.

Competitors are restricted to two entries.

The name and address of the competitor and the title of the portrait must be printed clearly on the back of each work.

With each entry competitors must also send in a statu-

tory declaration stating that the work complies with the conditions of the competition.

The judges of The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1957, will be the Directors of the National Art Galleries in the six Australian States.

The decision of the judges will be final and binding in all matters relating to the awarding of prizes and the subsequent selection of works for exhibition.

After their decision is announced, selected entries will be hung in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. in Sydney for a minimum period of one month.

They will then be exhibited in other Australian capital cities.

Entry forms for the 1957 prize will shortly be obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly offices in each State, and at major art galleries and societies here and abroad.

Intending competitors can also obtain forms by writing to "Portrait Prize," Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

Athletes ready: THE CURTAIN RISES



NEW FRIENDSHIPS. Above: Italian cyclists Giuseppe Ogna (left) and Guguelmo Pejenti get together with Australian swimmer Maureen Giles. Left: The warming-up end of the Olympic Pool. The sun streams through a wall of glass on to tiles where competitors exercise before swimming. Below: Australian and Japanese women divers leave the diving-boards. From front are Barbara McAuley, Hatsuko Hirase, Pat Howard, and Kanoko Teutani. Pictures by staff photographer Gary Linney.



IN THEIR VILLAGE

Olympic teams live and work in international community of more than 5000

● The Olympic torch is burning in the southern hemisphere for the first time in history. Approximately 5000 athletes, at peak of their training, and officials from over 60 countries are in Melbourne, the city chosen for the 16th Olympic Games.

SOON the athletes will leave the Olympic Village at Heidelberg to go to the different stadiums to compete for coveted gold medals.

Their spirit is remarkable, for never before in the history of the Olympic Games have athletes from all nations assembled in such an atmosphere of world tension.

TURBANED TASTER in the kitchen is Kenya hockey player Jogiinder Singh, who invaded one of the kitchens. "I work up an appetite training and the food here is so good," he said.

But at the Village there is a pervading atmosphere of cheerful friendliness from the moment the community stirs at 7 a.m. and competitors from all nations swing energetically into training routines.

The Village itself is at Heidelberg, seven and a half miles from the main Olympic stadium, and consists of 841 houses and flats built over an area of 117 acres.

The entrance to the Village is through the Flag Court, where the flags of all nations resident are flown.

In the houses the athletes are looked after by Melbourne housewives who have taken jobs in the Village. They might not speak the various languages, but there's a warmth of feeling and an interest that go beyond language barriers.

They show athletes how to work the gas bath-heaters—and how to put up the windows. (A member of the Greek team accidentally broke two windows within a few days of his arrival.)

The Village is a self-contained community, with, as well as the usual shopping facilities, a hospital and medical centre, a dental clinic, barber-shop, bank, and boot-maker.

An Australian manufacturer of sweets has a gay blue-and-white stall in the Village, from where are distributed free packages of sweets to all residents.

Another gift to the Village is 1000 gallons of Australian wine, in the custody of Olympic attaches, who have been asked to use it to entertain athletes.

Ever since the Village opened some weeks before the Games, huge crowds have congregated at the gates, but visitors are not allowed at any time, nor are there now any conducted tours.

The only people allowed beyond the Flag Court are people on official business and relatives of team members who have obtained special permission.

Even the crowded busloads of schoolchildren on conducted educational tours have not been allowed in, but have been driven round the outskirts.

The International Restaurant is outside the Village gates, so that athletes may meet and entertain their friends close to their quarters.

Within the Village are thirteen dining-rooms, divided into national groups with the same food tastes.

Mrs. W. Duxbury, relieving supervisor of dining-rooms, says the most colorful personality she has met so far is the Nigerian chief, Lisa of Lagos.

"Chief Lisa wears a different robe to each meal," Mrs. Duxbury said. "They are magnificent. So far he hasn't worn the same robe twice. Generally he throws the robe off during the meal to show the white gown he wears beneath.

"I get on well with all the teams.

"The Russians are cheerful and helpful, but I think, of all the nationalities, the Nigerians are the most polished."

More than 20,000 meals are served each day in the friendly and hospitable atmosphere of the dining-room.

Most of the inhabitants of the Village are up with the lark, and fall into bed early after a hard day's training.

For those whose training schedule permits, there is always something doing. Films are shown in the theatre, there are live shows, and, in the recreation-rooms, radio-grams, chessboards, darts, and table tennis.

But regarded as the best entertainment of all is getting to know members of the other teams over coffee, and comparing training schedules despite language difficulties.

Life does not close down at the Village at the weekend, where all facilities, including the post office and the bank, are open seven days a week.

The bank has a specially trained staff to deal with currency problems, and interpreters who can cope with 15 different languages and make themselves understood in a number of others.

The post office is a continual hive of activity, for athletes are apparently indefatigable letter-writers. A number of them have also put through long-distance calls to their homelands.

The women's quarters in the Village are fenced in with eight-foot-high wire fences and entrances are guarded by sentries.

Despite the formidable defences, the magic word "photographie" (which everyone understands) lures the girls out.

The Russian girls are happy



TRACK WALKERS from the United States pack the Village bank in a double line to be instructed in the intricacies of Australian currency. Banking hours in the Village are from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. seven days a week. Specially trained staff speaks 15 languages.



SENTRY guarding the wire-fenced women's quarters talks to 14-year-old Australian swimmer Sandra Morgan.



FRENCH SWIMMERS. From left, Ginette Sendral, Odette Lusien, and Heda Front photographed on the training oval at the Village by some team-mates. The girls are wearing Pierre Balmain cocktail dresses of ottoman silk in either red, white, or blue, which the designer presented to all members of the team.

New friends enliven hard training



and co-operative, and are always willing to pose.

"Photographie" seems to be contagious. The day we visited the Village we saw Australian swimmer Faith Leech photographed with Russian girl discus-thrower Elvina Elkin as they watched the arrival of some French athletes.

A motor-cycle policeman who had escorted the French bus into the Village was busily photographing some Italian girl athletes, while an international photographer was equally busy photographing the policeman.

The Hungarians are friendly, and we made ourselves known again with that wonderful word "photographie."

An exuberant member of the team, whose name we never did find out, conducted us through the Hungarian quarters, flinging wide a door to show us some members of

the team who were sound asleep.

"Sleeping beauties," he said proudly. It seemed to be the only English phrase he knew.

In the 24-bed Village hospital there were only six patients. The Russians have set up their own hospital with eight doctors, so will not use the Village hospital.

Only minor illnesses and injuries have been treated so far, and the staff of Service doctors and nurses are thoroughly enjoying their stay at the Village.

Pretty blond Sister Josephine True, of the R.A.A.F., said she was enjoying every minute.

"It is fascinating meeting so many different people," she said.

"We are all collecting team badges. I've started with a

South African badge, but I have an Indian patient, so I am hoping I will soon have an Indian badge."

Athletes are amazed at the courtesy of Australian schoolchildren who want their autographs. Instead of the usual undisciplined clamor, many children say politely, "May I have your autograph, please?"

This unorthodox approach is the result of Melbourne's Courtesy Week prior to the Games, during which Melbourne schoolchildren were tutored by international athletes on the correct approach for autograph-hunters.

Pretty blond Sister Josephine True, of the R.A.A.F., said she was enjoying every minute.

"If I had time to sign all the books for the kids I would," one of them said, "but it's not fair to sign only one or two."



GERMAN swimmers Eva-Maria ten Elsen (left) and Christel Steffin listen as Italian chef Romano Bassi tries to persuade them of the merits of spaghetti as a training food.



AUSTRALIAN SWIMMER Faith Leech with Russian discus-throwers Elvina Elkin (left) and Erina Beglyanova. The letters "C.C.C.P." on the Russian girls' track-suits are the Russian-script initials for "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."



HUNGARIAN ATHLETES relax after their long journey to Melbourne before sleeping off the fatigue of the plane trip. Reading on the bed in their Village home are Sandor Jakabfy (right) and Laszlo Kiss. Dr. Geza Varasdi, foreground, is writing a letter.

Five sports for women at Games



GYMNASTICS



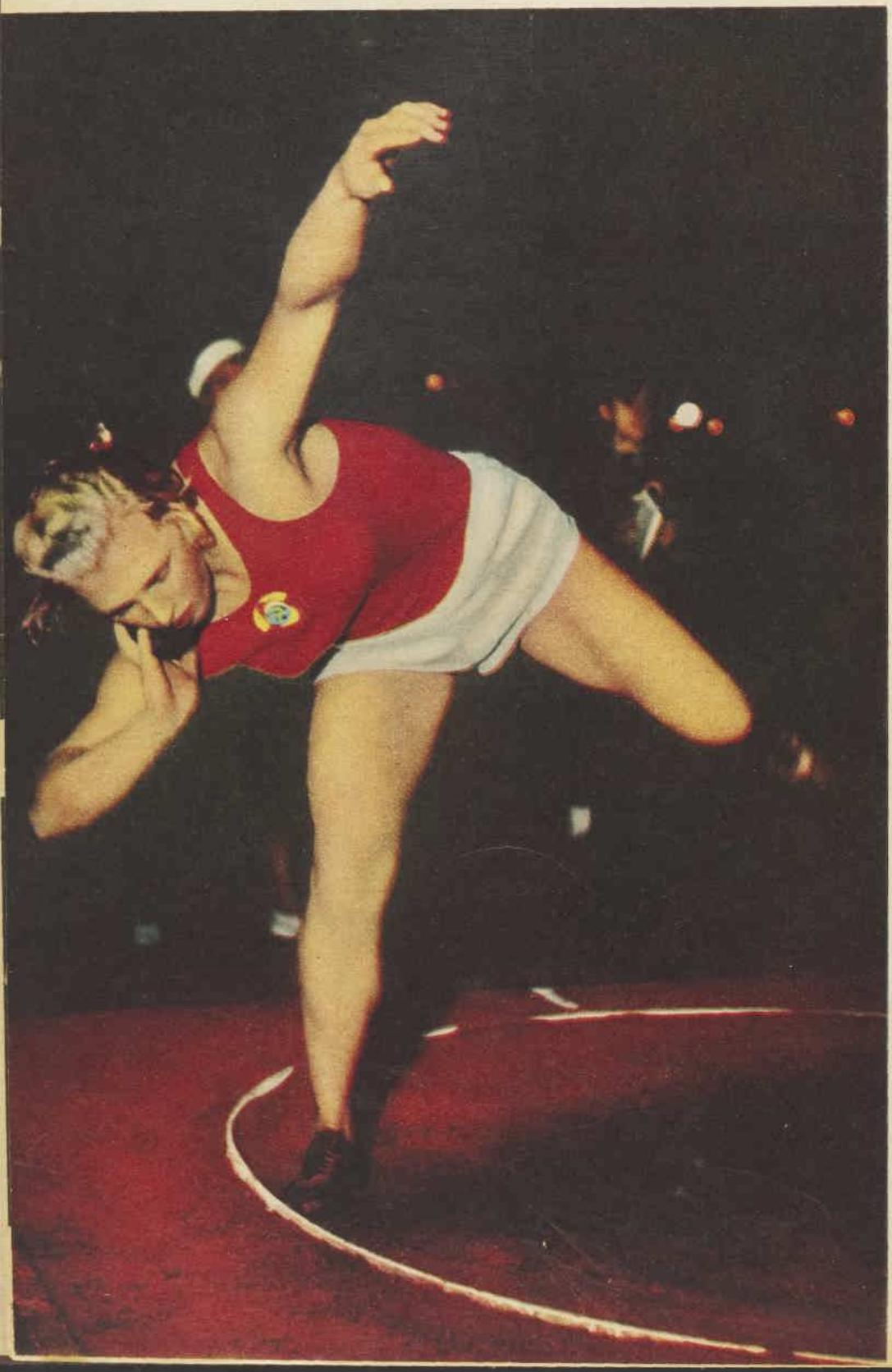
ATHLETICS



KAYAKING



FENCING



● Top women athletes from all over the world will have a chance to compete in five sports at the Olympic Games — athletics, swimming, fencing, kayaking, and gymnastics.

By ANDREW DETTRE

A USTRALIA'S outlook is good, but far from the best. Although Australia has some excellent women swimmers and athletes, she is acutely short of world-class gymnasts, fencers, and canoeists.

The world's top women's sporting countries may be Russia, Germany, or Hungary, which have good chances in every event.

With dozens of world-class performers clashing in a tense atmosphere for the highest sporting honors awarded, however, predicting how they will perform is almost impossible.

In past Olympic Games, "certain winners" have often failed miserably, while "dark horses" have often won.

But what I can do is present a picture of what might happen, mention the

women with the brightest chances, and refrain from labelling anyone a "certainty."

ATHLETICS

An 18-year-old Sydney girl, Betty Cuthbert, is now widely hailed as Marjorie Jackson's worthy successor for Olympic honors.

Although many experts claim that another Marjorie Jackson is not likely to be born for 50 years, Miss Cuthbert could win a gold medal or two for Australia.

Her chances over 100 metres are very good. She has 11.5 sec. to her credit—not bettered by anyone in the world this year, but equalled by three women overseas, Van Brouwer (Holland), G. Kohler (Germany), and C. Stubnick (Germany).

Marlene Mathews, also of Sydney, Russians M. Itkina and G. Popova, and English J.

...



RUSSIAN woman shot put star Galina Zybina, who holds the world shot put record, is a great favorite for success at the Games in Melbourne.

AUSTRALIAN runner 18-year-old Betty Cuthbert, of Sydney, is Australia's number-one prospect for both the 100 and 200 metres events.

Stars of all nations



BRITISH sprinter June Paul was British sprint champion before her marriage. She is still regarded as one of Europe's leading women sprinters. When not running, she is a busy housewife and the happy mother of a young son, Steven.

Paul are others Miss Cuthbert will have to face.

Over 200 metres Betty Cuthbert holds the world record (not yet ratified) with a fantastic 23.2sec. A repeat of this run would probably enable her to break the tape in the Olympic final. Marlene Mathews, Itkina, Paul, and Stubnick will be her main opponents here, too.

Shirley Strickland will have a difficult problem in successfully defending her 80 metres hurdles title, but, judging by her recent runs, she is quite capable of doing it.

Shirley, one of the most popular Australian women athletes, will be joined by South Australian Norma Austin and Sydney girl Gloria Cooke in this event. Germany's world-record holder, Zenta Gastl, and Russia's pretty and brilliant Galina Vinogradova-Popova are the early favorites.

The high jump may boil down to a duel between Britain's Thelma Hopkins and Rumania's Iolanda Balas, both of whom have cleared 5ft. 8½in. this year. Russia's Ballod, America's McDaniel, South Africa's Geyser, Czechoslovakia's Moldrachova, and Germany's Kilian could also do well.

Australian record holder Michele Mason cleared 5ft. 6in. last September. However, she still jumps with the outdated "scissors" move, which may not give her much chance against the streamlined Europeans using the latest rolling styles.

Poland's Elzbieta Dunska-

Krzesinska, who established a new world record of 20ft. 10in. last August, will be the favorite to win the broad jump.

However, the Russians, including Szegeny, Vinogradova, and Radchenko, and England's T. Hopkins will try to make it difficult for the Polish girl. Australian Erica Willis, with her 18ft. 7in. jump in the Olympic Trials, seems outclassed in this company.

Two muscular Russians—Helsinki winner Galina Zybina and giant Tamara Tishkovich—are most favored for the shot put event, while another Russian, Virve Roolaid, is a good bet for the javelin throw.

Roolaid, though, will have stiff opposition from Poland's Figwer, Czechoslovakia's Zatopekova, Germany's Brommel, and Hungary's Vigh. Even compatriots Chudina and Gorchakova or Maremae are strong contenders for Olympic honors.

If Russia's Nina Ponomareva of the "Five Hats" fame makes the trip she should win the discus event. In her absence, fellow Russian Beglyakova will have quite a task in preventing this event from slipping into "foreign" hands.

Australia has no one in any of the weight events who has even the remotest chance of troubling giant and robust Russians and other Europeans. She could, however, win the 4 x 100 metres relay event, for which she will be equal favorite with Germany, Russia, and England.

Continued on Page 14



AUSTRALIAN swimmer 18-year-old Lorraine Crapp holds six individual world records. She looks unbeatable for the 400 metres event and will be Dawn Fraser's strongest rival for the 100 metres event.



AMERICAN backstroke swimmer Carin Cone, of Washington, won the American Olympic Trials with the time of 1min. 14.4sec. for the 100 metres backstroke. Her main opponents will be English, German.



RUSSIAN field athlete Nina Vinogradova will probably contest the long jump, an event in which she is in world class. Nina is no relation to Galina Vinogradova, a Russian Olympic hurdles contender.



U.S.A. swimmer Shelley Mann is America's leading butterfly and freestyle swimmer. She is regarded as America's most versatile swimmer, and is entered for the 100 metres freestyle as well as the 100 metres butterfly event.



AUSTRALIAN swimmer Dawn Fraser seems almost certain to win the 100 metres freestyle swimming event. She is regarded as being potentially the world's fastest woman swimmer and a certain member of the Australian relay team.



THE DRINK OF
OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS

LOS ANGELES ... 1932 BERLIN ... 1936
LONDON ... 1948 HELSINKI ... 1952

MELBOURNE, 1956

Officially recognised at all Olympic Games since 1932 and again this year at Melbourne, OVALTINE takes first place in its selection by the Champions.

Throughout the years, world-famous athletes have paid tribute to the supreme value of OVALTINE in the training diet. It builds up health, energy and stamina under the most strenuous conditions.

OVALTINE

VITAMIN-FORTIFIED
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

GOOD FOR ATHLETES - GOOD FOR YOU



Wow!
what a
difference

No more chafing and soreness now. His mother has used gentle 'Vaseline' Brand Petroleum Jelly to protect him from nappy rash. Smooth on this "wonder jelly" every time you change your baby's nappy. 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly is a first aid kit in a jar—heals cuts, soothes burns, cools sore feet. Available from all chemists and stores.



TRADE
BRAND
PETROLEUM JELLY

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc. A.B.C.

Economy jar — 3/9

Standard jar — 2/3



HAPPY Olympic teenagers (above) are, from left, Galina Rezyieva (U.S.S.R.), Dorota Jockiel (Poland), Vera Ngova (U.S.S.R.), and Natalia Kot (Poland). At right, German swimmer Bergit Klomp (16) posts a letter to her family.

Teenage ambassadors of 1956

• Youth is having its day at the Olympic Village. Teenagers (all the teens from 14 are represented) have travelled up to 13,000 miles to try to put their country's name in the one, two, three of Olympic placings. They are happy, natural teenagers who are their country's ambassadors of sport.



ABOVE: One of the youngest competitors, Australian swimmer Alte Colquhoun, aged 14.



RIGHT: German freestyle swimmer Kati Jansen enjoys a meal at Olympic Village.



ONE of the few girls with long hair is Deirkska Kresirka (long jump, Poland). She wears her hair in a plait.



SOUTH AFRICAN swimmers watch the raising of their country's flag. From left are Jeannette Myburgh (16), Natalia Myburgh (16), Susan Roberts (17), and Moira Abernethy (17).



JUST OUT OF THEIR TEENS, 20-year-old Italian gymnasts Luciana Lagorara (left) and Miranda Cicognani dry their laundry outside their village home.

WE BORROWED THIS WONDROUS FRAGRANCE FROM THE FLOWER ITSELF

Potter & Moore Gardenia

So you can be in tune with romance

it's new . . .

IT'S MAGIC IN A BOTTLE

Gardenia Aerosol Spray

Perfume

Lightly touch the top, and pouf . . . a fine mist of Gardenia Skin Perfume. No hand can touch you so subtly, so delicately with fragrance as the refreshing caress of an Aerosol Spray. It's new, it's exciting. Brought to you by Potter & Moore in a long-lasting bottle packed in an elegant gift box

16/9

Gardenia Skin Perfume

10/3



Gardenia Toilet Soap

Moulded in the shape of the flower and touched with its romantic perfume, Gardenia Toilet Soap by Potter & Moore holds its fragrance right down to the last thin sliver. Three long-lasting cakes in a beautiful gift box

9/6

Gardenia Talcum Powder

Smooth and silky to the touch. The magical fragrance of Gardenia in superfine Talcum Powder presented for you by Potter & Moore. A glamorous companion for Skin Perfume in an attractive sprinkler-top tin. Boxed for gift giving

4/11



Potter & Moore Gardenia

On display at perfumery counters everywhere

Potter & Moore Springtime Festival of Fragrance

BRINGS YOU ALL THE ROMANCE OF SPRING!

Gardenia Gift Set the gift of Romance. Gardenia Skin Perfume, Talcum Powder and Toilet Soap in beautiful presentation box . . . 19/6

Outback informality for Duke's tour



Headaches go . . .

DISPRIN DISSOLVES . . . acts rapidly

Because Disprin really dissolves (and does not merely break up), it is easier for your system to absorb. Disprin passes quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream. Its pain-relieving action is rapid and thorough.

FAR LESS ACID . . . better for the stomach

Because Disprin is substantially non-acid, as well as

being soluble, it is far less likely to cause dyspepsia or stomach upset.

PLEASANT . . . easy to take

Disprin is palatable and agreeable to take. And that, combined with its comparative non-acidity, makes Disprin particularly suitable for children.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin

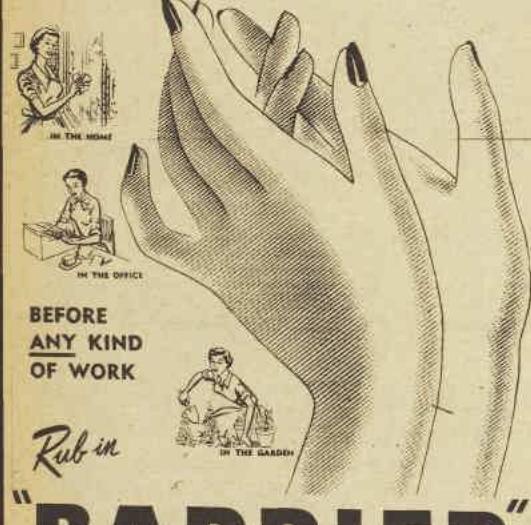


D1/56

DISPRIN^{Regd.}
dissolves pain
quickly and safely

Beautiful Hands

EVEN WHILE YOU WORK



BEFORE
ANY KIND
OF WORK

Rub in

"BARRIER"
REGD. TRADE NAME
CREAM

"Barries" Cream is a wonderful hand protective cream. Applied every day, it stops grease, harsh soaps and toll stains from damaging the skin. When work is over, toll stains simply float off in soap and water. Linolin-enriched "Barrier" cream guards the natural oils in the skin and our hands stay soft and lovely, no matter what we do. Buy a tube or jar of "Barrier" Cream and watch your hands become more beautiful every day.



FOR USE IN THE PREVENTION AND
TREATMENT OF INDUSTRIAL DERMATITIS

"IF IT'S FAULDING'S — IT'S PURE!"

Page 10



THE DUKE, AT EASE in shirt-sleeves and wide straw hat, watched stockmen work in a temperature of 107 degrees on Brunette Downs station, in Northern Territory. At left is the Minister for Territories, Mr. Hasluck. Centre is Mr. E. Barnes, manager of the station.



AFTER READING THE LESSON at the Flynn Memorial Church, Alice Springs, the Duke of Edinburgh spoke to members of the aboriginal choir, who flew 300 miles from Ernabella Mission station for the service. Aged between 13 and 22, the choristers all belong to the Pitjantjara tribe. The Duke stayed overnight at Alice Springs, and later flew to Canberra. Pictures by staff photographer Clive Thompson, who is travelling with the Royal Party.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956



ON BOARD H.M.S. NEWCASTLE. Simone Pirenne (left), Lieut. George Cooper, R.N., Philippa Curlewis, and Lieut. Nigel Berlyn, R.N., at a cocktail party held on board the cruiser during its four-day visit to Sydney. The ship is now in Melbourne for the Games.



A GUST OF WIND caught the veil of Mrs. Nick Romalis as she left All Saints', Woollahra, with her husband. The bride was Barbara Holliday, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Roy Holliday, of Kensington, and Nick is the son of Mr. A. Romalis and the late Mrs. Romalis.



ENGAGED. Tom Reynolds and Jennifer Roche have announced their engagement. Jennifer is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. K. Roche, of Edgecliff, and Tom is the only son of Mr. A. H. L. Reynolds, of Madang, New Guinea, and the late Mrs. Reynolds.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

ONE of the most glamorous events of the Olympic Games fortnight in Melbourne will be the exhibition of flower arrangements at "Yarrien," the Toorak home of Mrs. H. F. Creswick, on November 29.

Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, of Woollahra, who is noted for her beautiful flower arrangements, will contribute a sample of her work for the exhibition.

Mrs. Blaxland is staying with Mrs. Everard Baillieu, at Toorak, for the Games.

So that Olympic visitors may see Australian flowers, a preview party will be held on the evening of November 28. This will be attended by the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks.

The exhibition will aid the Rose Day Appeal for free kindergartens.

WHEN they return from their motoring honeymoon in Tasmania, newlywed Agnes and Fred King will have a very busy time painting and decorating the new home they are building at Collaroy.

VOYAGING to England on board Orcades are Janet Sillar and Mary Thompson, both of Cheltenham. They plan to buy a little car in England and will drive it through Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent. Janet and Mary were both dental nurses at the Dental Hospital in Sydney, and they are looking forward to meeting some of the dentists who are now in England.

THE Bob Stephens gave a small party at their Edgecliff flat to celebrate the engagement of their only child, Mary, to Allan Coogan. Allan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Coogan, of "Aroombal" Tenterfield. Mary and Allan are already making plans for their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on February 28.

VERY thrilled at the arrival of a baby brother are Jane (aged four-and-a-half) and Sarah (two years) Litchfield, of "Hazeldean," Cooma. James William are the names chosen by proud parents Mr. and Mrs. Jim Litchfield. Mrs. Litchfield was formerly Barbara Fraser, of "Eulo," Darlington Point.

A DATE for your diary . . . December 13, for the annual Christmas party for members of the Purple and Gold Club. The party will be held in David Jones Restaurant. The Purple and Gold Club was the wartime 2/30th Battalion Comforts Fund.

BRIEFLY . . . Mrs. Vivian Bradley-Acock, of Gladstone, is receiving lots of letters from her daughter Pamela, who married Englishman Patrick Holmes in London.

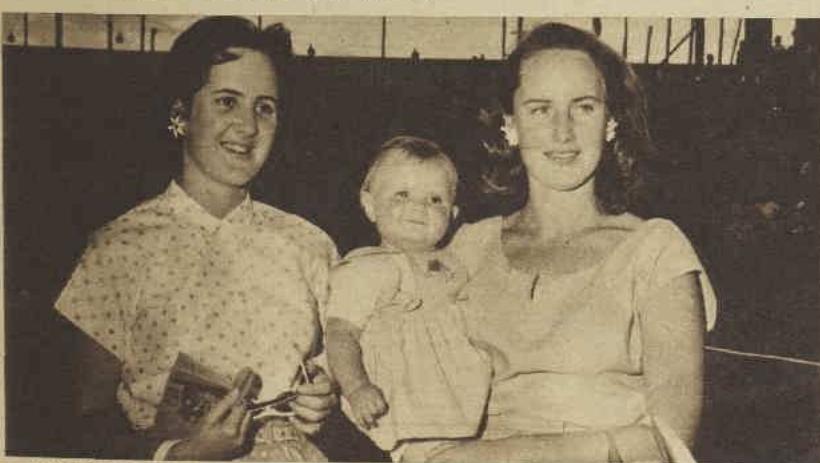


PARTY IN MELBOURNE. Guests of honor Viola Meeks and her stepbrother, Henry Creswick, lighting one of the candles at "Yarrien," the Toorak home of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Creswick, who, with Mr. and Mrs. Alec Creswick, of "Kent Park," Ferntree Gully, were hosts to the young people's friends. Viola is the daughter of Mr. Harry Meeks, of Rose Bay, and Mrs. Alec Creswick.

AUSTRALIAN lass Gloria de Stefanis, who is a secretary at the Australian Embassy in Washington, U.S.A., has announced her engagement to Paul Sullivan, of Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. And as today, November 22, is American Thanksgiving day, Paul's parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. Sullivan, are giving a formal dinner party at their Boston home to celebrate the engagement. Gloria has been overseas for 21 months, and has been working in the Embassy for nearly 12 months. Gloria's mother, Mrs. R. de Stefanis, of Rodd Point, tells me that the young couple plan to marry in Boston next February . . . they will honeymoon in sunny Florida.

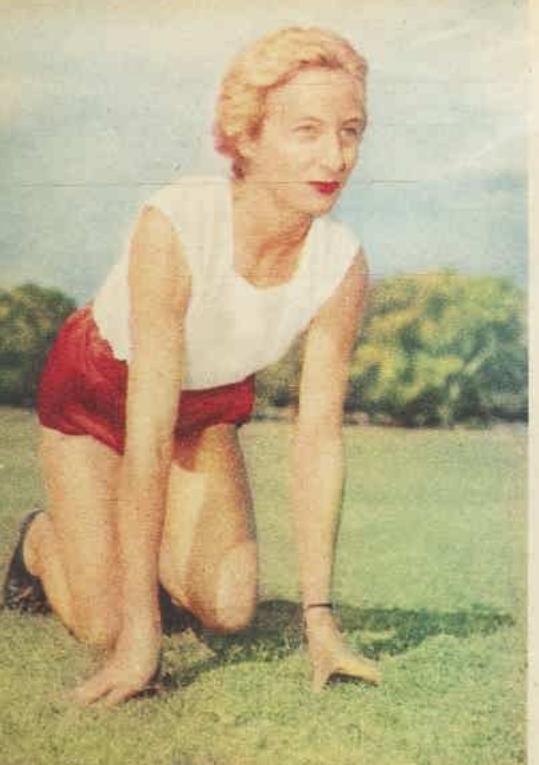
LOOKING cool and crisp at the finals of the New South Wales tennis championships at White City was Mrs. Reg Fountain, of Rose Bay, who wore a shirtmaker dress of black-and-white printed cotton with a high-buttoned collar.

Anne



TENNIS SPECTATORS. Joanna McCathie (left) with her sister, Mrs. Ken Chapman, and tiny niece Judy Chapman at the finals of the N.S.W. tennis championships at White City. Joanna arrived home two weeks ago with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ken McCathie, after travelling for eight months—through America, England, and Europe.

THE HOME TEAM



HURDLER Shirley Strickland, of Western Australia, is Australia's strongest hope in the 80 metres hurdles.



JAVELIN THROWER Mrs. June Heath, of N.S.W., was runner-up in this year's national championship; holds national record.



SPRINTER Marlene Mathews, of New South Wales, is entered for both the 100 and 200 metres events.



LONG JUMPER Erica Willis, of N.S.W., is the Australian national champion. But she does not seem to offer any serious threat to the Russian and Polish long-jump stars.



HURDLER Norma Austin (Mrs. Thrower), of South Australia, beat Shirley Strickland in this year's Australian Championships. She has strong chances of reaching the finals.

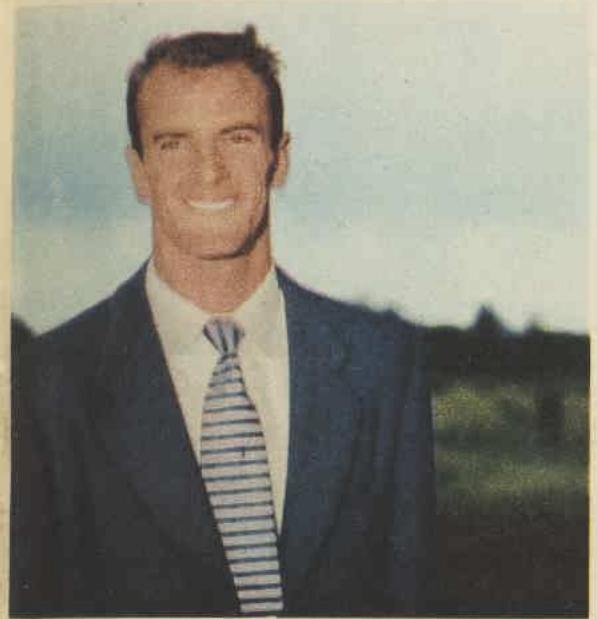


HIGH JUMPER Carol Bernoth, of Queensland, spent most of last year in hospital with a back injury, and has been working her way back into form since last December.



DISCUS THROWER Shirley Cotton, of N.S.W., was runner-up in the Olympic Trials. Her Australian discus record was broken by Victorian Lois Jackman, who won the trials.

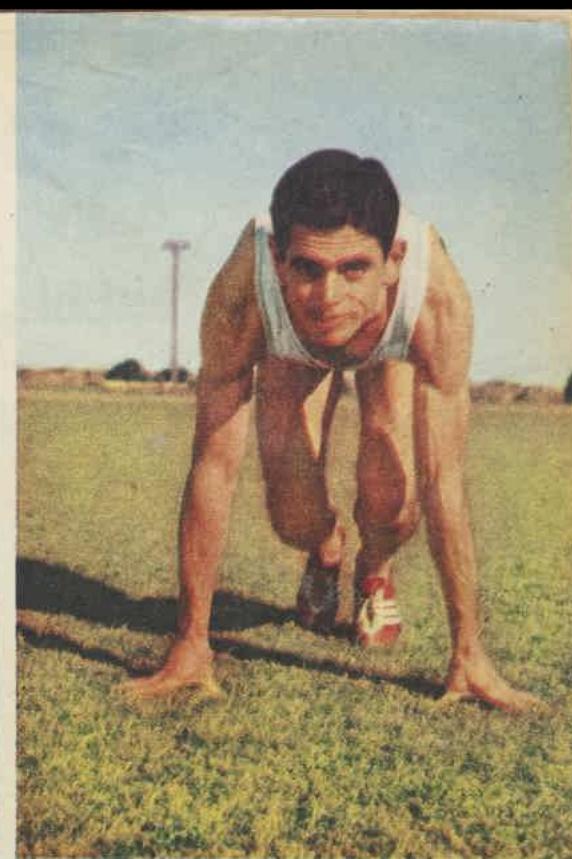
Some Australians in the Olympic Gold Rush



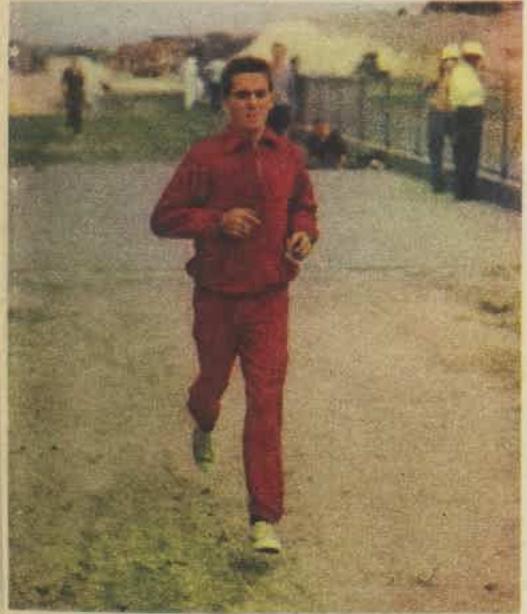
RUNNER Kevan Gosper, of N.S.W., will compete in the 400 metres. He holds the local record for this distance.



SPRINTER Hector Hogan, of Victoria, is joint world record holder for 100 yards with the time of 9.3sec.



RUNNER Jim Bailey, of N.S.W., is entered in the 800 and 1500 metres events. This year he beat John Landy.



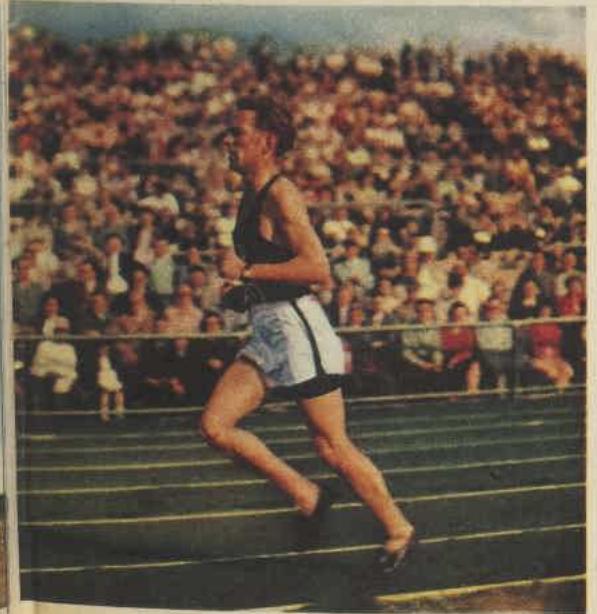
RUNNER Albert Thomas, of New South Wales, who will compete in the 5000 metres event.



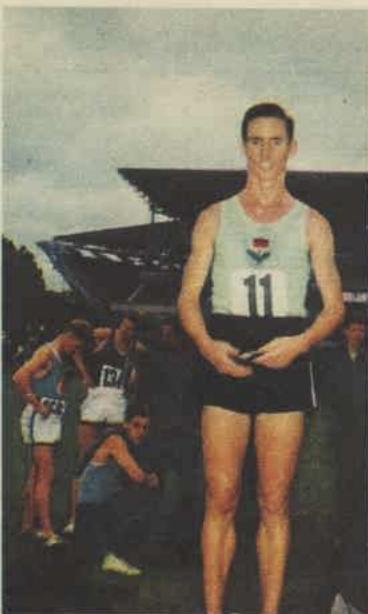
HIGH JUMPER Charles Porter, of Queensland, is the Australian champion, and could cause a surprise in the Olympic high jump event.



RUNNER John Landy, of Victoria, will compete in both the 1500 and 5000 metres races.



DISTANCE RUNNER Dave Stephens, of Victoria, ex-holder of six-mile record, will contest the 10,000 metres.



RUNNER Alan Lawrence, of N.S.W., will run in the 5000, 10,000 metres.



MARATHON runner John Russell, of New South Wales, beat Keith Ollerenshaw in the Olympic Trials. He has only recently struck Olympic form.

Just try
a 1'-
bubble!

See for yourself how
RICHARD HUDDNUT
egg creme shampoo
cleans your hair
like magic! ...leaves it shining,
silken-soft and lovely!

THIS wonderful, soapless shampoo contains the natural beneficial protein of egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier of hair!

Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleanses your hair like magic—yet it is gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean.

Dull dry hair, limp oily hair gain new silken beauty;

NOW IN 1/- BUBBLES
AS WELL AS BOTTLES, 5/6 & 9/6



Creations of Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

SR31102

Hand in glove with fashion

KAYSER

In fashion's latest Eastern shades.

Have fun in the USA
for less than £89

For free folder: "10 Days in the U.S.A." ask your travel agent or

PAN AMERICAN

Page 14



Continued from page 7

Five sports for women at Games

Swimming will be the Australian women's strongest event, possibly yielding two or three gold medals and even more minor placings.

In the classic 100-metre sprint, Dawn Fraser, Faith Leech, and Lorraine Crapp could well fill the first three places, thus making the first swimming grand slam for Australia.

This will be the Australian women's strongest event, possibly yielding two or three gold medals and even more minor placings.

Americans Shelley Mann and Nancy Simons, South African Natalie Myburgh, and Hungary's Vali Gyenge and Zsuzsa Ordogh may be others worth watching.

In the 400 metres freestyle, Lorraine Crapp stands out like a field-marshall among recruits. Her repeated swims under five minutes make it hard to imagine that she can be beaten.

Dawn Fraser and Sandra Morgan should also make the final, with Fraser a very possible silver medallist.

Vali Gyenge, of Hungary, France's Helga Frost, and the American Sylvia Ruuska should also make the final.

In the 200 metres breaststroke event, Australia will play second fiddle. Two Germans, Eva Ten Elsen and Ursula Happe-Krey, two Hungarians, Eva Szekely and Klara Killermann, and America's Mary Sears are all many seconds better than the best Australians — Barbara Evans, Betty Sykes, and Lynette Whillier.

The 100 metres butterfly is a new Olympic event and may bring American victory. Shelley Mann, the most talented member of the famous Walter Reed Army Hospital Swim Club in Washington, D.C., is the world record holder and also the most popular choice for this title.

Fellow-American Mary Sears, Hungary's constantly improving Maria Littomeritsky, and Germany's veteran Jutta Langenau will be opposing the fabulous Mann.

Australian Beverley Bainbridge has been slicing seconds off her time ever since last January and could do better than generally expected.

The 100 metres backstroke

is the most open of all women's events.

The two English stars, Margaret Edwards and Judy Grinham, could win without causing the faintest surprise.

Hungary will rely on unpredictable Eva Pajor, Germany on Helga Schmidt, America on Carin Cone, South Africa on title holder Joan Harrison, and New Zealand on Jean Stewart and Phillipa Gould.

Australian Georgina Beckett is not far behind the world standard, and, with a bit of luck, could make the final.

The Australian 4 x 100 metres relay team, based on

Fraser - Leech - Crapp, and either Jan Munro or Elizabeth Fraser, will start a distinct favorite for this classic event.

On paper-form all other teams are at least two seconds slower than the Australian quartet.

The U.S.A., Hungary, and Germany may fight for the minor places.

In the springboard diving, defending champion Pat McCormick, of the U.S.A., and team-mates Jeanne Stunyo and Barbara Sue Gilders are outstanding. In the platform diving, Pat McCormick and Paula Myers could finish well up on the list. Their only serious rivals will be the Russian and German women.

Australian champion Barbara McAuley, a veteran of many international meetings, and Empire champion, could cause a pleasant surprise.

FENCING

At least 10 women, representing half a dozen countries, appear to have equal chances for the individual foil title, the only fencing event open for women at the Olympics.

Italy will send a strong team, possibly including Helsinki winner Irene Camber.

Her compatriots, V. Cesari, A. Colombetti, and S. Struckel, are also in top class, particularly young Colombetti, one of the "secret favorites" for Melbourne.

The French quartet will be champion Renee Garilhe, who is reported to be in top

Maillard, Veronnet, and either Delbarre or Lecomte.

The always-dangerous Hungarians have not brought out with them their great veteran, 1936 and 1948 Olympic champion Ilona Elek, now 49, who seems to have lost her once-famous speed and sharpness. However, their 22-year-old star, 1955 world champion Lidia Domolky, Mrs. M. Kovacs, and either Z. Morvay or another will make just as strong a team as the Italian.

Denmark's hopes are pinned on experienced Karin Lachmann, while Germany's two best-known fencers, Hohle and Keydel, also seem to have good chances. Austrians F. Filz and E. Preiss, English M. Glen-Haig and G. Sheen, and the two Americans M. Mitchell and J. York also belong to the world elite.

A new force in women's fencing is Russia, which last September won the teams' world championship in London, causing the biggest sporting upset of the decade.

Their mainstay is much-improved N. Schitikova, but the others in the team are not much behind her.

Australia's greatest hope is Sydney fencer Mrs. J. Hardon, who has won several national and State titles under her maiden name of Joy Brooks.

Another Sydney girl, Lois Joseph, and Queenslander Denise O'Brien will be the other members of the team.

KAYAK

A Saarlander, competing in German colors, will be hard to beat in the 500 metres kayak singles, the only kayak or canoe event arranged for women at the Olympics.

She is Therese Zens, a 23-year-old pottery designer from Mettlach, near Saarbrucken.

Her greatest rivals will include two Danes, Nilsen and Svendsen, the French Marion, the German Amail, the Czechoslovakian Dusilova, and Hungary's Mrs. Berkes. The Finnish, Swedish, and perhaps the Russian women also look dangerous.

At the last Olympics the event was won by Finland's S. Saimo in 2min. 18.4sec. This time is almost certain to be broken not only by the eventual winner but even by the place-getters.

Australia's entry will be Sydney girl Edith Cochrane, who is reported to be in top

LEFT: Hungarian swimmer Eva Szekely looks over the family album with her husband. ABOVE: Helga Schmidt, of Germany, gives a big smile at the end of a race.

form and condition. However, it is more than likely that she will find Fraulein Zens much too good and experienced for her. Even a place in the final would be a great success for the Australian champion.

GYMNASIICS

This sport promises to be the happy hunting ground of the sensational Russian amazons, who display man-like agility and fairy-like acrobatics with ease, grace, and a business-like expression on their faces.

At the Helsinki Olympics the Russian women won the majority of the gymnastic events. This time they are out to win them all.

Their foremost stars are Manina, Latina, Gorohovskaya, and Bocharova—with hardly any difference between them.

Manina is particularly overwhelming in the free floor exercises and the horse vault (also known as "long horse"), while Bocharova's main strength lies in the difficult beam exercise.

Either of these two is likely to win the combined individual event, blue ribbon of the gymnastics.

Czechoslovakia's Eva Boskova, great hand at the beam and floor exercises, will be a formidable opponent, but so will Poland's Eva Rakoczi, Rumania's Elena Leustean, Hungary's Agnes Keleti, and Japan's fragile world champion, Miss Tanaka.

Keleti could surprise the Russians in the parallel bars, while Tanaka could score well in the beam contest.

However, Russia is strongly favored to win the teams' competition, which is made up by the performances of the individual gymnasts and their point scores.

The Swedish team will fight for the women's team drill event against the Russians, Germans, Czechs, and Hungarians. This event is rather distinct from, yet still related to, the curriculum of the individual gymnastics.

Australia is not likely to field a team at all. Gymnastics, one of the most spectacular of all sports, is almost unknown even among Australian men, let alone women.

Officials ardently hope that the Olympic Games will give the long-awaited impetus to gymnastics in Australia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

new* refreshingly new!



* Today's best-tasting, best decay-fighting toothpaste!

Super-White KOLYNOS

Combines today's coolest, most refreshing toothpaste flavour
with "S-15" ... miraculous new cleaner and decay-fighter!

Here's the most exciting toothpaste flavour of all! How does it taste? Cool. Brisk. Refreshing. Your *whole mouth* feels refreshed... in a way you've never before thought possible. And, best of all, New Super White Kolynos leaves a clean after-taste that lasts and lasts... long after other toothpastes have lost their effect.

NEW DECAY-FIGHTER "S-15"

New Super White Kolynos gives you science's newest cleaner and decay-fighter "S-15" ... the miracle ingredient that takes up the fight where others leave off. "S-15" destroys germs that cause dental decay and bad breath — in a way never before known.

"ROUND-THE-CLOCK" PROTECTION

Now, just one brushing with New Super White Kolynos Toothpaste gives you "round-the-clock" protection against dental decay and bad breath. If you're one of those busy people who find it impossible to brush your teeth after meals you'll know how important *that* is!

Here's better and longer-lasting defence against tooth decay... the kind no other toothpaste can match. So change now to Super White Kolynos — today's best-tasting and best decay-fighting toothpaste. It's a new, delightful experience you really *must* try.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

Just ONE brushing destroys decay and odour-causing germs!



New Super White Kolynos refreshes your *whole mouth*... leaves a clean after-taste that lasts and lasts—much longer than any other toothpaste.

New Super White Kolynos foams its way into crevices where ordinary toothpaste can't go! Kills acid-causing enzymes, removes dangerous and dulling film!

You're nice-to-be-near and *safe* right round the clock when you use New Super White Kolynos! It's specially made for busy people who can't always brush teeth after meals!

Buy Super-White KOLYNOS Toothpaste !

Page 15

Summer Heat

DRIES AND ROUGHENS YOUR SKIN



Summer brings the sun and warm dry winds—and we all like what Summer brings! It is only our skin that suffers.

The heat and wind take out the natural oils, and rough, dry skin is the result. To keep the smooth softness of your skin safe, use NIVEA. Only NIVEA contains Eucerite, the scientific ingredient that replaces those natural oils. Smooth in NIVEA regularly to protect and soothe your skin the whole year round.

Skin needs

NIVEA



Now stops odour 24 hours a day American scientists have shown that new MUM with M3—Hexachlorophene—positively stops odour all the day through. Modern women demand this assurance against offending.

Safer for Charm—

Safer for Skin—

Safer for Clothes

New MUM WITH LONG LASTING M3
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS
MU44A

U.K. MOTOR ACE

STIRLING MOSS has never had time to marry, he says, but he is constantly seen in the company of glamorous women. Here he helps his companion out of his car on his way to a West End night-club.



A speedster the girls can't catch

Stirling Moss, famous racing driver, will compete in the Australian Tourist Trophy during the Olympic Games in Melbourne. Before he left London, he gave us a supercharged interview.

From HAROLD DVORETSKY, in London

STIRLING MOSS is a young man in a hurry, so much of a hurry in fact that he just hasn't had time for marriage.

Since he hit the top six years ago—he's only 27 now—his name has been romantically linked with at least ten beautiful women ranging from film stars to socialites.

But each time the gossip columnists have been proved wrong.

Fast - talking, green - eyed Stirling, who thinks fast, drives fast, and whose rise to fame was equally meteoric, has something to say about these prophesied marital relationships:

"They cost me a fortune," he says.

"Each time I get romantically linked with one girl it means I've got to take out half a dozen others to prove the prophets wrong. And that costs money."

When he gets time out from his business, Stirling Moss Ltd., his driving (he does 50,000 miles a year racing), and his travelling (he flies 100,000 miles a year to meetings all over the world), Stirling likes to hit the high spots. But he seldom smokes and never drinks—"Except a small whisky just before going to bed—if I'm getting a cold."

When I telephoned him he was in the midst of an always crowded day.

"Can spare you two hours next Tuesday," he said. "I'll meet you here" (in his tiny

office that he shares with a pretty secretary and his manager, Ken Gregory). "We'll race over to the flat so I can throw some gear together. Then we'll come back here and I can change for the theatre."

I picked him up in my car. He has two of his own, a left-hand drive Mercedes, presented him by that company, and which he runs generally on the Continent; and a specially tuned Sunbeam Rapier.

Did he mind driving with someone else? I thought I saw his foot push down into the floorboards. But perhaps I was wrong.

We made the flat in Fulham without any gasps, sighs, or whistles. Stirling bounded out, grabbed some gear he'd thrown in the back seat, and sent his lithe 164lb. body leaping up three flights of stairs.

As we entered the flat he pointed out a trophy here, a plaque there, a gold clock, a gold medal—he'd won them all. He hurriedly answered questions about them in that quick staccato style reminiscent of the open exhaust of a well-tuned racing car.

He rushed off and returned with a suitcase piled high with gear.

Packing accomplished, the dynamo sat down. I asked him where it all began.

When he was 16 his dad, a successful London dentist and amateur farmer in Tring, about 30 miles from London, allowed him to buy a three-wheeler Morgan car. He paid

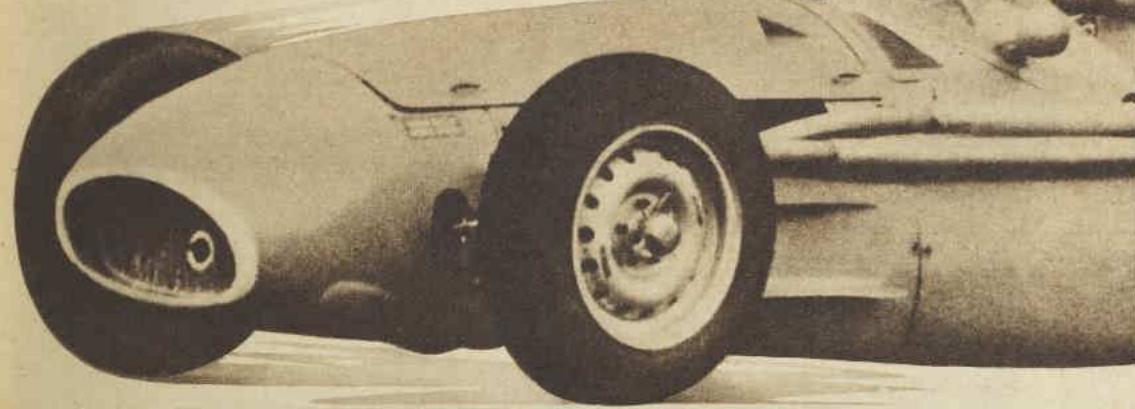


TROPHIES. Moss has plenty of them. He is one of the world's greatest racing drivers, began racing at 17.



PACKING. Moss, who has driving engagements all over the world, has become expert in packing a bag for rapid trips to Monte Carlo, Italy, or even South America.

Rich, young, and still single



AT THE WHEEL: Moss driving a Maserati recently in Monaco, where he won the 1956 Monte Carlo Grand Prix.

£125 for it from money he had won show-jumping, and by selling his childhood toys. Since he was ten he and his sister Pat cleaned up cups, trophies, and championships in the show ring.

Before that, father Alfred, a successful pre-war racing driver, the only Englishman to take part in two of the famous Indianapolis Road Races in the United States, had bought his son an old Austin 7 for £15.

Stirling stripped it down, rebuilt it, and taught himself to drive. He played all around the farm, learning to corner, adding to his zest for timing and perfect balance.

At 16 he could get a licence to drive a 3-wheeler on the open road.

But the Morgan wasn't fast enough. At 17 he'd talked his father into allowing him to buy an M.G. Then secretly he put £50 down on a 500.c.c. racing car. Father Alfred found the cheque butt — the deal was off.

The M.G. was "quarantined."

"I had to go and meet my girl-friends on my bicycle," said Stirling.

Later there was compromise. Stirling got back his M.G. and was allowed to buy his first real racing machine — a 1938 B.M.W., with a top speed of 100 m.p.h. He was then 17.

In 1947 this was followed by a Cooper 500, which he tended with the aid of a friend in a local garage.

In 1948, with hill-climbing again regaining popularity, Stirling shot to the top. He literally thrashed the veterans, winning 13 of 15 starts — and he was forced out with engine failure in the other two.

Stirling Moss had arrived.

At 19 he talked to his father about turning professional. Alfred wasn't sure.

He put it to his son this way: "Try it for 12 months and see how you go. If you're no good then, a year from your life at your age can't hurt."

Stirling had been training to become a publican. Then when his hours began interfering with his weekend hill-climbing he worked a five-day week on his father's 130-acre farm, getting up at 4 a.m. to milk cows, tend chickens and pigs.

Alfred Moss knew that pre-war there'd been only one full-



IN OFFICE, Moss with his manager, Ken Gregory, and his pretty secretary. Moss netted £25,000 last year.

time professional racing driver in Britain; that motor racing in England was just beginning to make a comeback — but it looked like a very strong comeback.

In his first year as a professional he netted £5000 sterling gross.

Today his yearly gross income from racing is around £20,000 sterling.

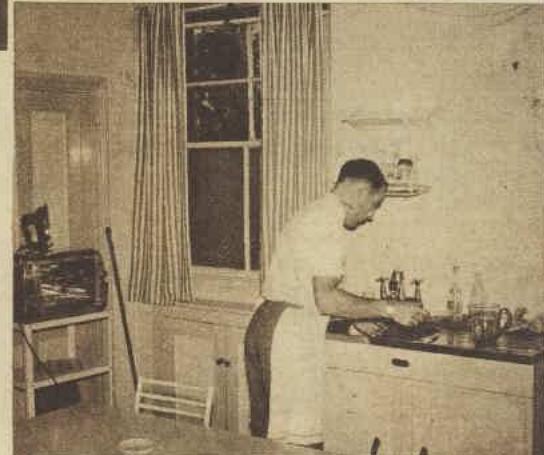
He raced for Jaguars and Aston Martins in sports cars, in Ferraris and Maseratis in Grand Prix events. Some of his greatest successes were with the German Mercedes-Benz racing team partnering world driving champion Fangio.

His aim in life is to win the world championship in a British car. He thinks that is not far off.

But the minutes had flown. We were talking about food. "I like food, like cooking, too," said the dynamo. "Want to see my kitchen?"

He was half-way there anyway. He has a modern kitchen with everything electric, including an American rotogrill, of which he is very proud.

Then there was a knock at



COOKING. Moss is an excellent cook and likes nothing better than a dinner he has cooked himself in his flat.

the door. It was a chauffeur with his new Sunbeam. We raced down the stairs. By this time he had me running.

Three small boys pounced on him as he toured around the new car. He quickly signed autograph books, posed for a picture, and we were off heading back to the office.

There were messages galore.

Manager Ken Gregory had the plane tickets for Venezuela and Australia and back to England, £1283 worth.

He changed into his evening suit and went off to pick up his latest "romantic attach-

ment." I met them for photographs after the theatre and before they went to a night-club. I thought he might have slowed down by then.

But I was wrong.

We had that picture in two minutes flat, and the big green Mercedes, complete with the beautiful girl, was racing off down the Strand.

"See you when I get back from South America and Australia," he yelled from the driving seat. I didn't get time to answer. It'll take me until he returns to get my breath back anyway.

"Miss Photography" takes a bath



"Miss Photography" takes a bath. Lovely Lorraine Pritchard, recently voted "Miss Photography", says: "Dettol has been in our home as long as I can remember. It's an old friend of mine — especially for my bath. Dettol is so refreshing that way." Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, pleasant, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



DETTOLE

My Supplier is Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II Supplier of Antiseptics Doctor & Surgeon General



Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.

AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

why two  when one will do?

bandbox

ALMOND crème OIL

the richest
shampoo
you ever knew

the finest
hair set
lotion too!

Nine precious ingredients make Bandbox the only shampoo that conditions your hair, brings out a softness and sheen you never knew was there.

No need ever again to buy separate hair set lotions. The same Bandbox Almond Crème Oil that glamorises your hair keeps it glamorous, sets it perfectly.



BANDBOX ALMOND
CRÈME OIL 6/4

ALSO BANDBOX LIQUID
SHAMPOO 4/6

5293

"We keep our lawns Velvet smooth.."

Gordon and Madge have been in their new home four years now, and already their lawns are a picture. In all they have just on 5,000 square feet of lawns, but it's no chore to keep them immaculately groomed. They can mow the lot in an easy half-hour "walkover" with their Victa Rotomo. Not only are their lawns cut to perfection, but their rotary-action Victa cuts right up to walls, paths, trees and garden borders—doing away with backbreaking edge-trimming by hand.

Even the kids like using the Victa.



"We cleared our land of jungle growth.."

You'd never guess it from this picture, but Bob and Vera live in the same street as Gordon and Madge. Bob and Vera are new arrivals and, as you can see, their land was literally a jungle. They anticipated days of backbreaking effort clearing it, but Gordon came to the rescue and lent Bob his Victa. With the Victa it was a walkover... bracken, paspalum, even blackberries were "downed" in no time. Since these photographs were taken Bob has also become the proud owner of a Victa.

VICTA

18" PETROL ROTOMO

If you'd like full particulars on the Victa Rotomo and the name of your nearest Victa agent, **MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY.**

£49.18.

INCLUDING TAX
(slightly higher in
some areas)

EASY TERMS ARRANGED

GIVES FULL 18" CUT!



TRIMS CLOSE TO WALLS!

TO:— VICTA MOWERS PTY. LTD.

47-51 Parramatta Road, Concord, Sydney,

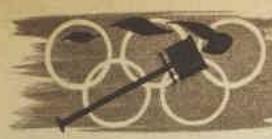
N.S.W. UJ 0251

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

and advise name of nearest Victa agent.



WORTH REPORTING

NEARLY 50 of Britain's most talented chefs, plus their wives and families, are now living at the Olympic Village and in nearby hostels.

They are the biggest group of cooks ever to leave Britain at the one time, and include experts on pastry, salads, poultry, meat, fish, and desserts.

The chefs are all migrants. They are in Australia under a special scheme sponsored by the Olympic Games Federation, 1956, and the Australian Immigration Department. All have been guaranteed positions in the catering industry at the end of the Games.

William Galea, formerly of Camberwell, London, is a special sauce cook at the Games. He and his wife, Irene, and their two children, Barbara and Clive, hope to own a delicatessen store of their own some time in the future.

Cake-making and icing is the specialty of Mr. Stanley Brooks, also of London.

Your Australian variety artist Maggy Fitzgibbon, who is now starring in the cabaret at the Pigalle Cafe, where I used to work, gave me the real lowdown on the set-up down under," he said with a smile.

William McCleave brought his pretty blond wife, Ellen, and his three children, David, Brian, and Susan, to Melbourne with him.

He formerly worked as a general chef in the kitchen of one of London's big hospitals.

Mr. McCleave is specialising in salad and grill preparations at the Games, and hopes one day to own his own cafe.

Another of the British chefs, Mr. R. P. Palmer, has been in the catering business since the age of 14. He served his apprenticeship in Hungary, and went to work in London in 1936. Since the war he has worked as head chef at Pinewood film studios, where he prepared dishes for Joan Crawford, Charlie Chaplin, Tyrone Power, and Lloyd Nolan.



"MOLY 16" is the dial call for a central information bureau in Melbourne during the 16th Olympic Games.

A cosmopolitan inquiry panel on duty at the bureau has been trained to answer every imaginable query that can be expected from Olympic visitors.

The bureau has lines direct to the main stadium, the civic information centre, the Olympic Village at Heidelberg, and the offices of the Olympic Organising Committee. An interpreter service at the bureau assists people speaking other languages to send cables or make trunk calls.

This is just one of the many innovations in the communications field prepared for the Games in Melbourne. Mr. J. A. O'Shannassy, Supervising Engineer for Olympic Communications, said that preparations have been under way for four years.



"That's Litchfield, of the Journal . . . best sports-writer in the business."

ANOTHER "Olympic baby" thought up by the P.M.G. designers is a "lip microphone."

"We couldn't have rows of commentators chattering into mikes, some in different languages, all at once, and still keep the peace," said Mr. O'Shannassy, "so we will issue these small mouthpieces to each man. His voice will not escape outside it to confuse the man alongside him."

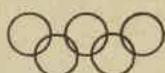
A special postal service for visitors who do not speak English has been set up in the new Russell Street Post Office, staffed by a big number of linguists.



THE Games has certainly speeded up service in Melbourne stores.

A colleague went into one store the other day carrying several parcels. A floor-walker came up and asked if she would like to leave the parcels with him while she looked through the store.

Then when he discovered that she was a visitor to Melbourne he said he would have the packages delivered to her hotel the same afternoon.



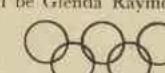
A MELBOURNE schoolmaster and his wife have produced an exciting children's recording entitled "An i m a l Olympics," and are presenting one to each visiting Olympic delegation.

The producers are Ruth and Peter Mann, of Glen Iris. Melbourne writer Stan Marks wrote the 15-minute script.

The recording begins with King Neptune opening the Animal Olympics with a short speech, in which he tells the crowds that fish have their Olympics also way below the sea.

Competitors in the Olympic Mile include "Len the Lion" and "Zena, the Striped Beauty from Africa," "Keg Koala" and "Hoppy Kangaroo" run for Australia.

At the November 27 concert the conductor will be Joseph Post, and the soloist Jacob Lateiner. On November 29 the conductor will be Kurt Woess, and the soloist Sena Jurinac. At the final combined concert Sir Bernard Heinze will conduct. Soloist will be Glenda Raymond.



FIFTY-TWO distinctive pictorial postmarks illustrating events at the main stadium, swimming stadium, Olympic Park, and Heidelberg Village are on letters leaving Melbourne during the Games. A special series of stamps is also on sale.

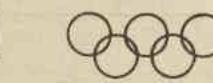
Nice souvenirs for those who aren't lucky enough to get to the Games!

ONE of the smartest women's teams in Melbourne for the Games is the French.

Their "walking-out" uniforms and cocktail dresses have been created by the famous Pierre Balmain.

The suit, in "bleu de France" wool serge, has a slim skirt with an inverted pleat centre back and front. The jacket features set-in sleeves, rather high-cut lapels, and two short splits in the back.

The cocktail dress is in red, white, or blue ottoman silk, and is worn with a chiffon scarf, also red, white, or blue. It is designed in the Empire style, with a deep, boat-shaped neckline and wide-flared skirt.



CHARLES ORNSTEIN, who has been Chairman of the Olympic Food and Housing Committee for U.S. teams at five Olympics and numerous Pan-American Games, expects 6000 steaks to be eaten by the American contingent at the 1956 Games.

He estimates that it will cost £3/10/- a day to feed each athlete, and that the total food bill will be about £43,750.

Steak is the most popular food item among the American athletes, according to Mr. Ornstein. But he has also ordered 3000 lamb chops, 2500 chickens, 1500lb. of bacon, 1500lb. of ham, 22,500 quarts of milk, 25,000 eggs, and 7000 quarts of ice-cream.

The orchestra played at the 50th anniversary celebration of the inauguration of the Commonwealth of Australia in 1951, and gave a Royal Command concert in the presence of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in 1954.

On November 27 and 29 and on December 2 it will play in Melbourne before an audience of many nations. The final concert will be presented in conjunction with the Victorian Symphony Orchestra in a special setting "over the Olympic Pool."

The Australian Women's Weekly, in association with the Olympic Civic Committee, the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and the Melbourne "Argus," has arranged the Melbourne visit.

At the November 27 concert the conductor will be Joseph Post, and the soloist Jacob Lateiner. On November 29 the conductor will be Kurt Woess, and the soloist Sena Jurinac. At the final combined concert Sir Bernard Heinze will conduct. Soloist will be Glenda Raymond.

"I think Paul Anderson, our world champion weightlifter from Georgia, can match anyone in the world at eating," added Mr. Ornstein. "Paul is only 5ft. 10in. tall, but weighs 340lb. His ordinary daily diet includes eight quarts of milk, at least six big steaks, a dozen eggs, and the appropriate trimmings."

"Of course, if he has a particularly strenuous day, his appetite will be increasingly sharpened."

"Cottontails"

BRIEFS

for women
and children
from

5/11



Another Munsingwear (U.S.A.) design brought to you by

BOND'S

Here is a BRIEF that has been styled to give longer wear and more comfort. It has these exclusive features:

- Knitted of pure combed cotton.
- "Action gusset."
- Stretches with every movement.
- Every garment guaranteed.
- "NYLARIB" (nylon reinforced) leg bands.

See these cotton briefs at all good stores. In crisp white. Sizes 3 to 7 are 5/11; sizes 9 to 13 are 6/6. SSW to OS are 7/6. (Prices subject to control in each State.)

its knit . . . its nice . . . its **BOND'S**

COTTONTAILS. Designed by Munsingwear Inc., U.S.A. 22

UNSIGHTLY HAIR?



Banish it in 3 minutes

Hair under the arms and on legs ruins your charm. And you can get rid of it so easily this new way. Never use a razor which only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Just smooth on dainty Veet cream. After 3 minutes wash it off. All embarrassing hair has vanished, leaving your skin velvety smooth. No soreness, no stubble. Veet, at chemists and wherever toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (double size) 5/3 Medium Size 3/3. Success is guaranteed with Veet or money will be refunded.

Gallery of overseas champions



HUNGARIAN track pair, Istvan Rozsavolgyi (left) and Laszlo Tabori (right), have good chances to win medals in Melbourne. Rozsavolgyi holds the world record for 1500 metres and 2000 metres. Sandor Ihars (centre), who was to contest the 5000 and 10,000 metres events, will not now compete in the Games.



BRITAIN'S great hope for the 100 metres backstroke swim title, 17-year-old Judy Grinham, has clocked this year's fastest time for the distance with 1min. 13.4sec. One of her main rivals in this event will be another English swimmer, Margaret Edwards.



BRITAIN'S 1500 metres hope, Brian Hewson, ran the mile in under four minutes last year, becoming the third Englishman to do so. Hewson, a London tailor by profession, will face extremely strong opposition in this event from the Hungarian track man Istvan Rozsavolgyi. It should be an exciting race.



U.S.A. hurdler Jack Davis established a world record of 13.4sec. for the 110 metres hurdles last June. Davis came second in Helsinki to H. Dillard and wants to go one better in Melbourne.



BRITISH discus thrower Susan Allday is one of Britain's prospects in field events, but may not quite be a match for the Russian and Czech sportsmen.



RUSSIAN field athlete Virve Roolaid will be one of the favorites to win the javelin throw. Her throw of 176ft. 6in. last July is the best this year. One of her strongest opponents will be a Czech.



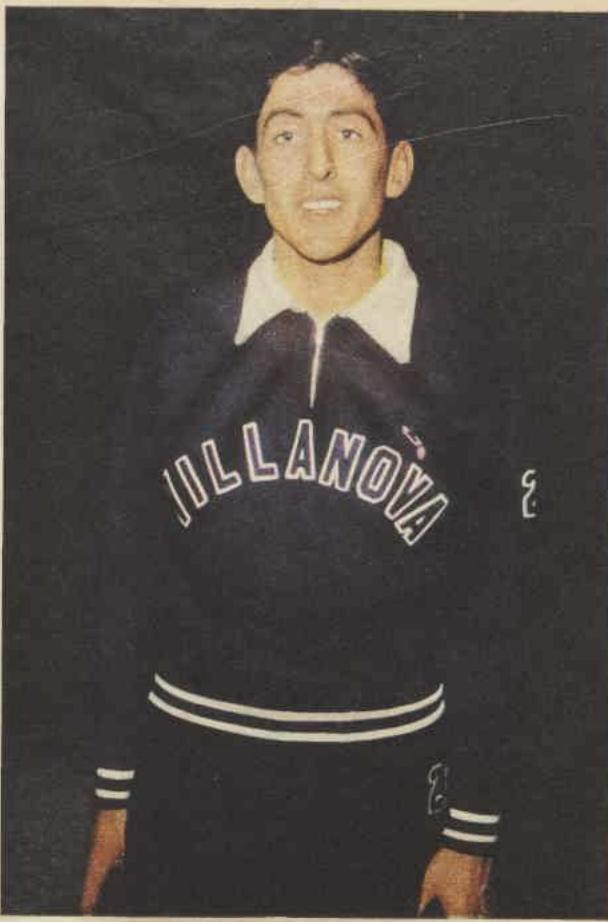
RUSSIAN hurdler Igor Ilin will be a great threat to the Americans in the 400 metres. Ilin has improved his time for the distance by a full second since last year.



U.S.A. shot-putter Ken Bantum is one of the world's three 60ft. shot-putters. He won the American championship last June, beating top performer Parry O'Brien.



ABOVE: U.S.A. runner Lou Jones, Pan-American champion of 1954, this year set a record for 400 metres. His time—45.2sec.—makes him favorite for this event. RIGHT: Ireland's Ron Delaney has run the mile in under four minutes and will contest the 1500 metres event.



ABOVE: America's "vaulting vicar," Robert Richards, won the pole vault event at Helsinki. RIGHT: U.S.A. diver Pat McCormick will compete in both springboard and platform diving events in Melbourne.



ABOVE: Javelin thrower Dana Zatopekova, wife of famous athlete Emil Zatopek, won the javelin title four years ago at Helsinki. LEFT: U.S.A. shot-putter Parry O'Brien, 1952 Olympic champion and world record holder, is a great favorite to win the shot-put.



RUSSIAN women athletes Nina Ponomaryeva (discus), left, and Maria Golubichaya (javelin) seem likely to win Gold Medals.



RUSSIAN track and field star Alexandra Chudina may start in the high jump and the javelin event at the Games.



BRITAIN'S number one hope for the high jump, Thelma Hopkins, is ex-holder of the world record of 5ft. 8 1/2in., which was broken this year by Rumania's Iolanda Balazs.



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

Pascall

Available loose from all confectioners.

Also in the convenient SAK-PAK.

Handy for pocket or purse.

2/- 50/-



CHANEL

Page 22

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

A PART from neglect of the aged, there is another kind of neglect that strikes a sad note. It is that of children who, educated beyond their parents' standard, become impatient or secretly ashamed of them. They forget their parents could have done as well, or even better, given the same opportunities. These parents who, perhaps, have had very little education, worked and slaved to give their child a university background. Now they find that they and their child no longer speak the same language. After all, being educated does not just mean having a well-filled head and a well-paid job. It also means having the ability to mix with all kinds of people, and a sense of responsibility, appreciation, and gratitude.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Vance, 30 Hawthorn Ave., Ashgrove, Qld.

AS an English migrant with an Australian husband and children and a home in South Australia, nothing irritates me more than to hear other migrants persist in calling the U.K. "home." It seems to me that's a mighty long way to go home each night. After all, home is where the heart is, and if the heart is not here, why stay? One of the first things I did on arrival here was to drop the "home" quickly.

10/6 to Mrs. A. D. Emery, 30 Quintus Terrace, Dover Gardens, S.A.

WHILE I approve of charity fetes and bazaars as a means of raising funds, I am critical of some general shortcomings. Sales of goods often begin before the official opening, and even early visitors do not have a fair selection with so many of the best goods marked "sold" or earmarked by stall-holders. I believe such practices have been responsible for smaller attendances at what used to be very enjoyable functions.

10/6 to "Always Disappointed" (name supplied), Preston's, N.S.W.

A NEW Australian friend explained to me one of the embarrassments she incurred in learning our language. "I cannot understand sometimes, so ask to be repeated slower," she said. "But people repeat louder, so everyone around looks at me and knows I don't understand." I confess I had been one of the guilty ones.

10/6 to Miss P. Robinson, 98 Mount Bay Rd., Perth.

IT is a shame that most mothers today fail to enjoy to the full each stage of their children's development. They are always longing for the day when the children can go to school and "be off my hands." This is always at the earliest possible age, too. I believe in enjoying each moment of my children's early years, because, after all, once they start school they grow away from us a great deal, and those precious lost years can never be recaptured.

10/6 to "Mother of Two" (name supplied), Sale, Vic.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

IT shocks me to see the way modern housewives set a table. Plastic cloths seem common, or else seersucker cloths that have never seen an iron. Jam goes on in the tin, and generally half the pound of butter on a plate. Sauces never find their way out of large bottles, and serviettes are regarded as something Granny had in her glory-box. How much time would it take to transfer the butter and jam to dainty dishes, and what looks lovelier than a nicely ironed cloth with table napkins to match?

10/6 to Mrs. Alice Glass, Box 648 KK, P.O., Griffith, N.S.W.

Problems of age

I QUITE agree with Mrs. Turner (31/10/56) about the lack of opportunity for aged people living in homes. But it is not only in homes that you find this apathy and lack of interest. It is very difficult to inculcate a spirit of independence or an appreciation of the life about them in persons over 70. These are things that are learned early in life. We all know aged people who have lost interest, and are bored, and others, with perhaps real disabilities, who are cheerful and helpful. It is mainly a matter of character.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Perry, 53 Balmoral St., E. Victoria Park, W.A.

Family affairs

OUR small son suddenly decided he wanted no more afternoon naps. Actually, he could manage a whole day without one, but there was always a fuss at bedtime when he was too tired to eat. We explained carefully how hard his body worked, comparing it with the work done by the baker's horse—his very dear friend. We told him that by the time the baker's round has finished the horse needs a meal and a rest. From then on the small boy was always ready for a rest, though never for a sleep. Of course, after a few minutes resting with a book or toy he would fall asleep without any trouble.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. C.P." (name supplied), Warrnambool, Vic.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

IN spite of all the triumphs of modern women the sardine tin still has them beat.

Here and there you find a burly, capable woman who has no trouble opening a tin of sardines.

But most of them call pitifully for male assistance.

The sardine people, of course, couldn't care less.

They haven't bothered to change their tins since about the year dot.

They're too pleased with themselves for thinking up that clever idea of packing sardines like Sydney tram travellers.

Personally I don't mind hearing a wail from the kitchen: "Please come and open the sardines!"

I swagger out knowing that I'm indispensable when it comes to sardines—or herrings, for that matter.

The first thing I do is have a good look for the key of the sardine tin.

This is sometimes on the shelf where the sardines are kept.

More often it has dropped down among the soap-flakes and kerosene bottles.

We had a grocer once who de-

LITTLE TIN GOD

livered tins without keys. His theme song was "I've locked my sardines and thrown away the key."

But he didn't last long.

If there's no key you have to use a tin-opener.

The sardines get squashed, the oil spills, and the job loses that gracious



touch which is so desirable when serving tinned fish.

Some of my best sardine performances are salvage operations when my wife has run into trouble.

Last week she got the handle of

a key jammed so it wouldn't turn. I had the tin open in a bare 20 minutes, with the aid of some tools I borrowed next door.

"I've no idea how women open these tins when they are living on their own," my wife said gratefully.

It happens that I know of a case where this very problem arose.

Sophie Smart was a bachelor girl who had renounced marriage for a career.

One night she was giving an elaborate buffet supper to some business contacts.

She intended to serve herrings in tomato sauce.

But when her first guest arrived—it was Cecil Moolah—Sophie was in tears. She couldn't open the tin.

"Give it to me!" said Cecil.

As Sophie watched his masterful methods, love dawned for her.

They were married soon afterwards.

Sophie's family was very pleased, because Cecil Moolah is rolling in money.

Which goes to show it sometimes pays a girl to drag herrings across a man's trail.

the
most
versatile
cooling
unit
ever
created ...



Here's new fashion in fans . . . revolutionary, new Westinghouse RIVIERA! In five glorious colours and smart, contemporary design, whisper-quiet RIVIERA is so versatile . . . adjusts in a complete circle to cascade fountains of cooling air in any direction you desire. See and test modern RIVIERA yourself. Ask your local retailer to show you how the exclusive Westinghouse air-injector rings and jet vanes give RIVIERA a draught-free cooling ability unequalled by any other fan of its size. And busy housewives note . . . a quick wipe-over keeps RIVIERA'S plastic exterior always gleaming and colour-fresh! Only **14 gns.** on easy terms at all electrical retailers and department stores.

Westinghouse RIVIERA

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET ON
FASCINATING FAN FACTS

Westinghouse introduces a glamorous new range of fans for '56! Send for the fully illustrated, 16-page booklet showing all models . . . personal fans, oscillating fans, kitchen fans . . . plus a host of facts on summer cooling! Write to: Westinghouse Rosebery Pty. Ltd., Fan Division, P.O. Box 4, Waterloo, N.S.W.

YOU CAN BE SURE
..IF IT'S
Westinghouse

FIVE COLOURS.
PRIMROSE
DESERT SAND
GREY
PASTEL BLUE
GREEN



AS A FLOOR FAN AS A TABLE FAN AS A WALL FAN

Manufactured by a Unit of Esmal Limited. EPAD.25.56
Page 23

HALO leaves hair
CLEANER, SOFTER, BRIGHTER
than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo



Halo, unlike most shampoos, contains no greasy oils or soap to dull your hair with dirt-catching film!

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather, instantly, in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly. Rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Halo gloriifies your hair—naturally, brings back all its clean, bright beauty with each shampoo. Safe, gentle, it's ideal for children, too. Make Halo your *family* shampoo!



HALO Bubbles
for lovely hair
wherever you go!

Leak-proof plastic bubbles filled with Halo. So light! So easy to pack! Handy for week-ends and holidays and perfect for keeping your hair shining-clean.

HALO BUBBLES 1/
REGULAR SIZE 4/9
SMALL SIZE 2/11

HALO GLORIFIES YOUR HAIR — NATURALLY!

VG8A

**Wise men use
SPHINX
HANDKERCHIEFS**

because they know they'll get years of wear from SPHINX, the handkerchiefs made from finest Egyptian cotton, with guaranteed fast colours. Each square is individually wrapped in cellophane—you'll see them in the counter container with the luminous display. There's such a choice of self colours, coloured borders and white satin stripes at 3/2 each. Plain white hemstitched are 2/10 each and individually initialised handkerchiefs 3/9. For special occasions, there are gift boxes at 9/6 for three or 19/ for six.

SPHINX
men's handkerchiefs are made by:
Commonwealth Handkerchief Co. Ltd.,
6145 Wentworth Avenue, Sydney, N.S.W. MA3967

See the U.S.A. for less than £89

For Pan Am's free folder: "10 Days in the U.S.A."
ask your travel agent or

PAN AMERICAN

Page 24

The verge of war

Women rally in an angry, tense world

Since British and French troops landed in Egypt, and the brutality of Soviet oppression swamped Hungary in a terrible blood-bath, the world has waited fearfully for the step that would mean total war. Here, from London, New York, and Nicosia, three correspondents describe how women are facing the tension.

In Britain . . .

From ANNE MATHESON

VIVID television pictures of devastation in Egypt and Hungary have brought the full, terrible realities of war right into the living-rooms of Britain. But the impact of world events at such close range has not unsteamed the nerve of the country's women.

They are not complaining, though rising freight charges, due to the Suez battle, are already pulling harder at the family purse strings.

"This time it's the men who need the sympathy," a woman friend told me during an afternoon at her home.

"They are glued to the radio, the television set and the paper boy at the corner."

She swept away a pile of newspapers from an armchair. "I've never seen so many papers in my life—every edition," she said.

"But you mustn't be too hard on the men—all tensed up after one news broadcast and relaxed after another.

"If only they could be certain of war or peace—instead of this dreadful waiting and not knowing what's going to happen."

Suez scenes

LATER, we drew the curtains and switched on the TV set. Scenes of destruction at the entrance to the Suez Canal swung across the screen.

The cameras moved to Austria and the tragedy of refugees from murdered Budapest.

A baby's cry filled the darkened room. Surely nothing could bring home so poignantly the full horror of war.

And as the cameras showed the battle-shocked lines of tattered, exhausted refugees, the baby's cry drowned the commentator's voice.

"That settles it," said my friend. "There's no argument now."

And like hundreds of other British housewives she left the room to prepare for a boarder—a refugee from Hungary.

Britain has opened her heart to these people. Hundreds of offers to provide homes for the victims of Russian brutality have poured in.

The staff of the Lord Mayor of London's Hungarian relief fund is mostly women. House-to-house collections of clothes for the refugees are being made by women.

Britain has agreed to take 2500 families, and the first arrivals are expected at the end of this month.

Enough accommodation to house all the families was promised within hours of the Lord Mayor's appeal for aid.

The British Army of the Rhine has followed up a large shipment of supplies with another to help the Austrian Red Cross. It includes 30,000 lb. of preserved meat, 30,000 lb. of tinned milk, and 5000 blankets.

In every shop and office there is a "whip-round" to make a happier Christmas for the Hungarians.

The sympathy, of course, is not restricted to the refugees. Television has shown British housewives the long lines of British wounded leaving shell-scarred Suez.

It has shown them, too, the first wounded arriving in Britain—being cared for by women who, in the last war, were themselves the bereaved.

The women of England are not despondent.

"We've done without heat and light before," said one mother of a large family. Oil is getting scarce.

"It's a sombre picture," said a well-dressed woman at the laundrette. Her weekly wash was in the suds and, like every other woman in the place, she was deep in the daily paper.

"We are humbled with admiration at the sight of an entire people ready to die for liberty," she said.

"Our troubles are so small compared to the horrors of Budapest."



ONLY ONE of the tearful wartime goodbyes on the troop-lined docks at Southampton. This British reservist corporal trying to comfort his weeping wife had been married only two weeks when he was called to the Middle East.

Hungary . . .

From ROBERT FELDMAN

DURING the five days when the world thought Hungarian patriots had won independence from Russia a cry went up in Budapest's Parliament Square.

"Anna Kethly to power! Anna Kethly to power!"

Hearing the chant, Imre Nagy, Premier of the shaky new Government, knew what was required.

Only the presence of the beloved "Grand Old Lady" of Hungarian politics in his Cabinet would reassure the people that he was really on their side, and not secretly with the Russians.

So he sent for Anna Kethly, the 67-year-old veteran Socialist and feminist, who, in 1922, became the first woman in Hungary's Parliament.

He made her Minister of State without portfolio, but Anna needed perspective on her new job. She decided

to make a quick trip to nearby Vienna, where the Socialist International was then meeting.

She went to Vienna by car and there heard the news of the treacherous Soviet counter-attack.

Anna strove in vain to get back to her people, but she ran into Soviet tanks and roadblocks.

On the advice of fellow Socialists she decided to come to New York to plead her country's cause in the United Nations.

Yesterday, after three days of trying, I was shown into the lounge-room of a private apartment where Anna Kethly is staying in seclusion.

Short, white-haired, with sad blue eyes and a complexion that belied her years, she apologised for being unable to smile.

"Smiles do not come easily this week," she said.

"My chief mission is to challenge the credentials of the new Budapest Government of Zoltan Kadar, and to get



ANNA KETHLY, the most prominent woman politician in prewar Hungary. She will put her country's case to the United Nations.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956



FLEEING from the murder of their homeland, these Hungarians brought only a few pathetic belongings when they crossed the border into Austria.

the U.N. to oust the official Hungarian delegation."

Miss Kethly, like so many Eastern European politicians, knows the inside of a prison.

She was arrested in 1950, accused of plotting with "imperialist Powers," and sentenced to 15 years' gaol.

The death of Stalin brought her release in 1954.

The Communists, meanwhile, were bickering among themselves and, in August, asked Anna to join a Popular Front Government.

She refused.

Soon the people began to talk among themselves. Speaker after speaker, feeling a new strength, condemned Communism.

Open revolt broke out, as the world now knows, when a peaceful street mob, demonstrating solidarity with the Poles in their fight against Soviet domination, was mown down mercilessly.

The vengeance on secret policemen was brutal. Some were hung upside down from street-lamps.

"It is not surprising that the patriots did these things," Anna said. "I was not happy to see this."

"But the people had been so cruelly treated it is no wonder that these things happened in the streets."

Anna Kethly's voice broke and there, in the peaceful Manhattan apartment overlooking Central Park, she put her grey head in her hands and quietly sobbed.



ALL THE TRAGEDY of Hungary is summed up in this picture of an old lady, blinded by tears and exhausted by fear and grief, at a crowded refugee centre in Austria.

... and Cyprus

From CORAL CRAIG

WOMEN in the British community on Cyprus were organised for emergency as soon as the attack on Egypt became imminent.

Wives of Government officials volunteered for 24-hour duty rosters with the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance, busy setting up welfare centres and first-aid posts throughout the island.

Other women were detailed to look after refugees, evacuees, or drive ambulances.

Military censorship was imposed on the island, trunkline telephone calls banned, and air-raid precautions broadcast.

One morning we all leapt out of bed at 3 o'clock to the scream of an air-raid siren.

I met R.A.A.F. Flight-Lieutenants Marcus Robin, of Adelaide, and Stuart McEwen, of Perth. They are navigators on exchange with R.A.F. Bomber Command.

They flew their Canberra jet bomber here from London for action against Egypt.

But under an Air Ministry edict Commonwealth forces are not allowed to take part in the actual operations.

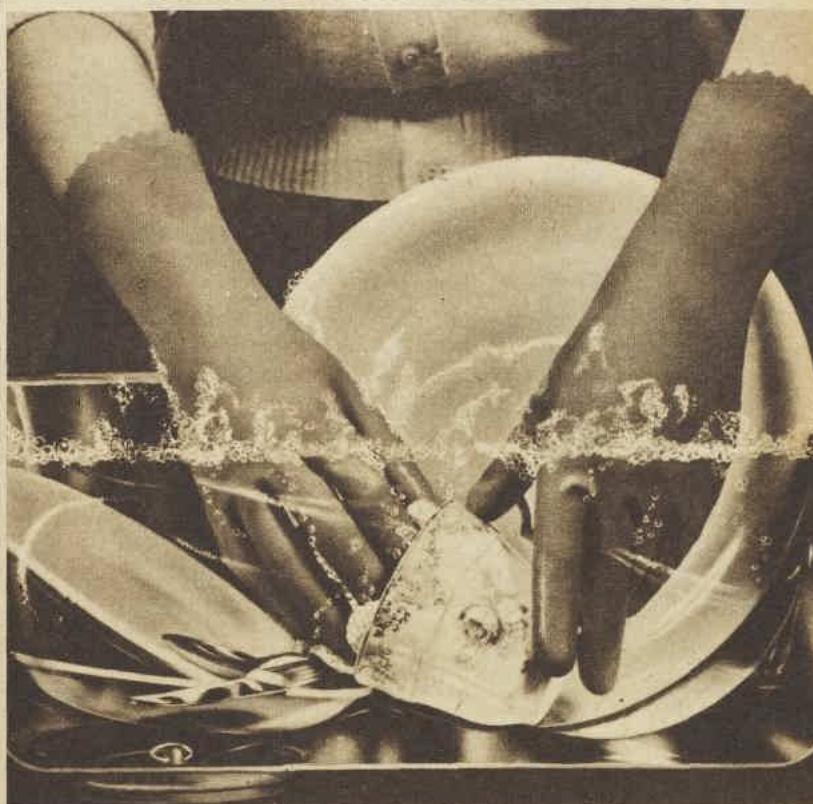
Although Cyprus' own terrorist war has been temporarily overshadowed by the Egyptian campaign, it still goes on.

As I write a low boom in the distance indicates another home-made terrorist bomb—a cocoa tin filled with nails and explosive—has gone off, to remind me of our own little war.



EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS wait under guard for interrogation by British and Israeli intelligence officers. They were captured in the battle for the famous Gaza Strip.

Nothing else gives your hands surer protection than **ANSELL 'Silver-Lined' RUBBER GLOVES**



Slip them on and off like lightning!

It took hours to find out that it was only a short-circuit in the electrical system. There are quite a few Australians on this tiny Mediterranean island—about half as big as Tasmania.

Two of the leading civilian organisers in Nicosia are Australians—Mrs. George Sinclair, whose husband is Deputy Governor, and Mrs. Martin Clemens, wife of the Commissioner.

Mrs. Clemens, of N.S.W., was an ambulance driver in England during the last war.

Western Australian Pat Miers, wife of Admiral Miers, Flag Officer Middle East, is busy with Red Cross work at Limassol, from where troops embarked for the Egypt landing.

I met R.A.A.F. Flight-Lieutenants Marcus Robin, of Adelaide, and Stuart McEwen, of Perth. They are navigators on exchange with R.A.F. Bomber Command.

They flew their Canberra jet bomber here from London for action against Egypt.

But under an Air Ministry edict Commonwealth forces are not allowed to take part in the actual operations.

Although Cyprus' own terrorist war has been temporarily overshadowed by the Egyptian campaign, it still goes on.

As I write a low boom in the distance indicates another home-made terrorist bomb—a cocoa tin filled with nails and explosive—has gone off, to remind me of our own little war.

3/3
A PAIR

Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves



Slip on 'Silver-Lined' when you're painting.



Keep your hands free from "washer-lady's fingers".



Slip them on when you're planting out seedlings.

DECORATOR-DESIGNED FOR THE
MODERN WAY OF LIFE—

Chenille Bedspreads

BY HOLLYWOOD



Hollywood makes
the sauciest nursery
spreads to delight
small hearts



Hollywood's "friendly animal" spreads are cuddlesome comfort for a toddler's cot. Five enchanting designs in background shades of pastel pink, pastel blue, and white. You'll need plenty of time to choose—they're irresistible! Size 5' x 3'.

HOLLYWOOD TEXTILES PTY. LTD., 216-220 WYNDHAM STREET, ALEXANDRIA, N.S.W.

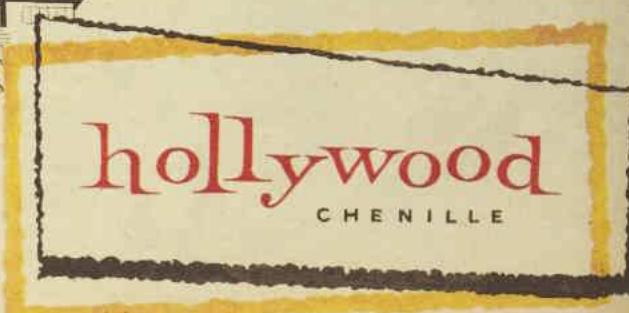
Page 26

Hollywood— the new, new, new name in chenille—

uses design and colour daringly . . . gloriously! There's a lovely Hollywood spread to suit every personality, every furnishing fashion. When you open the door, what does **your** bedroom say? Delightful—or dull? Cheery—or dreary? Flat—or flattering? A beautiful Hollywood bedspread is a scintillating signature tune, traditional or modern!

Every woman will love "Llama" in the adorable long-tuft chenille—soft as velvet, fluffy as fur. Fringed flattery in 19 wonderfully appealing shades! And for all its lovely luxury, uncrushable Hollywood chenille washes so simply, needs no ironing, loves hard wear.

See the brilliant
new Hollywood 'spreads
at your favourite
store now!



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1954

[ADVERTISEMENT]

BEAUTY THROUGH POSTURE

By

MARGARET MERRIL

If you are looking for complete self-confidence, poise, and grace of movement, then look first to your posture and see that it is correct at all times. Stand before a mirror, one side to the glass, and with another member of the family to help, check up on your poise. With a piece of string weighted at the bottom, drop a plumb-line from the centre of your head down the side of your body. The line should cut you completely in half. If it does not, and your shoulders are sloping or your stomach sticking out, then do something about it at once.

Look to your mattress. Is it firm? A firm mattress is half the battle towards a good posture, especially if you sleep without a pillow. And now shoes. Don't let pride be your downfall and squash your feet into shoes which are too small. Wear half a size larger and see that they fit perfectly. Increase your poise by daily foot care. Remember to soak your feet daily in an antiseptic foot bath, scrub with a brush, dry with a soft towel and then, after oiling with oil of ulan, massage gently from toes to ankles.

Lastly relax daily with this exercise. Behave like a rag doll; go all to pieces, relaxing every inch of your body. Then pull yourself together again, shoulders back, waist drawn in and head up. Look how you should sit and stand. By the way, when you go shopping, change your parcels frequently from one hand to the other.

(Copyright: Margaret Merril Beauty School.)

DO DOGS HAVE RHEUMATISM?



Ask any dog. He'll bark an emphatic "yes". His rheumatism (stilted gait) is often caused by constipation — due to an incomplete diet. If your pet could fill out a prescription he'd give you the Min-a-Vit formula. Min-a-Vit contains mineral stable Vitamin D₃, Vitamin A, and vital minerals. You simply add Min-a-Vit to his normal food. Available in 4 oz. and 20 oz. tins from your chemist or pet shop. When in doubt, consult your Vet.

Ask for MIN-A-VIT
(Cat & Dog Formula)
Regd. Stock Foods and Med. Acc.
5764

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS HOME TREATMENT

Permanently banish unsightly hair with "Vanix". A few applications and hair becomes less noticeable, then gradually withers and roots are killed. "Vanix" is painless and has no injurious effect on the skin. "Vanix" is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney, and Newcastle, NSW. Ltd., Sydney, and Little Collins St., Melbourne. Myer Emporium, Melbourne. Birks Chocolates Ltd., 27 and 298 Rundle St., Adelaide, and Boans Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders 9/- including postage from above or direct from The Vanix Co. Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.



BE LOVELIER!

look natural -



WITH THE
SOFT BEAUTY
OF

three flowers FACE POWDER

Fragrant with the perfume of the Rose.
Violet and Lily of the Valley.

WONDERFUL, finely textured Three Flowers Face Powder goes on so smoothly it blends perfectly with your skin tones . . . keeps your skin satin-smooth for hours. It is the lightest powder you can imagine . . .

At chemists and stores
everywhere . . . 4/6

CREATION OF Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

TF54.102



Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders give safe relief from pain during teething. They soothe inflamed gums, reduce high temperature and induce restful sleep. Safe, sure, reliable Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders are best for baby when teething troubles start.

Ashton & Parsons INFANTS' POWDERS

For a free sample of Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders and Baby's Weight Record, and your name and address to Group Laboratories Pty. Ltd., 104-118 Queenberry Street, Carlton, N.S. Victoria.

AP.Aus1/56

Fly PAN AMERICAN
World's Most Experienced Airline
call your Travel Agent, or Pan American.

Someone in
your life will love
NESTLÉ'S
Chocolates for
Christmas



Are you wondering "what in the world" to give for Christmas? Well, these gaily designed tins of Nestlé's Chocolates are the perfect solution. Each is packed with superfine Nestlé's Chocolates—all individually wrapped in silver foil . . . and that handy tin will be treasured for years.

To give most pleasure... Give **NESTLÉ'S**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1959

Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by
M. J. McMAHON

LOVE ME, LOVE MY (Boxer) DOG



• This invitation comes from pretty English actress Jill Adams, who is pictured here in all her blond glamor and in casual mood. She has recently been in Australia filming "Dust in the Sun," with Chips Rafferty. Jill Adams will soon be seen in "The Love Match" and "The Green Man," both Fox releases.



Tact deodorant soap

safeguards your freshness,
all over, all day
as no ordinary soap can...



New miracle
Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration

Odour-Free

★ PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS
to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour thing of the past! Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene.

You can wash over and over with ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too
Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections. is ideal for teenage skin problems. G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP NOW from CHEMISTS, GROCERS and STORES

REGULAR SIZE, 1/- BATH SIZE, 1/5

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

H25

English knitwear... beautifully soft... tastefully coloured... perfectly fashioned...

always look for the name

MORLEY

New day for Doris

• Vivacious actress-singer Doris Day is as happy as a lark about the big change that has taken place in her screen career. And well she might be.

IT'S not so long ago that Doris, who is blond and lithe, blue-eyed and merry, seemed doomed to typecasting as a wholesome, honest-to-goodness sort of a girl and a singer of popular songs.

Suddenly she found her career gaining a brand-new fillip with offers of completely different work, usually with a song or two thrown in somewhere.

The ball started to roll when Doris made a very good fist indeed of the dramatic singing role of Ruth Etting, the noted torch singer of America's jazzy 'twenties, in "Love Me or Leave Me."

Producer Alfred Hitchcock, that master of filmic suspense, was the next movie-maker to show his confidence in her acting ability.

He gave Doris the feminine lead as the chic and smart wife of James Stewart in "The Man Who Knew Too Much," a dramatic thriller.

The round of applause that she received for her work in this film (it is going the rounds now in Australia) must have sounded very sweet to her.

No doubt fired with ambition by it all, Miss Day and her husband, Marty Melcher, once a top Hollywood agent, decided the time had come for them to get on the bandwagon of independent production.

So with Doris as the star and Marty on the finance-production side they made "Julie," their first film.

"Julie" is a suspense thriller with a creepy background in which Doris is smartly turned out in the trim uniform and cap of an air hostess.

As the title character Doris spends a lot of time trying to elude the clutch of her menacing film husband.

He is that Continental charmer Louis Jourdan.

At one stage in the chase Doris has to take over and land a plane after the pilot and co-pilot are shot, a situation that I'm told gives real fliers more laughs than any other.

At the time it was reported



DORIS DAY and her husband, Marty Melcher, take time out to have a sandwich on the set of their own film, "Julie." It's a chase melodrama and Doris is the title character.

by Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper that Doris had fallen under the spell of love scenes with M. Jourdan.

But so far it's only talk. Or maybe the sort of propaganda that results in publicity.

In order to fit herself to play the role of Julie in her own film, Doris trained like an athlete.

"Conditioning," she told me, "is almost as important a part of being a good actress as knowing camera technique or how to gain real understanding of character."

I had slipped out to see her at the Melcher home on Toluca Lake, just outside Hollywood, and found my hostess in the swimming-pool.

"There are not too many straight film parts that require an actress to run for miles, jump out of moving automobiles, climb up cliffs, fall down the stairs, or man-handle aeroplanes," she said.

"But mine did. And d'you

know what? I had to get into shape for it, or else."

To facilitate "operation shape," Doris had a small gymnasium built on one corner of the house.

There she could be found, at an hour each day when most of her friends were still soundly asleep, working out solidly with exercise machines, bars, and the indispensable skipping rope.

But when I inquired if she'd rather go back to singing she said: "Some people don't know when they're well off. I guess I'm one. I wouldn't change for the world."

But she has changed—back to Warners to star in "The Pajama Game," from the Broadway musical.

After that, busy Doris Day goes into the coveted role of Nellie Forbush, the naive U.S. Army nurse in Hollywood's version of "South Pacific."—From Lee Carroll in Hollywood.

Clothes change quicker...

Garments last longer...

Look better...

Wash easier...



Buy Baby Clothes with Gripper FASTENERS



USE Grippers ON THE CLOTHES YOU MAKE

REPLACE BUTTONS WITH Grippers ON THE CLOTHES YOU WEAR

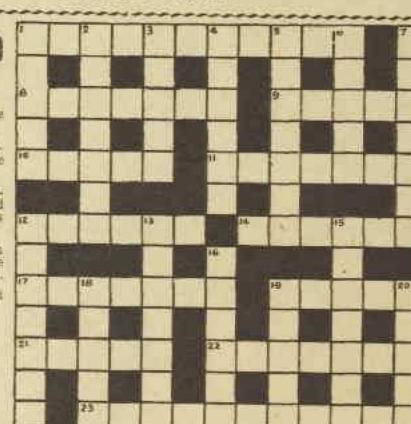
Wonderful laundry proof hard-holding "Grippers" end button bother forever and make all children's wear more practical and convenient. Look for "Gripper" Fasteners on the clothes you buy. Replace buttons on the clothes you wear and for home sewing buy a "Gripper" Card.



"GRIPPERS" are manufactured under license by CARR FASTENER Company of Australia Limited.

Australian Dist. "J-B" Products, Victoria

STOCKS ARE AVAILABLE FROM LEADING SOFTGOODS WAREHOUSES IN ALL STATE



ACROSS

- Records are kept for them (11).
- Delicate scrap kept in file (7).
- Father to use mark to denote break (5).
- Change your anger and use it in the kitchen (5).
- Broken aim able to be lovable (7).
- Answer useful in the laboratory (6).
- To maintain as rest (6).
- Its barb will produce these animals (7).
- It must be a bad-tempered, mouse-like animal (5).
- Quality of an instrument often used in detective stories (5).
- Time when smooth mixed gin is in the order of the day (7).
- Grammatically and egotistically (5, 6).

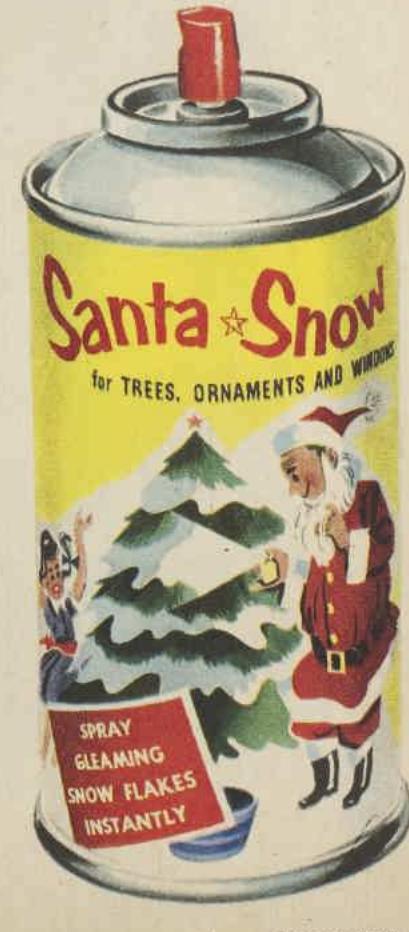
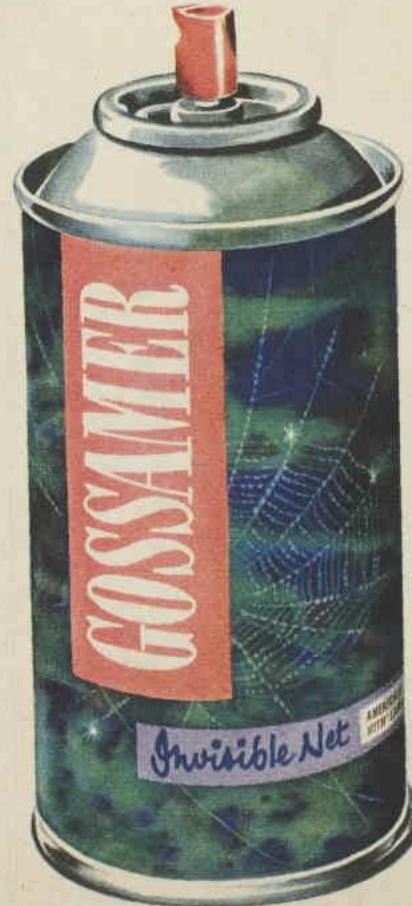
Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- You may forge this batter cake (5).
- A gnat is in opposition (7).
- Gothic arch invite to be charitable (5).
- Ham mixed with ale is pertaining to the blood (6).
- Sleeps with relatives in small towels (7).
- Put and short (5).
- It was our future and it will be our past (7).
- Arbiter (Anagr. 7).
- To revel boisterously is to err (7).
- This insect could be used to cover garments attached to your head (7).
- Accept as distinguished (6).
- Hoodwink with a blinker (5).
- This is only a part of the play (5).
- Vehicle for a gown (5).

FIVE PRESSURE-PAK PRODUCTS

for
happier
living



MORTEIN PRESSURE-PAK: When you press the button a highly penetrating mist of Mortein is automatically released. This mist quickly kills every fly, every insect pest—even those that lurk behind curtains and furnishings. In two sizes, 8/11, 15/11. Non-poisonous. Fast. Safe.

GOSSAMER: Press the button and a fine spray of Gossamer sets your hairstyle with a delicately perfumed invisible "net." Keeps hair silky soft. Spray Gossamer on after a shampoo-and-set. Set a new hairstyle in minutes! 13/11. Large "Salon" Size. 21/-

SMOOTHEx SHAVING CREAM: For Dad! Press the button and the liquid inside the container expands into a rich, foamy, supercharged shaving lather. No shaving brush needed. One container of Smoothex makes nearly half a gallon of lather; lasts for months! Only 8/-.

AIR-O-ZONE: Press the button and spray Air-O-Zone for a few seconds. Unpleasant odours will vanish; harmful air-borne bacteria will be destroyed. Air remains fresh and sweet for hours after spraying. Two sizes: 9/11, 17/9. Medium size: 10/11; large: 17/9.

SANTA-SNOW: Wake up on Christmas morning with "snow" on the Christmas Tree and on the windows! Instantly you press the button out come gleaming "snow flakes" which settle where you want them. (Easy to remove when Christmas is over.) Medium size: 10/11; large: 17/9.

- Control your weight
- Combat dental decay
- Look better—feel better
- WITHOUT SACRIFICING SWEETNESS—
for an average cost of

14

Based on 60 pellets weekly. One pellet equals one teaspoonful of sugar in sweet-ness.

PER WEEK

SWITCH TO SWEETEX

- The new non-fattening, calorie-free sweetener
- SWEETEX saves you up to 1,300 calories a week in your tea or coffee.
- Control your weight the sweet way.
- Sweeten FOODS and DRINKS with SWEETEX.

FOR OVERWEIGHTS.

DIABETICS,

CHILDREN

There's 8 weeks' average supply in every SWEETEX easy-to-carry dispenser.

500 PELLETS FOR

8/- ALL CHEMISTS

FREE OFFER

Write to:—
Boots Pure Drug Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.,
376 Eastern Valley Way, Roseville, N.S.W.,
for free samples of SWEETEX in dispenser.
Please enclose 3d. stamp for return postage.

S/56/1D



tutu -

His heart will dance to
your tune when you wear tutu —
the irresistible perfume
with the provocative air



new perfume by

Saville

SAVILLE - PICCADILLY - LONDON

Page 32

DAVID NIVEN . . .

- Charm has brought David Niven success in society and on the screen.

Now television films have set him up in big business. But fame didn't just drop into the lap of this smiling soldier-of-fortune, who once worked as a laborer in a road gang, a cook, a liquor salesman, and a barman.



SCENE from "The Little Hut," in which Ava Gardner, David Niven, and Stewart Granger play the comical castaways. Here Ava and Niven look on hopefully as Granger samples the coconut brandy he has concocted.



DESERT ISLAND TRIANGLE. Niven registers chagrin and disapproval at the film's husband and wife, Ava Gardner and Granger. They look a good deal too cosy for Niven's comfort.



AVA GARDNER wipes the lipstick from David Niven's cheek after she has given him a kiss of greeting in this sequence from "The Little Hut." Looking on in apparent surprise are Niven's parents, played by Finlay Currie and Jean Cadell. They're shocked because they know that Ava is married to David's best friend, played by Stewart Granger.

A RECEPTION was held at Claridges Hotel a few weeks ago for Niven, when he came to London to star in "The Silken Affair." He dislikes large parties, and when he is obliged to attend he prefers them to be kept as informal as possible.

On this occasion one of the film's principal backers, a pleasant old city financier, felt he should make a speech welcoming Niven back to England. An old friend who knew that Niven loathes speeches even more than parties did his best to dissuade the financier.

"I thought I'd succeeded," he says, "but the old boy was stubborn."

With a beaming smile the city financier launched himself into what promised to be a speech of classic length. He was barely into his stride when he made an overlong pause at the end of a sentence.

"It was fatal," said the friend. "Niven filled the pause with a short and witty phrase or two of thanks. He was polite and charming, but in less than half a minute he shut the old boy up like an oyster, and left him nothing to do but smile and sit down."

Niven's ability to get his own way, while tempering his actions with an evergreen charm, has brought him a fortune from the cinema.

As long ago as 1939 he was receiving £40,000 a film. Since the war he has been one of the world's busiest and most-travelled actors. He has made nine American and eight British films since 1947, and has crossed the Atlantic ten times.

Some of these films failed to impress the critics, but Niven kept working. He re-

cently completed "the best role I have ever had," the biggest part, Phineas Fogg, in the Michael Todd production "Around the World in Eighty Days," one of the most costly films ever made.

"The Silken Affair," not yet released, followed immediately, and as soon as that was finished he began work on "The Little Hut" with Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger.

A spicy comedy about mixed-up relationships on a desert island, "The Little Hut" was played in Australia on the stage last year.

While Niven's charm still pays big dividends in the cinema, his shrewdness is making him another fortune from television. He is a director with Charles Boyer and Dick Powell of "Four Star Playhouse," which he describes as the second largest television film-making organisation in the world.

They have already made 300 films, and will make another 120 this year. By the terms of their latest contract they receive two million dollars from their sponsors, and the films remain their property.

And, just as his business sense has brought him material success, his debonair charm and lively sense of humor have enabled him to climb to the top of the social ladder. According to friends, he is accepted in the top hundred of London society.

He is popular with the Royal Family. At one debutante party he was talking to Princess Margaret. In the middle of his story he became vaguely aware that although the orchestra was playing nobody was dancing, and there was an air of expectancy in the room. Continuing with his story, Niven suddenly realised what was the matter.

No one could dance until the Princess had taken the floor. "Come on, Ma'am," he said, "this is our cue. We're on."

As soon as Niven lands in England the invitations begin to arrive. He enjoys exclusive society, is a familiar figure around the country's stately homes.

Niven went to Hollywood in 1934, but he has taken great pains to avoid "going Hollywood." He has not taken American citizenship, there is no trace of an American accent or expression in his voice, his clothes remain conservatively English, and he has avoided the flamboyant behaviour often associated with stars.

But he has sometimes indulged a liking for practical jokes. In a ballroom scene in one Hollywood film, dancers refreshed themselves at a silver bowl of harmless fruit punch. During the lunch break Niven laced the punch with half a dozen bottles of

By
REX CRIZELL

DEBONAIR TYCOON

Film Fan-Fare



ABOVE. Niven and his elegant Swedish wife, Bjordis, with their dogs around them in the home they once occupied in a suburb of Hollywood.

RIGHT. David Niven mixes with British society's top hundred, is popular with royalty. But before breaking into films he had to work as a laborer in order to make a living.

gin. The afternoon's filming was interrupted several times because the dancers repeatedly crowded too thickly round the punch-bowl.

He admits that his sense of humor sometimes gets the better of him.

Niven was educated at Stowe and Sandhurst, and then joined the Highland Light Infantry. The day after he joined the regiment he was asked to turn out for sabre practice with a senior officer, a fencing international who had been buffeting all the subalterns for several weeks.

Niven watched as the **Army service** officer laid about him with malicious enjoyment. When his turn came, Niven, who had distinguished himself with the sabre at Sandhurst, set his jaw, and in a few moments had disarmed the officer twice. Sabre practice was discontinued the next day.

With similar bumptiousness Niven breezed his way through two years' service with the regiment in England and Malta, giving his serious attention to parties and polo.

He says he soon tired of wearing a tin-hat in the blazing Maltese sun, and sent to London for an exact copy made of papier mache. The deception succeeded until one day a sudden downpour made the helmet sag round his ears and streaked his face with dye.

He ended his peacetime soldiering in his usual debonair manner. Having overstayed his leave once too often, he sent his colonel a telegram:

"Request permission to resign commission. Love, Niven."

He sailed a few days later for the United States "to seek fame and fortune."

In 1939 the war found him in a different frame of mind towards the Army. Still placing his faith in telegrams, he arranged for one to be sent to Sam Goldwyn recalling Niven to his regiment.

Though Niven was by then one of the biggest stars, Goldwyn suspended his contract for the duration.

He returned to the Army, and this time treated it without flippancy. He served in the Rifle Brigade, the Phantom Reconnaissance Unit, and for a short time with the Army Film Unit. He rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

His flippancy returned the day he was demobbed. He collected his demob suit, wrote "Thanks for a lovely time in the signing-off book, and the next day he was filming again.

Today he goes in for a number of sports, including fishing, tennis, spear-fishing, riding, and skiing. This activity, plus a conscientious attention to food—plenty of underdone steaks, no bread or potatoes—keeps him looking less than his 46 years.

He has never smoked. His mother promised him £100 if he would not smoke until he left Sandhurst. He accepted the offer, and has never since felt inclined to change.

He intends to make the same offer to his two sons,



David, 13, and Jamie, 10, when they are older.

In his early days in America Niven worked as a laborer in a road-construction gang, as a cook, a liquor salesman, and a barman.

In Atlantic City he promoted indoor pony-racing until a local racketeer announced his intention of collecting 20 per cent. of the net profit.

Niven told him to take a running jump off the roof of the arena. Next day the local tradesmen refused supplies, and within a week Niven was out of business.

When he went to Hollywood and tried to break into films his charm ensured his social success, and he spent his nights at a succession of parties. But it brought him no film work, and he spent his

days working in a laundry, as deckhand on a fishing boat, and as a barman again.

His luck changed when the Royal Navy cruiser Norfolk paid a goodwill visit to California. He secured an invitation from friends whom he had known in Malta to dine on board.

The dinner party included Sam Goldwyn and some of Hollywood's most influential men.

One of the ship's officers recalled a party in Malta to which Niven had gone dressed as a goat. Niven seized the opportunity, and used all his charm and skill as a raconteur to keep the guests entertained for two hours.

The party over, a pinnace was brought alongside to take the chief guests ashore. Niven noticed that it was crowded.

"Don't bother about me, I'll walk," he said, as if he were leaving a party at a Mayfair flat. He stepped over the side and swam ashore. Goldwyn offered him a contract a few days later.

Although a reviewer of his described him as "tall, dark, and not the slightest bit handsome," he rose to stardom within five years under Goldwyn's guidance.

Something of the consciousness which lies behind his success, and which he rarely allows to be seen, was shown during the filming of "Around the World in Eighty Days." All his life he has suffered from a fear of heights.

He had accepted the part of Phineas Fogg when he dis-

covered that some of the action took place in a balloon. Todd told him not to worry: the balloon would be only six feet off the ground.

When the time for shooting the balloon scenes came, Niven was told to report to a hill just outside Hollywood. At a point where the hill dived precipitously to the valley floor he found that Todd had placed the balloon at the end of the 190ft. arm of a huge crane.

Niven felt faint, and thoughts of a stand-in passed through his mind. But there were 2000 Americans on the set, and everything was ready for him. "It seemed to me that I was carrying the weight of the British Empire," he says. He got into the basket.

● Talking of Films—P. 79

ELECTROLUX

noiseless *Gas* refrigerators

Only Gas Refrigerators give you

- **Permanent Silence** — because there are no moving parts to make a noise.
- **No Interference** — to your radio, radiogram or television set.
- **Constantly Balanced Cold** — at whatever temperature level you select, no fluctuation.
- **Lasting Dependability** — because there are no moving parts within the freezing system to wear out.

See the beautiful new Electrolux refrigerators, priced from £75, at your gas showroom.



GAS

— the modern, efficient fuel for
cooking . . . heating . . . refrigeration.

INSERTED BY THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

Page 34

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956



1 CHANCE MEETING of Ruth Wood (Jane Wyman), in scarf, a plain and lonely stenographer, with Art Huguenon (Van Johnson), an exuberant soldier on leave, is a turning point. Ruth likes Art and invites him home to dinner.



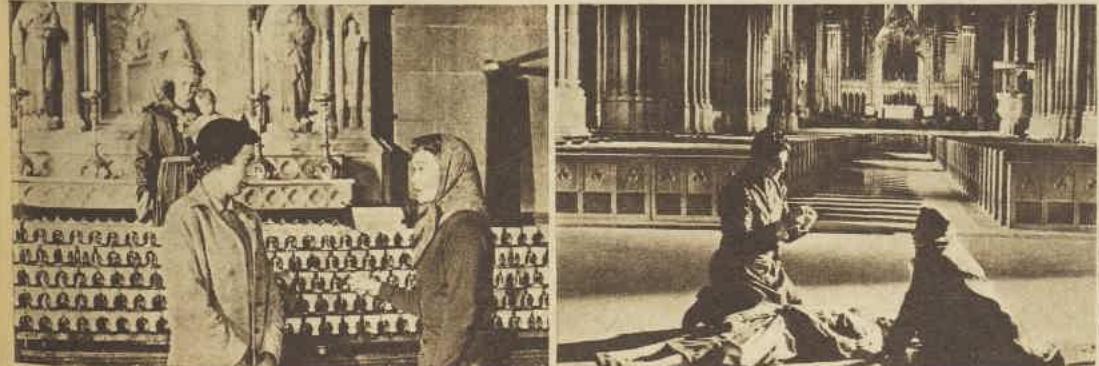
2 AT HOME in their drab New York apartment Art meets Ruth's mother (Josephine Hutchinson). Mrs. Wood is a neurotic woman, dependent on her daughter. Her husband, Harry (William Gargan), unseen, deserted them years before.



3 FINDING a song manuscript, Art plays it over for Ruth and offers to take it back with him to camp to show a friend. She explains that her father wrote it. The following Saturday Art invites Ruth and her friend Grace to the theatre.



4 AT SUPPER Ruth is seen by her father, who plays at the cafe. He does not speak to her. On the way home Ruth buys an ancient Roman coin and, on impulse, gives it to Art for good luck. When he is suddenly ordered to sail, the couple declare their love and plan marriage on his return.



6 GRACE (Eileen Heckart), left, takes Ruth to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where she finds solace. Her visits continue even after a long illness. One bitter winter night as she stands on the steps of the church Ruth is greeted by a vision of Art.

Miracle in the Rain

★ Playwright Ben Hecht wrote "Miracle in the Rain," a simple story of love and faith, for Warner Brothers.

The picture stars Jane Wyman in another of those demanding roles that this actress seems to have made peculiarly her own. Her Ruth Wood is a lonely young woman who thinks that romance has passed her by.

But she learns differently through a freckle-faced stranger from Tennessee who just happens to be passing by. This is the role played by Van Johnson.

"Miracle in the Rain" is set against the hurly-burly of working-class New York.



5 LETTER from Art's chaplain arrives after long months of no news, saying he has been killed in action. Ruth contemplates ending it all. But Grace and Mrs. Wood are a tower of strength.

THE SPOTLIGHT FOR STYLE SHINES ON...

ONILE



ONILE DISTRIBUTORS PTY. LTD.



New super-cream deodorant

**SAFELY STOPS
PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS**

Instantly stops perspiration, keeps arm pits dry.
Acts safely as proved by leading Doctors.

Smoother, creamier Arrid

Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.

Arrid removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.



ARRID

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE USE
ARRID — BE SURE!

A.2-12



On the beach . . . in the bathroom

Dri-Glo TOWELS

So many colours — so many patterns!

Colour, colour everywhere with Dri-Glo Towels! Choose your favourites from flower-fresh pastels, deep tones or gay combinations—towels to pick you out of the surfing crowd . . . towels to give your bathroom its brightest, lightest look ever.

It's the
DOUBLE UNDERWEAVE*
that gives so much
EXTRA wear!

YOUR BABY DESERVES
THE SOFTNESS OF
DRI-GLO BABY NAPS



So soft, so absorbent
and so gentle on tender
skins—and that famous Dri-Glo
"Double Underweave," found in all Dri-Glo
products, means so much longer wear.

*
Dri-Glo towels are "Double woven" in the length (where all the
stress and strain occur). Scientific tests prove that Dri-Glo "Double
Underweave" has far greater strength than the single underweave.
That's why Dri-Glo Towels are your best buy, they last so much longer!



DRI-GLO TOWELS and DRI-GLO BABY NAPS are products of the famous **BOND'S** Industries Group

**Chickens took count
at this picnic**

**GARY (CASANOVA)
COOPER, with a daisy
behind one ear, romances
Audrey Hepburn in "Love
in the Afternoon."**



Cooper and Hepburn co-star in romantic comedy

• Gary Cooper, you can take it from me, is heartily sick of chicken. In three days he has eaten 30 chicken legs. "Coop" went through all this poultry during a picnic in the grounds of the Chateau Vitry, a fairytale domain at Gambais, about 30 miles south of Paris.

THE picnic, which he shares with Audrey Hepburn, is a feature of his new film, "Love in the Afternoon," which he is making in France under the direction of the celebrated Billy Wilder.

The reason why Gary Cooper had to gorge so much was that the tender scenes between himself and Audrey took a long time to hit a pitch which satisfied director Wilder, always a perfectionist.

He had them repeat the scene in take after take until he was happy. The woods were littered with drumsticks for miles around.

Fortified with bicarbonate of soda, the cast of "Love in the Afternoon" has now returned from its indigestible country idyll to the relative serenity of Paris. There, at the Studios de Boulogne, much hammering is going on as the French chippies erect the magnificent halls, corridors, and foyers of the famous Hotel Ritz in replica.

Lanky Gary Cooper is burned the color of deep brick from the Riviera holiday he took before going before the cameras in "Love in the Afternoon."

It is a romantic comedy in which Gary plays a rich American who, on a trip to Paris, nurses strictly dishonorable intentions towards the ladies.

He demonstrates these in no fewer than 22 love scenes with 10 attractive girls—all of different nationalities.

Maurice Chevalier, as be-

loved by France as ever, wears a bowler hat instead of his celebrated rakish boater to play a comedy role. He is a private detective who trails Cooper to unmask him as a ravisher of innocence in the form of Maurice's own daughter, played by Audrey Hepburn.

She is a young musician studying the cello at the Paris Conservatoire, and her application slips a bit when Cooper, to whom she poses as a woman of the world, lures her into his sophisticated net—his suite at the Ritz.

Visitors to the set at the Studios de Boulogne are treated to the odd spectacle of the veteran Maurice Chevalier shaping up to Gary Cooper in a corner away from the cameras and slinging punches at him.

Things really haven't come to this between them. Maurice was once a considerable amateur boxer. "Coop" is a boxing fan, too. They talk shop, with actions.

"Coop" drops his guard, blows hard, and says laconically, "Wasn't only chicken we got sick of on that picnic. Wasps, too. I'm full of wasp holes now. Towards the end of it we played all our love scenes smelling of kerosene."

It rained steadily for a fortnight, too, and the sound men threw up their arms and called a half every time a plane went up from a nearby airfield. And the romantic interludes between Gary and Audrey were orchestrated by the quacking of ducks.

"Say, that's fine!" said Wilder, when the rushes were

Also starring is a tiny Yorkshire terrier called Assam, who plays such an important role that no less than a fortnight's shooting has been devoted to the scenes in which he figures.

The stars glare suspiciously at the newcomer every time he patters in and takes up his position at his chalk-mark before the cameras.

The film has given a chance also to two lovely British vaudeville twins, Leila and Valerie Croft.

They were appearing in the Paris Lido show, and by utter chance found themselves hired for a comedy sequence in which twins figure.

The rather bewildered sisters even submitted to having their auburn curls bleached for the film roles of Swedish girls, two of the victims of Mr. Cooper.

Sighed Leila, "Who cares? We have a love scene with Gary Cooper!"

Sighed Valerie, "We've always been crazy about him!"

By BILL STRUTTON,
of our
London staff



ABOVE. Maurice Chevalier, veteran of stage and screen, as the private detective and father of Audrey Hepburn.

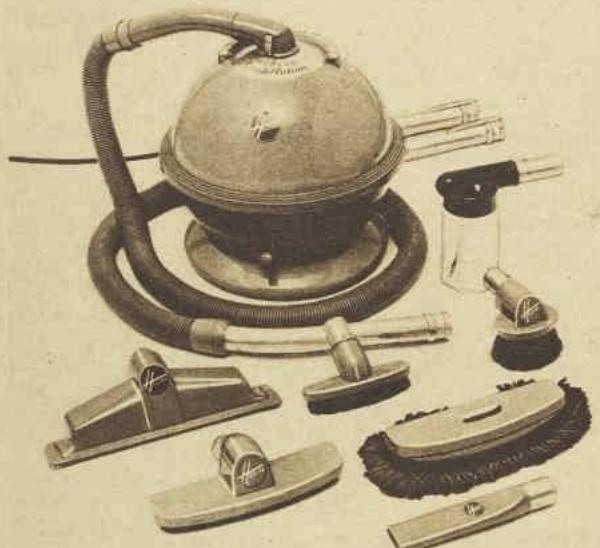
LEFT. Cooper's romantic technique is still good, as shown in this shot from the new film. He plays an American adventurer in gay Paris.

It's light! . . . It's powerful! The Hoover with the exclusive
DOUBLE-STRETCH HOSE

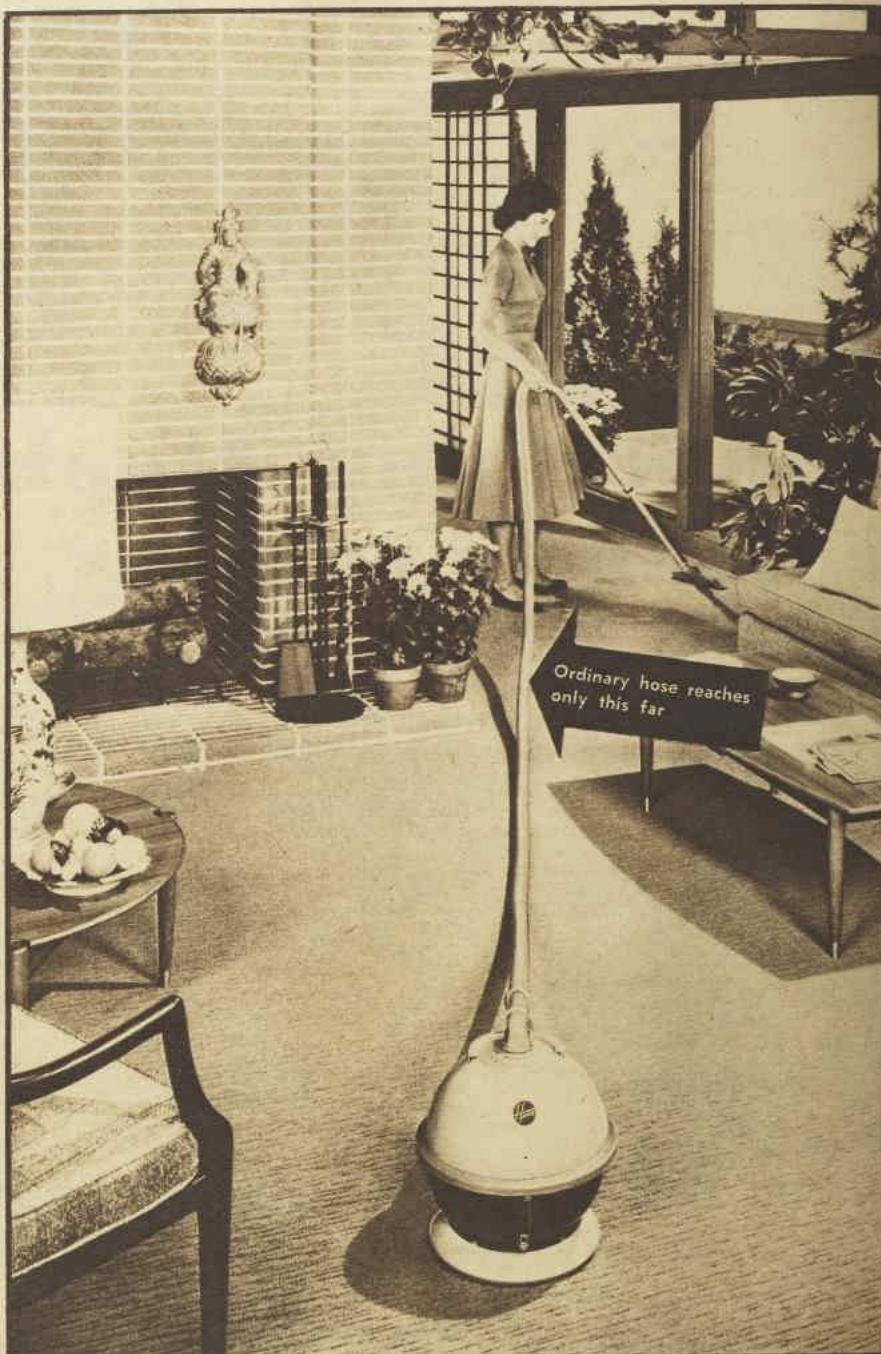
NEW HOOVER *Constellation*

**LETS YOU CLEAN TWICE AS FAR
AS ANY OTHER CLEANER
WITHOUT LIFTING OR CARRYING**

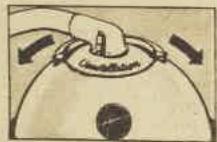
"It must have been designed by a woman!" you'll say when you see the latest Hoover marvel in action. No other cleaner does more to save a lady's steps — and back. You just set the Hoover Constellation in the middle of the room and round you go to the far corners, out into the hall or the next room even. The exclusive flexible hose is the miracle — it stretches and stretches . . . five . . . ten . . . almost fifteen feet, and never a twist or tangle in its whole, feather-weight length.



OUT OF THIS WORLD IN VALUE — 40 gns. complete
Including mop and spray gun — Easy Terms, of course



Actual photograph Exclusive! Hoover's new double-stretch hose—only one of its kind! Lightweight
hose stretches up to double its length yet takes no more storage space than ordinary hose.



MIRACLE ROUND-THE-ROOM CLEANING

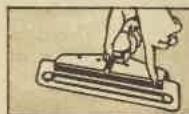
The Constellation's smooth-running swivel top means you can clean everything everywhere in the room without straining, lifting or pulling. And no dust is too deeply embedded for its powerful suction — it just eats it up. And asks for more!



EXCLUSIVE THROW-AWAY DUSTBAG

You simply flip open the canister, slide out the dust-proof paper container and throw it away. No dirt to touch — no dirt to see! Of course, you may re-use the bag if you like but it's such a big one that you only need to empty it every month or so.

A WHOLE NEW WORLD OF CLEANING POWER IN THE CONSTELLATION'S 12 inch SPHERE



EXCLUSIVE NOZZLE takes fewer strokes, means more thorough cleaning because suction is effective right across the nozzle. Swivelling carpet nozzle, with brush that drops into position to pick up stubborn thread, swlops under beds and low-slung furniture with ease.



MAGIC SUCTION WAND cleans high, cleans low — and never, never comes apart. The joint is leak-proof, with full suction power to move tight-clinging dust from skirting boards, walls, curtains and lampshades.



CLEANING TOOLS THAT CAN'T SCRATCH FURNITURE are finished in a special, non-abrasive finish. Simplicity itself to put in and take out of cleaner, they fit tidily into a neat container that you may hang on the wall.

THE PROVING FLIGHT

Second instalment
of our thrilling
five-part serial

by

DAVID BEATY

THE giant airliner "Emperor Able Dog" has started on her non-stop transatlantic proving flight after a tumultuous send-off from London Airport. She is the pride and hope of Air Enterprise Operations, whose dynamic chairman, SIR JAMES JOLIFFE, is on board with Under-Secretary BROCKLEHURST; PAYTON, the tentative line manager; RILEY, the public relations officer; and DR. ENDERBY-BROWNE.

However, the pilot, ANDREW BELLAMY, is uneasy about the aircraft. He also resents the presence of CAPTAIN CAVENDISH, the chairman's choice as co-pilot. The others on board are hostesses ANGELA KNIGHT and LAETTE GREENACRES, each competing for Bellamy's attention; CRUTTWELL, designer of the Emperor's engines, and EASTLAKE, the air-frame designer, each jealous of the other's work; CHIEF-STEWARD HAMILTON; SEAWOOD, the First Officer; RAWLINGS, the engineer; DOUTHWAITE, the navigator; HOOPER, the radio officer.

After some roughness, the Emperor settles down, but the navigator announces that she is already running late. NOW READ ON:

LONG the narrow, pink-pile carpet Hamilton walked the cold Atlantic air. With the two girls behind him in the galley, doing the jobs that were suitable to their femininity and lack of seniority, he transformed this microscopic foreign body that had now been floating in the orb of the sky for over three hours into a well-oriented British society.

He was not displeased with the stewardesses who had been assigned to him. Indeed, more than anyone else, he had been responsible for their choice.

Their prettiness, which he viewed with the dispassion of a man whose values had passed to more enduring things, fitted in pleasantly with the dainty newness of the cabin's interior. And their well-behaved efficiency meant that he could forget about them and not have to worry his head about the usual complications that the more scatter-brained of the girls would have brought with them on to an otherwise all-male outing.

Dinner had been served with a polished precision that had rejoiced him. And now, with the girls withdrawn to the galley for the washing-up, there remained only the serving of the coffee and brandy and liqueurs and the mysteries of the after-dinner masculine half-hour.

Delicately savoring the incense-like aroma of cigars, and with his body slightly bowing over the napkin-wrapped brandy bottle, Hamilton watched anxiously as the Chairman slowly raised the balloon glass to his nose and then to his lips.

"Excellent, Hamilton! Excellent!"

Hamilton sighed with pleasure. Then Angela appeared at his elbow and whispered: "Captain Bellamy has just rung from the rest-room. He doesn't want dinner yet. Just

orange juice. Shall I take it along to him?"

Hamilton pursed his lips. The whole atmosphere of good living and maturity would be shattered by the sight of a tray with a glass of orange juice going through the cabin—and at this hour, too.

But on the other side of the flight-deck door was another hierarchy for whose well-being Hamilton regarded himself as equally responsible, and in there, for the time being, Bellamy was king.

"Certainly, Miss Knight! Right away! Oh, and don't forget your clean napkin! Hurry now! Don't keep the Captain waiting!" He sighed gently and rubbed his jaw, reflecting sadly on the difficulties of a man with a foot in two worlds.

Back in the galley Angela prepared the tray carefully. And then, in the few seconds that Hamilton would have used to check his tie

and the folds of the napkin, she dabbed some cologne behind her ears and renewed her already immaculate lipstick. Laette, the last of the washing-up done, stared gloomily out of the window.

The aircraft was ploughing on steadily into the night.

Ten minutes later she looked at her watch and frowned. Time seemed to be simply crawling along.

She was quite glad when Hamilton came in and said, "Captain Cavendish's tea, Miss Greenacres! He'll have finished it now . . . if you would go and get the cups. He'll be wanting another pot in a minute!"

"Certainly, Miss Knight! Right away! Oh, and don't forget your clean napkin! Hurry now! Don't keep the Captain waiting!" He sighed gently and rubbed his jaw, reflecting sadly on the difficulties of a man with a foot in two worlds.

Back in the galley Angela prepared the tray carefully. And then, in the few seconds that Hamilton would have used to check his tie

Flanked by Cavendish, with Bellamy and the air hostesses following, Sir James elbowed his way through the packed Reception Hall.

invitation in gold light, was the crew rest compartment. Two paces in front, lit only by the phosphorescent green lights from the instruments, was the flight deck.

Laette edged her way past Rawlings' massive shoulders to stand behind the dark silhouette of Captain Cavendish. "Have you finished, sir?"

"Ah, yes, thank you."

Laette took the tray and paused for a moment outside the door of the rest-room. There was no reason, she supposed, why Angela shouldn't stay and chat to Bellamy if she wanted to. He was off duty and

To page 46

Do it yourself
with bobby pins-a perm
and set all in one!



pin-Quick

Richard Hudnut's special pin-curl Home Perm for
soft, casual curls

(particularly for modern, short hair styles!)

NO other home permanent is so easy to do as Richard Hudnut's Pin-Quick. Just put up your hair in bobby pins, apply the wonderful lanolin-rich waving lotion, follow with Magic Curl Control and that is all! When your hair is dry, take out the bobby pins and your hair is set in your favourite casual style.

Dries in minutes instead of hours . . . use a hair dryer, go out in the sun or sit in front of a fire or warm oven. Magic Curl Control makes Pin-Quick the only home permanent you can quick-dry . . . and it sets the wave in your hair and curls ends naturally and gracefully.

Pin-Quick leaves your hair beautifully clean and fresh with no unpleasant, after-permanent odours — smooth, shining, silken soft.



CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE sell Pin-Quick, the amazing, simple, easy-to-do home perm by Richard Hudnut . . . 13/-

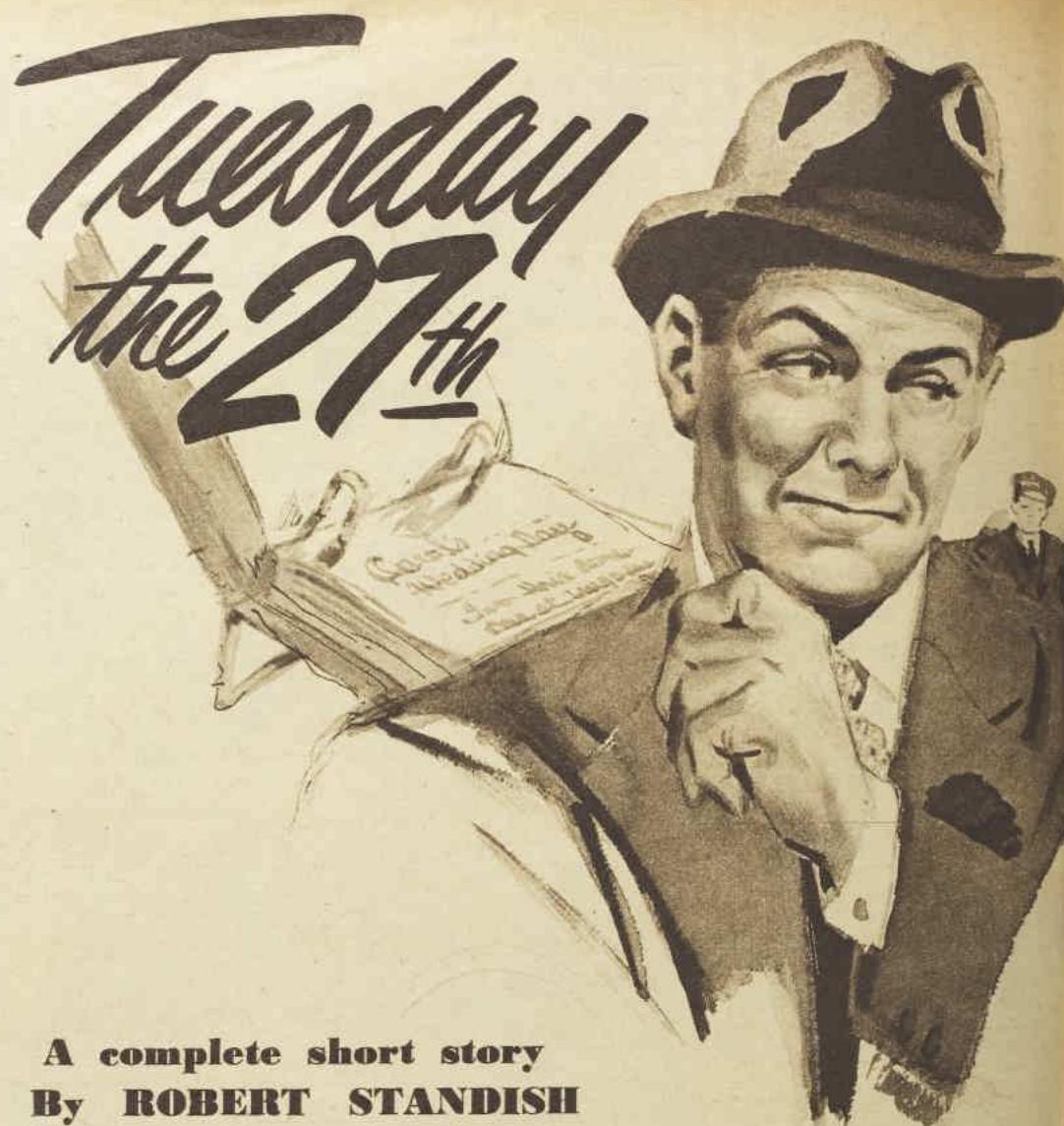


It's easy to dress the wriggliest baby in **BOND'S NEVABINDS**

No trouble to get a Nevabind singlet over baby's head. Its specially designed shoulders open wide — then fold back for secure fit. And the sides of the singlet are specially reinforced to pin down to nappy. Nevabinds are knitted in finest cotton by Bond's — famous makers of Dri-Glo Baby Naps. At good stores everywhere.

PAA
PAN AMERICAN WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

Page 40



A complete short story By ROBERT STANDISH

THE morning of the last Tuesday in May, 1947, was a crucial one in the lives of Albert Simmonds, his wife, Lucy, and their daughter, Carol. This was the last occasion on which they were destined to sit down to breakfast together as a united family in their pleasant little house.

Lucy Simmonds and Carol drank tea, Albert preferred coffee. The fact is unimportant, for, during the twenty-one years Albert and Lucy had been married, there had always been a teapot and a coffee-pot upon their breakfast table just as on almost every other morning of that twenty-one years Lucy had made the same observation.

She now made it again.

"I wish," she said, as though the thought had just occurred to her, "that coffee tasted as good as it smells. But it never does and that's why," she added triumphantly, "I am faithful to tea."

Carol, who was being married that day, was about to say something caustic when she remembered that in all human probability she had heard this observation for the last time. Instead, she waited for her father's time-worn riposte. She had not long to wait.

"It would be a dull world, my dear," said Albert Simmonds thoughtfully, "if we all had the same tastes and ideas."

"I suppose it would," replied Lucy, lapsing into silence.

Albert Simmonds — Bert to his wife and intimates — was a small, dapper man, approaching his forty-fifth birthday. Lucy was three years younger. One of her chief pleasures in life was to be told that Carol and she were more like sisters than mother and daughter. Furthermore, it was true. Life had somehow bounced off Lucy Simmonds in much the same way as water is shed by a duck's plumage.

Bert Simmonds looked searching across the breakfast table at his wife, wondering in a detached way how he had been able to endure her fatuity for so long. Carol, and no less searching, looked at her parents, wondering how they had been able to endure each other for so long, and rejoicing in the knowledge that twenty-four hours hence she and Derek Chadwick would, as man and wife, be breakfasting together aboard ship somewhere in the Irish Sea en route for Canada.

Carol did not dislike her parents. Far from it. They had been unfailingly good to her. She escaped from the breakfast table with the valid excuse that this being her wedding day she had many things to do.

"Bert!" said Lucy after a long silence. "Do you think Carol will be happy with Derek?"

What a banal, idiotic, fatuous question! "If I did not think so," replied Bert, striving to keep the irritation out of his voice, "I would not have consented to their marriage. I expect, Lucy," he continued gently, "that your mother asked your father that question at breakfast on the day you and I were married. I wonder what he replied."

"I've often thought that Daddy was glad to see me go," said Lucy ingenuously. Bert, who was inclined to agree, said nothing.

At 10.45 a.m. the hired limousine arrived to drive the little family to the church. Bert, as the bride's father, played his role competently, if without distinction. Lucy, as protocol on these occasions demands, wept copiously in a front pew.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the bride and groom together with Bert and Lucy left the reception for Euston Station, where the boat train for Liverpool was due to leave at 4.15 p.m.

"You know, darlings," said Carol moistly, addressing her parents at the final moment of farewell, "Derek and I don't want you to feel that you have lost your little daughter. We'd like you to feel that you now have a son."

There was sympathy in Bert's eyes for Derek as he watched Carol hugging her mother. Carol had inherited her mother's passion for the obvious. Derek, happily, seemed an even-tempered sort of chap. Well, it was to be hoped that his temper would stand the strain of a few years of that kind of thing.

"Look after her well, Derek," said Bert, feeling a surge of intense gratitude towards the younger man. With Carol safely married and on her way to Canada the last obstacle had been removed from his path. Conscience now permitted him to put into effect his well-laid plans.

At Euston Station waiting for the boat train to leave, the drawn-out farewells and the false alarms seemed to Bert an eternity. There was a further delay when the train had finally gone because Lucy, too blinded by tears to realise that Carol and her husband were out of sight, insisted upon waving a minuscule handkerchief as though it were the white flag of surrender.

Lucy's sister, Mabel, was waiting for them. She had just brewed a pot of strong tea. Lucy and Mabel had in common a curious metabolism which — especially in

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956



There was sympathy in Bert's eyes for the young bridegroom as Carol and her mother exchanged fatuous words of farewell.

was because I considered that we owed a duty to Carol.

My lawyer, Dick Hayden, has instructions to pay you annually for the rest of your life the income from a sum equal to exactly half my capital. This, together with the income you inherited from your father, should enable you to live in modest comfort. With the remainder of my capital I intend to make a new start in life. I leave Britain tomorrow.

It occurs to me that you may want a divorce. If this is so you have only to tell Dick Hayden, in whose hands I have left evidence — fabricated evidence, I confess — which connects me with another woman. But I would like you to know, my dear Lucy, that there is not and never has been "another woman."

This house, where we have spent twenty-one placid years, is in my name, as you know, but it is yours from now onwards. When I leave here in the morning I shall take the key as a memento.

And now goodbye, Lucy. When you read this I shall have gone beyond recall. Do not think too harshly of

Your affectionate husband,

Bert.

Re-reading the letter, Bert decided that it struck just the right note. He propped it against the clock.

On the dining-room table, covered by napkins, were some cold chicken, a few slices of canned ham, a salad, and a cold apple pie. Bert's thoughts as he ate this simple meal were of gratitude for Lucy's thoughtfulness.

How very much better it was, he mused, to part thus instead of waiting until frayed nerves and sheer exasperation created harsh words and ugly scenes.

Bert found himself wondering how Lucy would behave in a rage. It was strange, but true, that she had never in all the twenty-one years lost her temper beyond the point of mild irritation. Yes, there was, and he admitted it freely, much to be said for Lucy. It was a thousand pities that she was so . . . brainless.

In the morning Bert found the right amount of coffee already in the electric

percolator. All he had to do was to put water in the bottom and plug it in.

The only thing lacking at breakfast was Lucy's wistful wish that coffee tasted as good as it smelled followed by his own banal and timeworn retort.

At 9.30 a.m. Bert telephoned for a taxi, occupying the time of waiting by one last sentimental pilgrimage around the house, which since his marriage had been his only home.

When the taxi came the baggage was waiting outside the front door all neatly labelled, "Albert Hartley-Simmonds." Bert's name was, strictly speaking, Albert Hartley Simmonds, but when his last passport had been issued there had been no difficulty about hyphenating the commonplace name.

As the travelling representative of Welland Brothers, the big export woollen house, Bert knew his way around. For four months out of every one of the preceding twenty years, with the exception of the war years, Bert had roamed the world in the interests of his firm.

In 1936, believing then that war was inevitable and anticipating the financial controls which came into force in September, 1939, he had invested his entire savings in American industrial stocks, depositing these with a Swiss bank in Zurich, out of the reach of the Bank of England.

That evening Bert left London by the Dover-Dunkirk train ferry for Paris. Sending on his heavy baggage to await him in Genoa, he then went to Zurich to make the necessary arrangements with his bank. When he reached Genoa he was in possession of a large sum of dollar travellers' cheques, which gave him financial freedom over the entire world.

From Genoa he took an Italian ship to Australia, arriving in Sydney five weeks later. From Sydney he transhipped to Papeete, the chief town of Tahiti, and thence by trading schooner to Nukahiva, in the Marquesas group of islands under French rule.

Bert had two reasons for this destination. Firstly, these remote islands were among the

To page 75

moments of stress — demanded large quantities of tannic acid.

Nevertheless, Bert looked gratefully, almost affectionately, at Mabel. For it had been arranged that after the strain of the wedding Lucy was to stay with Mabel on the south coast for two weeks. They were to start almost at once.

"Do you think, Bert," asked Lucy tearfully, "that you will be able to manage without me for two whole weeks?"

"I'll try, Lucy," he replied patiently, "and if I find myself unable to manage I can send you a telegram."

Then, hustling her into Mabel's little car, Bert kissed Lucy for what he believed was the last time. His feelings for her were curiously mixed. He had no animus against her, no sense of grievance. Indeed, he told himself, he liked Lucy.

With limited equipment she had done her best. She was a kind, ineffectual woman. It was neither of their faults if in her presence he suffered a frightening, almost pathological boredom.

Bert had a busy evening ahead of him, so he wasted no time. Bringing down empty trunks from the attic, he packed all his clothes and a number of small portable possessions. He packed neatly and quickly. Then, emptying his desk of everything, he destroyed most of the papers, packing the remainder into a briefcase.

When it was all done Bert heaved a sigh of relief. He found the finality of his tasks stimulating. Feeling the need of a drink he went into the pleasant living-room in

YOUR SKIN CAN BE AS RADIANT AS PIER'S..

that's the promise of Lux Toilet Soap



Pier Angeli stars in M.G.M.'s MetroScope production "Somebody Up There Likes Me". Much of the film was shot on location in New York, and Pier wandered happily round the city whenever she could. Off the set Pier wore very little make-up—she knew Lux would protect her complexion from New York's dust and dirt. You can trust Lux, too!

"What a gorgeous complexion!" That's what people say when they meet Pier Angeli. Pier believes in pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Like 9 out of 10 film stars, she trusts her delicate skin to Lux Toilet Soap's gentle care. Wherever she is, at home, in her dressing room, on location, Pier makes sure there's plenty of Lux with her!

SO VERY PURE

Pier knows that nothing gets rid of dirt and dust like Lux Toilet Soap. Lux cleanses thoroughly, deep down . . . it frees your pores from every speck of dirt, leaves skin refreshed and *glowing* with cleanliness. You cannot buy a purer soap than Lux . . . its snowy whiteness is outward proof of a purity no other soap can match.

A REAL FAMILY SOAP

Lux is so mild, so gentle, safe even for baby's tender skin. Let your family try Lux. They'll love its rich creamy lather, its pleasant perfume. And they'll enjoy using it in the shower, in the bath, and every time they wash!



Get the big new
FAMILY SIZE
for all the family



USED BY 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS—PURE WHITE LUX TOILET SOAP

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

Good Morning, Stranger



A short short story by **CECILE GILMORE**

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

He had noticed that she always wore short white gloves. Those spotless little gloves were the first things that attracted him to her. Well—the second, anyway; she was an extremely pretty girl.

Every morning at eight o'clock sharp she would come out of her apartment house across the street and get into an old convertible, and after a tussle with the cold motor she would drive away.

Some mornings she wore a narrow grey flannel suit with a bright scarf. Sometimes a smart dress, or a blouse and skirt. But always the little chopped-off white gloves, immaculate and cute.

He got into the habit of watching for her. It would be nice, he thought, to know her. But they were strangers who happened to live across the street from each other in a big city.

Ward knew other girls, back home in Connecticut. He was twenty-five, trimly built, and had been brought up to be considerate of the female sex. Girls liked him.

There was a legend in his family that his father had seen his mother across a crowded room and said, "Somebody tell me her name; that's the girl I'm going to marry." And he did.

Ward rather liked that. But he had not thought of the family tradition in years, until he saw this girl; the one who left her car in the street all night, and who came out of the house every morning at the same time, all pretty and shiny as the morning sun.

He knew he had to meet this girl somehow.

He knew her name, because he had looked. She lived in the third-floor front apartment—he had seen her at the windows—and the name under the mailbox for 3-F was "Elizabeth Kirby."

Ward had moved to Pineapple Street in March, and it was now only June. He knew nobody in the neighborhood except the news dealer down the street, and the guys

at the garage around the corner, where he kept his car.

Working, as he did, on the night shift of Apex Airlines, where he was a lead mechanic, he lived in a topsy-turvy world, anyway. He went to bed just about the time most people were getting up, so his social life was virtually nil.

But he didn't care. He loved his job. He would leave the airport a little after 6 a.m., stop at Joe's diner for coffee and wheat-cakes, swap jokes and shoptalk with the rest of the maintenance crew who ate there, and drive happily homeward through the fresh morning air. After he had put away his car he would buy a paper and walk home.

Now, with a little judicious timing, he was able to turn into Pineapple Street just as his Elizabeth was either coming down her steps or getting into her car.

Now and then she looked at him, but she never saw him until one morning when she was backing her car in order to pull out without bumping the car in front. Her head was turned towards the sidewalk and her eyes met his interested gaze. Her mouth opened as though she meant to speak to him, and his heart jumped in his chest.

But then she didn't. She looked right through him with that blank-eyed expression which said, "I haven't met you; be on your way." She completed her manoeuvre with the car, and drove off.

The incident shook him. Because all at once he realised that to a stranger he might seem to be stalking her. The last thing he wanted to do was to frighten her or make her mad. So, feeling frustrated but by no means discouraged, he gave up that operation. He would find a means, or make one. Somehow . . .

One very hot morning he was standing at his window fully dressed, although it was his day off. At the witching hour of eight out Elizabeth came, looking cool and very attractive in a seasonable sun frock with, of course, her spotless gloves. She

ran down the steps, hurried to her car—and stopped, with a look of dismay. The coupe was tightly wedged between a solid-looking grey sedan and a dashing two-tone job.

Ward watched her go to the two-tone job ahead, peer in through the windows, and try the door handle. Her plan, obviously, was to release the brakes of the car and give it a push with her own car.

But the door wouldn't budge.

So she went to the car behind and tried its doors, but it was locked, too. She gave a little shrug of annoyance, and, after looking up and down the street, apparently for the owners, she got into her own car. She started the motor and tried to push first one car and then the other. Nothing happened, except that her motor died every time she pushed.

By the time Ward got down to the sidewalk she was pink in the face and clearly flustered and upset.

He crossed the street. "Can I help you?"

"Oh!" she said, and glanced up. Her face lit up. She began getting

out of the car. "Oh, would you? If you could help me get either of these cars to move a little, maybe I could get out of here."

"I'll take a look," he said.

Together they examined the car in front. He tried the door, as she had.

"Locked," he said. "How about the other one?"

"It's locked, too," she said.

He shook his head. Then he got into her car and started the motor. Slowly and very skilfully he manoeuvred the old convertible until its front wheels were standing free of the car ahead and aimed out into the street.

"How on earth did you do it?" She beamed, coming to where he stood holding the door open. "I just can't thank you enough."

He said it wasn't anything. "I'm glad I happened to look out and see you. I live over there." He gestured with his head. "My name's Mitchell, Ward Mitchell."

"I'm Elizabeth Kirby."

He nodded. "I've noticed you several times."

"I've seen you, too—several times." She said it gravely, but two dimples appeared near the corners of her mouth. "Mostly when I was leaving for work. I'm a teller in a bank downtown."

"Oh," he said. "I'm a lead mechanic. You know what that is?"

"It's an aeroplane maintenance man in charge of a crew," she answered surprisingly. "My cousin owns a diner out at Apex Airlines, Joe Kirby."

"Joe! But I know him!"

She raised her eyebrows.

"I mean, I've been beating my brains out to think of a way to get introduced to you, and all the time—"

"You were?" she asked innocently. She glanced at her watch and scrambled into the car. "I'm going to be good and late today. Imagine your knowing my cousin Joe!"

"When am I going to see you again?" Ward asked as he closed the door. "How about tonight? Could we have dinner, and maybe take in a movie or something?"

"I'd love to," she said. "Well, goodbye for now, and thank you again." She let in the clutch and sped away.

When she was well out of sight, Ward walked over to the two-tone job and gave it a pat on its hood. Then he took two keys out of his pocket, unlocked the car, got in, and drove around the corner to his garage.

The attendant was inside, hosing down a car. "Okay, Mr. Mitchell," he called. "Will you want her again today?"

"Tonight," Ward said. "Give her a wash, will you?"

"Okay." The garage man came out to him. "How did it work," he asked, "this trick you were going to play on your uncle?"

"Fine," Ward answered. "I'll bring the grey sedan back in a few minutes." He held out two dollars.

"This about right?"

"Think nothing of it," said the other, waving the money away. "That old heap's been sitting around here for weeks, looking for a buyer. Glad to lend her to you."

Ward thanked him and went off, smiling. It was going to be a magnificent day.

(Copyright)

Is he the One?

A charming romance

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

LESLEY GIBSON smiled and nodded at her mother, who was standing on the platform outside the train. Through the double-glass window she could see her mother's mouth opening and closing, like a picture on a film track.

"Telephone me as soon as you reach Aunt Clara's," she was saying, and "Have you got handkerchiefs?"

"I will," Lesley mouthed back, her face close to the window, and "Plenty."

As the train began to move, her mother stepped back, and, as if responding to an inward cue, produced a full-blown smile. But Lesley knew that she was worried and anxious.

Lesley leaned back against the plush parlor-car chair, feeling troubled as her mother's face blurred into oblivion.

"Poor Mother," she thought. "She just can't seem to accept the fact that I'm nineteen years old and on the verge of being engaged." Her mind went back to the scene in her mother's bedroom only a week ago.

"Visiting Aunt Clara again?" her mother had said in surprise. "But you were there so much this summer!"

"Well . . . it isn't exactly to visit Aunt Clara that I'm going this time," Lesley had blushed faintly. "Ted wants me to meet his family."

Her mother's face had stilled in an odd way. "Meet his family? That sounds serious."

"Well, darling, it is," Lesley had said. And then, quickly, defensively: "Don't you like Ted?"

"I have nothing against Ted," her mother had said. "He's a nice boy."

"Well, then—?" Her mother had stood very still. Then she had said softly, "Oh, Lesley. You're so young."

"I'm nineteen!" Lesley had said. She was amazed. "Why, half the girls in my class at College are already engaged!"

Her mother had looked tired. "Maybe they're more mature than you are, more settled. You're such a young nineteen. When it comes to love — well, I don't think you know your own mind yet."

"I love Ted," Lesley had said very simply. "He loves me." The two phrases had seemed to settle on the air with a deep and solemn impact. But her mother had said flatly: "You'll fall in love two or three more times before you're twenty-one. You don't know your own mind yet, Lesley. I know you."

Now Lesley gazed broodingly out the window of the train as it wound its way through the vast, gloomy maze of underground tracks. She thought, "She's just been judging me by what happened this past year."

But that affair last winter with Bill Talbot, that spring interlude with Tony Clark—they had been just foolish boy-and-girl things. She had just been playing around. She was far more mature now and her whole perspective had changed. Couldn't her mother see that?

Her jaw set. "I'll make her see it," she thought. "She'll see the difference when I come back." At the end of this weekend, she, Lesley, would no longer be a careless, impulsive college sophomore; she would be a young woman poised and serious, engaged to be married. She would move quiet and speak quietly, and people would be impressed with her intelligence and sensitivity.

"Because that's what I'm really like," she thought as she regarded her pretty, blue-eyed reflection pensively in the windowpane. "I'm like an iceberg with seven-tenths of its depth submerged; people just shouldn't judge me by the little piece that's showing."

She swivelled her chair around a few degrees. Over the chair before her she could see the back of a man's head and a very brown neck above the rim of a crisp white collar. Just then the head rose and the young man began to adjust his valise on the overhead rack. He was quite tall and heavy-shouldered; his hair was sandy-colored and he was wearing a tan suit.

He turned and saw her. Lesley felt faint shock as their eyes met. He was quite good-looking. She looked away quickly, frowning. In the windowpane she saw the upright feathers on her foolish hat quivering agitatedly with her movements and her frown deepened. She looked terribly young, she thought.

"I never should have bought this hat," she decided gloomily. "It makes me look as if I'm still on strained vegetables."

She was conscious of the young man sitting down again. She turned her head cautiously. There was only the back of his head once more above the high rim of the chair.

Feeling strangely relieved, Lesley took off her hat, placed it on her lap, and let her head fall back dreamily on the white d'oyley of the chair. "I'll think about Ted," she thought.

She had met him at a party early this summer while visiting her Aunt Clara. He was twenty-five and a lawyer. Lesley had been struck from the first moment by three things: his dark, serious eyes, his reserve, and his faintly enigmatic smile.

From that first evening he had pursued her with a kind of grim intensity that she found thrilling. She had seen him steadily for two weeks; then, after she had returned home, there had been phone calls and a flying weekend visit.

In August she had gone to her aunt's again for another week; he had come back to New York with her and visited friends for a few days. That had been the last time she had seen him.



Wherever Lesley went, young men gazed at her with interest
... but this time she was sure she knew which one to choose.

ere had been constant telephone
During the last one he had said,
are you coming to visit your aunt
I want you to meet my mother
ther."

ey had felt a shiver of excitement
ants to marry me," she thought.
she closed her eyes and summoned
age. But somehow it would not
his face floated like a balloon just
the fringe of her memory.

frowned in concentration because,
it was ridiculous that she couldn't
ber sometimes what he looked like.
as if she took one feature at a

deily, sitting there, she got a queer
eg, as if something were boring into
ed eyes. She opened them. The
shaird young man was facing her,
en as he leaned forward slightly.

settled, she blurted out, "Wh-what is

looked relieved, leaning back-
ng at all." He had a very deep
"Pardon me for staring. You see,
moment I thought you had fainted."
wanted?"

ell — you were so still. And your
iblere closed."

oe sat up, confused. "I was just con-

ing."

gave his hand a little wave in the

"Well, you go right ahead." He spoke

, as if he were urging her to go

rough an open door. "I hope I

disrupt the brain waves."

at all." Of course, all that busi-

about his thinking she had fainted

nt nonsense; it was simply a new

ach in speaking to a girl on a train

when you came to think of it,

clever. "He really is terribly attrac-

she thought. "And that deep voice."

car, until now dimly lit with elec-

suddenly burst into bright day.

They were on elevated tracks that

rough a street lined with apartment

Turning her head, Lesley saw the

windows that were like cells in a

omb. Through some of them she

see a woman brushing her hair, a

bouncing on a bed, a man in his

shirt shaving.

young man turned his head, too.

"he said. "This is my favorite

of scenery." He leaned forward.

nothing more fascinating than

watching people like this, live and unrehearsed." He looked at Lesley and she saw with astonishment that the color had risen in his face. He said sheepishly, "I guess I must be a Peeping Tom at heart."

"Not at all," Lesley said in her quick, artless way. "I love to look inside people's windows from the street and listen to private conversations on a bus. But all that isn't based on just raw curiosity. What I mean is, it's a certain kind of curiosity that isn't so terrible. I guess we both take an interest in people, that's all." Suddenly conscious of herself she swallowed and blushed, too.

He didn't say anything, but he smiled as he looked at her. His eyes, she noticed, were grey — a nice, warm grey in his deeply tanned face. Meeting his gaze she felt a faint flutter inside her, a sensation so familiar that she looked away swiftly, appalled at herself. Her mother's voice seemed to clang accusingly in her ears: "I know you, Lesley."

She stared so fixedly at the apartments sliding past that her eyeballs began to hurt. But this isn't anything, she told herself. Good heavens, she was just passing the time of day. Her love for Ted was deep and steady and mature, not to be sidetracked, ever, by a new face, no matter how good-looking.

A silence fell between herself and the young man and she was relieved. Really, she had behaved in a very irresponsible way in speaking to him at all. Of course, talking to a strange man on a train wasn't in a class with talking to him on a park bench. Everybody spoke to everybody else on trains; it was the neighborly thing to do. Still, she mustn't forget that she was practically engaged and on her way to meet the parents of the man she was going to marry.

"I'll think about Ted," she thought again. She leaned her head back, but again, perversely, his features would not take form in her mind; there was only a blur of dark hair and eyes, a jutting chin.

He slipped from her thoughts and a scene formed: She saw herself back at college in two weeks, a swarm of girls crowding around her

To page 72

there was only enough work for one in the galley.

But, all the same, she thought, she might as well save herself a journey to fetch his empty glass. She knocked and went in.

There were two seats on either side of the narrow room, with a table that could be put up between. Bellamy sat on one, Angela on the other, and the girl was holding a packet of photographs in her hand.

"I just thought," Lalette said to Bellamy, "that I'd collect your glass and get it done with."

"Not quite finished. You can have it in a moment."

"We were just looking at these photographs," Angela seemed to be almost apologising, as though she wasn't sure that sitting there was quite proper. "Some of them are really quite good."

"May I see?" Lalette took the packet that Angela handed her.

"They're very good!" She looked at them vaguely, until she saw that one was of Bellamy. "This is very nice of you . . . sir."

Bellamy said nothing. He just raised his eyebrows and gave a faint smile.

The next one was of Bellamy, too. Lalette reddened. He was in a sports jacket and flannels and was looking into the camera and laughing as though he was enjoying himself hugely. Then there was another. This time of an old gentleman in a well-ordered garden, nipping off some buds with a pair of secateurs.

"Ah," said Lalette, "and this one? This must be . . . er . . . Daddy?"

She said it, she knew, with quite deceptive gentleness. All the same, Bellamy looked up at her sharply. He finished off his orange juice and put the

Continuing . . .

The Proving Flight

from page 39

glass down with a smart click on to the tray.

"I've finished now, Lalette," he said. "You can clear away, if you want to."

"Thank you, sir," she said, picking up the other tray in her free hand. "Will that be all?"

"Yes . . . thank you." He gave her a direct look that outstared her own unblinking one.

"What about the other one? The one I took of you?" she heard him say to Angela as she let the door snap shut behind her.

There was one thing, she thought, washing up with too much soap powder, too much hot water, and too much violence, neither of them would do anything but chat politely, look at photographs, and do the proper thing. And, with everything done and cleared away, she stared out once more through the porthole beyond the sink.

Intermittently, a star appeared from behind the overcast and was swallowed up again in a world without color or dimensions. Sitting alone on a high stool in the tail, Lalette watched out for them to keep her company. In front from the mighty engines came a low, sustained roar, and quieter, but just as thrusful and determined, from the cabin came the lesser human noise. And here she was, an isolated unimportant female, riding pilion as it were, unnoticed through the night.

She watched the red navigation light dip itself into a pool of cloud and emerge blurred, to dry itself bright and clear against the next stretch of open sky.

The tray that Lalette had brought up now rested on the flat rear of the throttle pedestal. Cavendish, now beginning his second hour on watch, had sent the young First Officer back to the rest compartment and had replaced him in the right-hand seat with Mr. Cruttwell. Behind them the engineer and the radio officer were sharing a second pot of tea with the navigator.

Under the dimmed glow of the instrument lights the flight

deck made a peaceful domestic scene, like a family gossiping in an evening drawing-room beside the dying embers of a green fire.

Outside it was black. A dark marsh of cloud had swamped the stars to the north. Every now and again the tea-cups rattled as the Emperor's wings got caught in an isolated cumulus top. But most of the stuff was still below them, and the occasional shimmery was nothing more than the gentle up and down movements of a rocking-chair, as the automatic pilot did its silent corrections.

Rawlings lolled back, contentedly eyeing the perfect behaviour of all the engine instruments. Certainly they were a little late on flight plan—but his particular babies were as healthy a set as quadruplets as had ever been constructed. And there was nine hours fuel left in their tanks.

He lapped up a mouthful of warm tea. Then he nudged the radio officer. "Cigarette?"

"Thanks." Hooper took one. "How's the weather on the other side?"

"Couldn't get the last reports. Radio conditions are pretty bad."

"Last lot you got all right?"

"Not too bad. Maritimes are still out. But Boston and New York were okay."

Rawlings grunted with satisfaction. Here was the missing third line: good destination weather to fit in with fuel and serviceability to complete the airman's eternal triangle. "New York's the one we want."

"Smooth trip," Hooper said. "You know, when you come to think of it, these semi-final jet jobs aren't half bad."

"My seat's hard."

"I could do with a bit more room. My elbow—"

"They should have put the fuel system control valves nearer . . . so I could reach 'em."

"The way people park their hats on top of my spares! I tell you, one day I'll—"

"That man Douthwaite's working too hard. Hey, Alex!" Rawlings leant across the small space to the navigator's table. "Your tea's getting cold!"

But the navigator took no notice of him. With infinite precision he was drawing a thin line on his chart that he

To page 48

"WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA" BOOK COUPON

• Here is an order form for our gift book "Wonderful Australia." It makes an ideal Christmas present, and we will despatch it, post free, anywhere in the world.

ORDER FORM	
"WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.	
Please DESPATCH copies of "Wonderful Australia," price 5/- a copy (post free). I enclose £ / / , cheque/postal note.	
NAME OF SENDER	
ADDRESS	
STATE	
If more than one copy is ordered, attach list, giving full name, address, State, and, if overseas, country.	
ADDRESS LABEL	
"WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA"	
PRINTED MATTER ONLY	
POSTAGE	PAID
SYDNEY	
Name	
Address	
State	
From	
If undelivered, please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.	

Live better-electrically

WITH
THE

B.G.E.

ELECTRIC RANGE

It's a joy to cook with the B.G.E. Electric Range. The unusually large automatic oven is all clear space; nothing projects into it; the fast-heating sheathed wire elements are built in.

With the unique Grill-Boiler Plate of the B.G.E. Range, you can cook a full meal for 8 people, using only one element.

See the B.G.E. Range at your Electrical Store

- ★ LARGER AUTOMATIC OVEN
- ★ LARGEST BOILING AREA
- ★ SEPARATE GRILL BOILER

Radiant hotplate
available for super-fast
boiling.



G.E.C.

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD. OF ENGLAND

BG/45N

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956



The Tasty Tom Piper Twins

LUNCHEON BEEF
and **CAMP PIE** in the
latest American-style Square
Cans for easy opening, safe
handling, attractive serving!

ONCE you have handled the new Tom Piper square can, you will never go back to the old, out-of-date way of serving Luncheon Beef and Camp Pie. These square cans open simply, quickly and safely with the attached Permafix key. The contents slide out easily and tidily and look appealing. And slicing is so much better too—particularly for sandwich-making and when you want to fry a few slices in egg and breadcrumbs. Ask your grocer for Tom Piper. It tastes good—as good food should.



THE FINEST FANNED GOODS IN THE WHOLE WILD WORLD

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

topped off with an arrowhead at each end.

Not persisting in his effort to make the conversation three-sided, Rawlings turned back to Hooper. "You got anything to read?"

"Only Cavendish's 'Evening News'."

"Might as well take a gander at it."

The paper rustled as it was being passed across the flight deck. Cavendish interrupted himself in his monologue with Cruttwell. "He turned round. "Is that my 'Evening News'?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Thank you very much." Cavendish leant back to collect it. "Now, I wanted to show you this article, Mr. Cruttwell."

Cavendish was enjoying himself. He was playing the age-old game of pilots with aircraft constructors: how the perfect aeroplane should be built, and where every one of them was going wrong. He spread the paper out in front of him. "Just look what this man says about the Emperor!"

Mr. Cruttwell looked. He was a modest man, a scientific intellectual, and as such he was inclined to be a little overawed by the enormous presence of Captain Cavendish.

"You'll notice," Cavendish continued, "that he calls the layout of the cockpit a pilot's paradise. Now, often a pilot has to act immediately, and in this particular cockpit—"

"Of course," Cruttwell suggested mildly, "so many instruments are difficult to arrange."

"Now, even I have the utmost difficulty in reaching some of the controls quickly. Look where the A.D.F. is! And as for the de-icer boot switch—"

"Minor things, Captain, wouldn't you say?"

"Minor! That's the trouble

Continuing . . .

The Proving Flight

from page 46

with you designers! You've never been in a passenger-carrying aircraft when quick action is imperative."

The paper was still spread out in front of them, held out by Cavendish's arms. "Captain," a voice said behind them. But Cavendish was still lecturing.

"Captain Cavendish!"

The flow stopped abruptly. "Yes, Mr. Douthwaite—

"You were right about that Low. We've hit the bottom of it!"

"So it's shot up north, has it?" There was a certain satisfaction in Cavendish's voice. "I told Captain Bellamy it would. That temperature at the weather ship—"

In scrupulous fairness to both his captains, Douthwaite pointed out: "But Captain Bellamy was right about the winds. Much stronger than forecast."

Coldly now, Cavendish demanded, "What is the wind?"

"A hundred and eighteen knots, sir. Dead on the nose."

"Nonsense!"

"That's what my fix says." Douthwaite's face remained detached and unemotional. "But if you have a different wind in mind, sir . . . perhaps you'd like to come back and take your own fix."

Cavendish shot the navigator a suspicious glance. Seeing nothing but impassiveness, he exclaimed, "But that means we're in a jet-stream, Mr. Douthwaite!"

"Might mean that, sir."

The newspaper was thrust suddenly to one side of the left-hand seat, where it lay crumpled, forgotten. The tray was swept down to the floor. With a tremendous dra-

pilot's set of throttles and pulled them back himself. "You're here at the right time, Mr. Cruttwell," he said. "The time when a pilot has to act immediately."

Grandly, the Emperor's nose dipped downwards. With fixed determination, Cavendish held the wheel just forward of centre, and the aircraft allowed herself to descend for the first two thousand feet without the slightest qualm. Then she plunged into a flurry of dark cloud and started to shake all over in protest. Hail that had been lurking there in ambush now got her range and pinged and peppered her all over.

Behind the concentrating pilot, Rawlings shook his head from side to side and, catching Hooper's eye, looked up at the roof. He muttered to the radio

officer: "Always the same with him! Least thing . . . off he goes! Real old shadow-boxer . . . Cavendish."

Hooper's eyes had widened. "But a hundred and eighteen knots—"

"We've got the fuel," Rawlings pointed out comfortingly. "Engines are all right. New York's all right. Why he wanted to go down—"

"And without permission? We might collide!"

"Trouble is . . . he never remembers he isn't the only captain in the sky."

"He isn't the only captain in this aircraft . . . never mind the sky," Hooper said. "Thought, on this leg, Bellamy was in command."

In the rest compartment, Bellamy had been half-way

through his steak when he heard the motors change power. At first he had thought that Control had allotted them a new altitude, perhaps at 22,000, and he'd gone on eating. But as the Emperor dived farther and farther down into the bumpy

cloud he parked the tray on the seat opposite, next to where Seawood was quietly finishing off his coffee and, opening the door, returned to the flight deck to investigate.

His first glance was at the navigator's altimeter—19,000 feet, and still going down. Cavendish was wasting no time. "What's going on?" he asked Douthwaite.

The navigator looked up from fresh set of calculations. "Jet stream, sir," he said. "Over a hundred knots."

"But why are we going down?"

"Captain Cavendish's orders, sir."

The altimeter needle flashed past 18,000 like an express train.

"What height?"

"Sixteen thousand, sir." Bellamy's face wrinkled over with exasperation. He strode in towards the pilots' seats. "Captain Cavendish!"

"Ah, there you are, Captain Bellamy!" The older pilot turned his head momentarily from the instruments. "Here . . . take over for a minute would you?"

The only alternative left to Bellamy was to leave Mr. Cruttwell, now cowering back from the controls in the right-hand seat, in complete charge. Cavendish had squeezed past him towards Hooper, saying as he left, "We're taking her down to 16,000. Captain!" Then he bent over the radio officer: "Have you got permission to descend yet?"

But Hooper, bent low over the key with the earphones clamped hard on his head, was trying to listen to more through a fearful jumble of howling static.

"Permission!" Cavendish cried. "Have you got permission?" He was feeling a slight uneasiness that more frequently these days invaded his self-confidence. These controls and regulations that now red-taped the free air were a nuisance. They had a habit of catching airmen in their trammels. And he was uncomfortably aware that these turbo-prop engines, unlike their piston ancestors, increased their fuel consumption heavily by descending, and also lost a considerable amount of speed. Perhaps in this case, immediate action

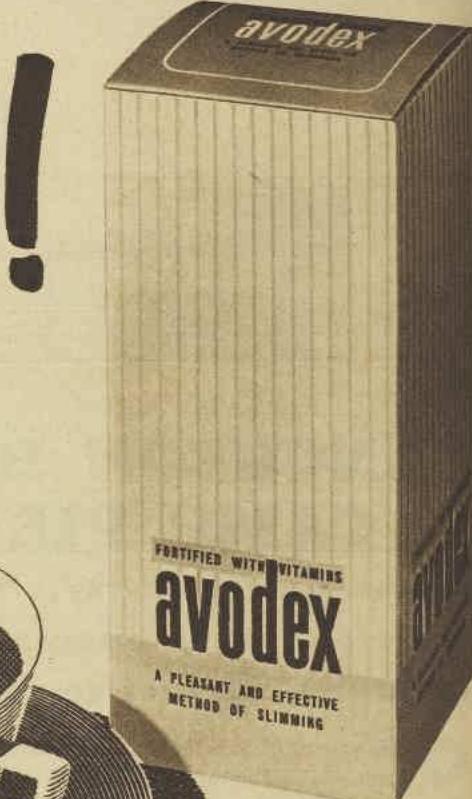
From the front, Bellamy called out, "Levelling off at 16,000!"

Cavendish glared at Hooper, whose face had taken on the vague other-worldliness look of

To page 52

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



new easier way to SLIM!

If you can't lose unsightly, distressing fat it's probably because dieting leaves you feeling hungry. You eat more for contentment—and up goes your weight again! That's why AVODEX—the entirely new diet treatment—is slimming thousands of overweight sufferers. AVODEX is a pleasant tasting biscuit which quells nagging hunger, giving you the satisfied feeling of a "full stomach." You simply take one tasty AVODEX with a nice cup of tea or other drink and your craving for sweets, cake, breads and other "fat formers" will disappear. You'll lose unwanted fat—you'll feel better all round—mind clearer, body more active—and more attractive! Each AVODEX biscuit contains the full supply of vitamins found in a normal meal. Try ethical AVODEX to-day, in conjunction with the simple diet chart provided. It's the new, easier way to slim!

FORTIFIED WITH VITAMINS
avodex
ask your chemist

FOR FREE AVODEX DIET CHART WRITE LLOYD WRIGHT LABORATORIES -



Get the full 12-day

course of chemists only.

price 25/-

slightly higher in Vic.

88 PITT ST., SYDNEY — ENCLOSE 4d. STAMP

AV6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

WIN BACK HEALTH after illness

Can you honestly say that you've never felt better? Have you the joy and vitality of life within you — or are you missing the precious boon of abundant health?

WINCARNIS is a staunch friend to the convalescent! Whether your trouble be physical weakness after illness or sheer nerves and over-worry, WINCARNIS does wonders for you. Nothing else so quickly, so pleasantly helps you across the line that separates "being ill" from "feeling well". You get restored energy and zest, and new strength from the very first glass. There is no secret about Wincarnis! This amazing energy builder and restorative, that puts new blood in your veins, is a wonderful tonic that has benefited thousands.

It is a delicious full-bodied wine, with a measured dose of Glycerophosphates, fortified with vital beef and malt extracts. A stimulating, heartening tonic. A good drink and wonderfully good for you. Start taking Wincarnis right away — you will be delighted with your new found health and strength. Remember, WINCARNIS makes you fit and keeps you fit.

WINCARNIS TONIC WINE

Sheer Goodness in
every drop
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DRESS SENSE

By

Betty Keep

● For festive holidays ahead a black cotton sheath dressed up with a white lace bertha is smart fashion for city party-going.

THE fashion item above answers a reader's query below.

Here is the letter and my reply:

"I WILL be attending several late afternoon parties over the Christmas period and would like to make myself a frock. If you think it suitable I want a black sheath. You illustrated one in white, several months ago, but the neckline was too hard to suit me. Would it be possible to have a pattern drafted for the style you suggest? I would also like you to suggest accessories."

A SLEEVELESS sheath dress made in black cotton and frosted with white is a cool and pretty way to dress for parties in any big city. The design I have chosen is illustrated (at right). The trimming is a bertha of white cotton lace. The accessories in the illustration could not be bettered — white wrist-length gloves, white hat, and black, open sandals.

By the way, the design is beltless, but if you prefer it a belt could be added. A paper pattern for the dress is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. When writing be sure to state your size. Lines under illustration give instructions for ordering.

"AS I freckle deeply on my back with black freckles I would like you to suggest a sunsuit and skirt to take on my annual holidays. Please tell me color and fabric as well."

For the material and color I suggest cotton plaid, blue and yellow, buttoned in yellow. For the design you could not do better than a co-ordinated set: easy skirt plus a sleeveless high-necked blouse and short shorts. The high-necked



DS216. — One-piece sheath dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material for dress; and 3-8th yard 36in. net and 4½yds. 2½in. lace for bertha collar. Price 4/-. Orders from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

blouse will take care of your suntanning problem, and the skirt will convert the blouse and shorts into a resort dress.

"COULD you help me with the following query. I am going to a December wedding and am wearing a beige lace sheath dress. I have a pair of beige shoes, but do not know what color to choose for the other accessories."

Wear your dress with a mink-brown hat and matching gloves, plus a handbag in the same shade as the shoes.

"WOULD it be correct to have a summer coat made in linen? It is to go over summer frocks, mostly in pastel shades. Please suggest a color."

Yes, it would. A flower-printed linen coat made collarless, straight, with set-in sleeves, would be a pretty and fashionable idea to wear over pastel summer dresses.

"I HAVE an invitation to attend an engagement party in early December and would like your advice about the correct dressing and accessories. The party is a dinner in a well-known restaurant."

If the men in the party wear dinner jackets you will be correctly dressed in a short-skirted evening dress. If the men choose to wear dark lounge suits, your dress can be pretty and short, mid-way between an afternoon and ballerina. In large cities overseas, a small evening hat is high fashion for restaurant wear. However, in restaurants in Australia, to go hatless in the evening is an accepted fashion. Gloves are optional.



You see her everywhere . . . on sun-swept beaches, in the office, on dance floors. And everywhere she goes people take a second look at her sparkling eyes, shiny hair, and glowing complexion. Pretty nineteen year-old Avril Rogers, of Potts Point, Sydney, protects the youthful loveliness of her skin with gentle Rexona Soap.

PUT YOUR SKIN
ON THIS
HEALTH AND BEAUTY DIET

Rexona soap helps skin blemishes disappear

You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is specially medicated with Cadyl, a fragrant blend of rare beauty oils, cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth. Just one lather with this mild, pure soap restores skin to radiant, natural loveliness.



Guard
your
natural
loveliness all over

X:138.WW122gr

Rheumatism

Don't suffer a moment longer. Iodised Balmosa cream brings blessed relief—quickly, easily. Just s-m-o-o-t-h it in. Iodised Balmosa cream is non-staining, non-irritating.

Ask your doctor about



Fly to Paris

ON THE NEW
PAA
"PAY-LATER" PLAN



Page 49

Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause aching backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are not discharging their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

The "TRUE BOOK" Series looks for the young—and many them for the not-so-young—light non-fiction written by experts on their varied subjects. See 7/6 and 8/3 From all Booksellers

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1958

New colours New textures

Marlite is the *New* way
to smarter interior decoration



colourful Marlite wall and ceiling panels
go up *FAST* in new homes or old!

Wall-high Marlite sheets are $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. The panels are easily fixed to timber framework or they go right up over existing walls. You can install Marlite yourself!

SOIL-PROOF MARLITE SAVES HOUSEWORK, TOO!

Marlite is a dream to clean. All you need is a damp cloth. The tough plastic surface resists moisture, grease and mildew. Colours stay bright and lustrous.

MIX OR MATCH MARLITE'S GAY COLOURS

Marlite panels are available in a whole wide range of wonderful colours: Yellow • Cream • Blue • Green • Grey • Red • Burgundy • Pink • Black • White and five Stippletones (Stippletones in Lusterite and Lustrite only).

**MASONITE CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA)
PTY. LIMITED**

SALES OFFICES: 533 Collins Street, Melbourne; 369 Pitt Street, Sydney; 150 Mary Street, Brisbane; 31 Chesser St., Adelaide.

Marlite is quite inexpensive. So whether you're building or remodelling, plan for colourful interiors with maintenance-free Marlite panelling.

Marlite
New plastic-finished
WALL AND CEILING PANELS

Now available from hardware stores
and builders' suppliers throughout
Australia

1. MARLITE LUSTERITE
2. MARLITE LUSTRTILE
3. MARLITE LEVELINE
4. MARLITE LEATHERBOARD
5. MARLITE PEGBOARD

Marlite is an exciting new kind of interior panelling . . . designed to enable you to work colour and texture magic in decorating. The sturdy but easily handled sheets have a smooth, colourful surface that no other board can equal. And no wonder! Marlite is tough Tempered Masonite pre-finished in a new and exclusive oven-baked plastic enamel. The lovely colours stay bright and beautiful down through the years.



Marlite "Plank" on the walls of this modern room creates a striking effect. Planks are $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick and either 11 inches or 15 inches wide. They go right from floor to ceiling, are tongue and grooved for concealed fastening. Plain or leatherboard texture.



Marlite "Block" lends a pleasing symmetrical pattern to the ceiling. Blocks are $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick and 11 inches or 15 inches square. Fastening is by clips, cleverly concealed behind tongue and groove joints. Plain or leatherboard texture.

AVOID UNHAPPINESS BY MARITAL ADJUSTMENTS

Many husbands who complain that their wives are cold are themselves to blame for this condition, according to Dr. David Mace, chairman of the International Marriage Guidance Council.

DR. MACE says this, in answer to a worried wife who wrote to him for advice, in his final "Mailbag" page for The Australian Women's Weekly.

During his four months' tour of Australia sponsored by the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia in association with us, Dr. Mace has received hundreds of appeals for help from both men and women.

As he and his wife leave Australia shortly, Dr. Mace can no longer advise readers either through the paper or personally. Please do not send further letters to him.

MRS. S.M. writes: "We have been married ten years and in all that time I have been trying to achieve a harmonious sex relationship with my husband. I am temperamentally much slower than he is. He is also very shy and reserved and I can't discuss all this with him because I feel too hurt about it. I shall have to leave my husband unless the situation improves. He just doesn't seem to understand what I am so unhappy about. I consulted my doctor about this some years ago. The only advice I got was to have another baby—which I did. But, if anything, this made matters worse than before."

Dr. Mace writes:

Often in the intimate relationships of marriage the wife's

responses are much slower than those of her husband. Unless he understands this, and is taught how to adjust the situation, the result is likely to be a series of frustrating experiences for the wife which may ultimately lead her to avoid love-making altogether, or even to be unfaithful. This is one of the elementary facts which should be clearly explained to all married men. Many husbands who complain that their wives are cold are themselves to blame.

What is needed here is an experienced marriage counsellor to talk with both husband and wife separately about their attitudes and approaches to love-making and to help them to co-operate in achieving a more satisfactory adjustment.

Clearly they can't make much progress until they are able to discuss their sex relationship together. Men are usually more shy than women about these matters. But with the help of a sympathetic counsellor the husband should be able to get over his self-consciousness.

Dr. Mace writes:

MRS. C.N. writes: "Seven years ago I married a divorced man. His wife had gone off with someone else. We are now both in our middle forties. I entered the marriage with high hopes—but in all our married life we have been intimate less than once a year. Only once did my husband make the advances.

THIS week Dr. and Mrs. Mace are busy fulfilling the final engagements of their Commonwealth-wide Australian tour. Here is a list of their meetings:

November 26: SYDNEY. 2 p.m. Mrs. Mace. Women's Meeting at St. Andrew's Cathedral Chapter House. Women of all denominations are welcome. "Happiness is Home Made."

November 27: SYDNEY. 8 p.m. Assembly Hall. Public Meeting, Dr. and Mrs. Mace. "Educating our Children for Marriage and Parenthood." Admission 5/- at door.

November 28: PARRAMATTA. 2 p.m. Mrs. Mace. Women's Meeting, Town Hall (collection). "Women and Marriage Today." 8 p.m. Dr. and Mrs. Mace. Public Meeting, Town Hall. "Education for Marriage and Family Living." Admission 3/- at door.

November 29: BURWOOD. 11 a.m. Mrs. Mace. Women's Meeting, St. Paul's Parish Hall. "Woman, Wife, and Mother." All denominations welcome. Collection.

November 29: SYDNEY. 8 p.m. Dr. and Mrs. Mace. Assembly Hall. Public Meeting for young people, "Love, Courtship, and Marriage." Admission 4/- at door.



Mrs. W.R. writes:

Clearly there is something wrong with Mrs. C.N.'s husband. To have married twice and yet to have shown little or no interest in his wife sexually is a very unusual state of affairs. The situation in which Mrs. C.N. finds herself as a result is indeed frustrating. For an affectionate wife to be coldly rebuffed by her husband is deeply hurtful, and to be thwarted at the same time in her hope of having a child adds injury to insult.

Yet I'm afraid I cannot hold out very high hopes to Mrs. C.N. The chances that this man will change now, in his forties, are probably not good. His difficulty is almost certainly emotional, and a psychiatrist would be the best person to deal with it. But the question is whether he would be willing to seek such treatment.

Since the relationship with her husband is good in other respects, it may be that Mrs. C.N. will have to settle for what she can get and make the best of it. At least she can count on security and comradeship in her later years.

tions should be acknowledged before marriage. In this case, the present crisis would have been avoided if the husband had told his intended wife the truth about himself, and been accepted for what he was.

However, the facts are out in the open now. That Mrs. W.R. should feel deeply hurt is natural. It will take time to recover from the sense of outrage and humiliation from which she is now suffering. I do, however, believe that recovery is possible.

Mrs. W.R. has apparently no fault to find with her husband since their marriage. It is, in fact, because her discovery was completely unexpected that she is so upset. Surely, therefore, she should judge her husband by his behaviour since she has known him, and not by the mistakes he made before she came into his life.

A glass of Andrews in the morning makes you feel *Fine!*

Here's why: Sparkling Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

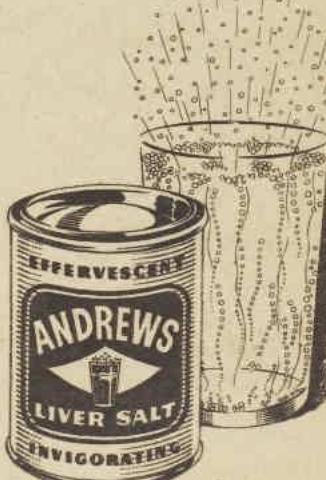
Effervescent Andrews is antacid; soothes your stomach, corrects digestive upsets; tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

Plumant-tasting Andrews is the mildest of laxatives; gently clears your system of harmful impurities, thus promoting inner cleanliness.

Invigorating Andrews is sold at all chemists and stores.

*For Inner
Cleanliness!*

1/4 lb. tin 3/- . 1/2 lb. Family Size 4/9 . 1/4 lb. Economy Size 6/3



A14.WW.51

Big 'n' little sisters love to look alike



HILTON

Lingerie

194
Baby-doll pyjamas, sweet in sheer white nylon over pink or blue. Outlined in lace. Sizes SSW, SW, W.

89/6

571
Pint-sized pyjamas, also with removable carnation. White over pink or blue. Sizes 6 to 14 years.

6-8 . . . 69/6
10-12 . . . 75/6
12T-14T . . . 85/6

Cool and free, with the brief scoop-neckline gown, the short pantees . . .

a HILTON style irresistible on big and little sisters!

See these and all the HILTON Sleepwear range at the best stores!

HILTON... famous Axoseal Axylons!

Page 52

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 48

a man in a trance. His eyes had gone up to the duralumin arches on the fuselage above him. "Permission!"

It was bumpier down here. The hail had changed to electric rain, now washing the black windscreen over with sparkling swirls. In a majestic malaise, the Emperor began to roll.

Cavendish impatiently whipped the headset off Hooper's left ear and roared, "Haven't you got permission yet?"

But Hooper grabbed at his earphones and jammed them back on his head. He took no notice of Cavendish. At a highly trained racing speed, he began to write plain language in his log.

Cavendish, looking over his shoulder, read the words one by one as they appeared on the white page before him: Special. New York and Boston forecast, 24.00—12.00. Ceiling indefinite. Sea fog. Visibility variable. 440 yards to nil.

In the long passenger compartment everything was quite still and quiet. The only light was right at the back, where Lalette (whose turn it was to be awake) sat at the catering staff's table, over which a shaded lamp sent a round yellow patch of brilliance right on the open book in front of her, looking for all the world like a night nurse on duty in a sleeping, contented ward.

Seven of the super luxury bunks had been pulled out of the fuselage wall above the seats and were now occupied, with the sole exception of Mr. Cruttwell's, and he was preparing very quietly to get into it. He had thought it advisable to leave the cramped confines of the flight deck soon after Bellamy had arrived on the scene, and, saying his unnoticed adieu and thanks, he had slipped noiselessly away.

Lalette watched him pull the curtains apart and climb cautiously up on to the foamy mattress. She had heard the engine power decrease. There was some (but not much) sensation of going lower. Then the engine noise roared up again, and the vibration became more evident.

She stopped half-way down a page and peered out of the porthole at the left-hand engines, out of which two trailing tongues of fire licked enthusiastically at their burnt-porridge-colored environment.

They were, anyway, still functioning. Her minute knowledge of engineering thus con-

firmed that everything was all right, she returned to the page, fiddled around trying to find the exact word she had left, found it, looked at her watch, and, with a sigh, returned to her novel.

The call bell beside her buzzed. She looked at the indicator. It was the flight deck. Cavendish would be wanting tea again.

She went into the galley and poured the still simmering kettle into a pot she had already prepared on a tray with the cups. Then she walked softly up the aisle to the door and into the cockpit.

She noticed the hush straight away. Everyone seemed to be expectantly waiting, except Douthwaite, who was still bent over his calculations, working out now what the wind was at this new height. Even Rawlings, who usually welcomed her with a witticism, this time said nothing. She saw the heavy curtains behind the pilots were drawn, separating them completely from the rest of the flight deck.

AS she pulled the curtains aside to let her tray through, Lalette was surprised to see Bellamy in the left-hand seat.

Rather distantly he nodded and said, "Thank you." Cavendish, sitting beside him, just went on staring into the dark night beyond the windscreen.

She left the tea-tray on the pedestal, a gently chattering reminder that she had been there at all. But after she had gone, neither of the pilots made a sound. There they sat, in this little confession-box at the front of the aircraft, lit by the phosphorescent green glow of the instruments, while the Emperor's propellers churned onwards against the invisible wind.

At last Bellamy said in a low voice, "Got the idea I was in command on this leg."

"So you are, Captain."

"Then why not tell me before coming down?"

With considerable dignity, Cavendish replied, "I acted as I knew you would have acted."

"You got it wrong."

"Captain Bellamy, this is neither the time nor the place . . ."

"No clearance! Nothing on the winds at 16,000! Worst cruising altitude!" Lowering his voice still further, he demanded, "What put the idea into your head?"

Cavendish glared down at him. "It was necessary, Captain, to get out of the jet stream."

"Slap into this ice, eh? Look at it!" Bellamy flashed his torch out into the blackness. There, on the port wing, a glistening straight white strip piped the muzzy line of the leading edge.

Down the airspeed went as the ice built up. Bellamy did not switch on the de-icer boots—he dare not. While the stuff was building up, certainly it might crack it, but with the cunning of heavy ice it would build up again beyond the travel of the inflating and deflating rubber boots, making them powerless to reach it.

"In the middle of the Atlantic, Bellamy, I have other things to do than to argue—"

"And so I have . . . now! But get this straight, Cavendish. While I'm in command I have the responsibility. And I take the decisions!" And then, as though it was all finished with, he pulled open the curtain and, in a completely different voice, now quite calm and controlled, he turned round to the rest of the flight deck and asked, "Has Mr. Douthwaite worked out a wind at this height?"

"Just coming up, Captain, the navigator called back 'Won't be a minute.'"

Bellamy poured out the tea and handed a cup to Cavendish. As he drank it slowly he was revising the plans he had already made for the crossing. He never regarded the Atlantic as a whole entity, but split it up in his mind into various lines of defence away from England, and then various strongholds nearer the American continent.

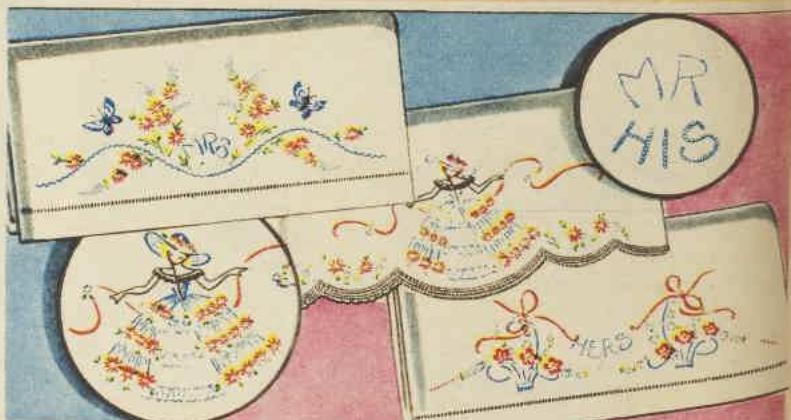
Every degree of longitude had to be fought for, while always in the rear were maintained the retreats and diversions available if necessary.

This was a situation he hadn't expected—but immediately he had sent messages probing across the ocean, seeking for a destination safe from the weather. Iceland, Moncton, even the aerodromes in England might be called in to help him now that the whole of the North American seaboard was out.

He had the answers beside him: English weather was fair, Moncton was on limits with fog, Iceland at present was good, but with the low rising northwards, how long

To page 54

EMBROIDERY MOTIFS



GUEST-TOWELS, pillow-cases, and all your other household linens will look lovely when embroidered in gay colors with the pretty motifs featured in embroidery transfer No. 179. Among them are butterflies, flower baskets, and old-fashioned ladies. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

You can safely wash all baby's clothes—
even delicate woollens—in **this machine**



MALLEYS Automatic

The fully automatic washer that does not need a hot water system

There's no trouble, no work in washing when you own a Malleys Automatic. A Malleys does all your washing, from sheets and heavy overalls to delicate baby woollens, filmy nylons. It's so easy — all you do is set the dials, press the button and GO — your Malleys does the rest!

NEEDS NO HOT WATER SYSTEM. Malleys Automatic can be installed in any home. Heats its own water, right up to boiling point if you wish — doesn't use a drop of the precious hot water you need for baths, washing up.

12 lb. CAPACITY. The Malleys Automatic does a bigger wash than any other washing machine in Australia.

PRESS-BUTTON WASHING. Just drop in the clothes, turn on the cold water tap, set the automatic dials, press the button, and GO! The Malleys washes thoroughly because it pre-soaks, boils, rinses in warm and cold "live water", spin-dries — all automatically.

OTHER FEATURES — The Malleys has no clutch or gearbox to wear out. Safe top loading. Costs pounds less than any comparable machine: 171 guineas, or 142 guineas as a SEMI-Automatic with single dial control. Prices slightly higher in country areas. Both models are available on the easiest of terms.

TESTED AND PROVED

Tens of thousands of Australian housewives have proved the Malleys Automatic gives years of perfect service. And no wonder, for Malleys Ltd. have been manufacturing washing appliances since 1884. They were the first manufacturers to produce a fully automatic washer in Australia and were also the first in the world to manufacture a fully automatic washing machine with its own hot water unit.

See the Malleys demonstrated at leading retailers.

MALLEYS

SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH, HOBART, LAUNCESTON

would remain so was definitely a problem.

Douthwaite came up with the wind he had found. "Ninety-five knots, sir. Still from the same direction."

Bellamy turned and looked at the man in the right-hand seat. He raised his eyebrows.

"Considerably less than at 24,000," Cavendish pointed out icily.

Douthwaite said, "We've gained on the wind. But we've lost fifty knots airspeed, sir. What's more, we're still losing it!"

The ice was building up fast now. Great chunks were being slung off the propellers to bang and clatter against the Emperor's sides. The cloud outside was weaving a white cocoon as though trying to contain the whole aeroplane within it.

Bellamy knew he would have to climb again to get out of the stuff. There was no destination he could find on the other side which was safe from the weather. The Low was rapidly approaching Iceland, his only possible diversion.

He studied the figures of fuel used and fuel available that Rawlings had worked out for him. There was no doubt about one thing—he would have to act immediately. Either he could go back to England, or he could fly north to Iceland, hoping to beat the Low in. He thought for a moment on the two alternatives.

Iceland was nearer; it was also five hundred miles closer to New York. And a return to England would be a sad sequel to the glory of that send-off.

He weighed it all up in his mind, trying as he always had to do to find out the safest odds and yet still do his job. He

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 52

knew that the snowball, the one-thing-after-another that was always a danger signal to an airman, was already rolling.

He rubbed his eyes with his right hand, and then, suddenly vigorous again, he made up his mind. Turning to Hooper, he called out, "Clearance to Iceland . . . 23,000. And get me every Keflavik weather report you can!"

After Hooper had said, "Yes, Captain," a hush descended over the whole of the flight deck, a kind of quiet knell for the proving flight's non-stop trip to New York. Then the radio officer's key rattled out, an uneven match against the ice that still clattered against the fuselage. The Emperor, unperturbed but much slower now, plunged steadily through the storm.

Cavendish said, "Iceland!" "Only thing to do. Apart from going back."

"But the chairman . . . Sir James . . ."

"What about him?" "I think he should be told."

"So do I" "And when he's told he—"

"He can go back to sleep again. More than I can."

Hooper called out, "Clearance, Captain." And Bellamy, without looking round, said, "Climb power."

The engine noise increased. The pilot moved the stick to the right and pulled back slightly. The Emperor, responding immediately, veered off her Great Circle into a long, climbing turn to starboard. The altimeter needle awakened into life to clock in this extra height, and the whole aircraft, as though anxious to leave this treacherous, icy bog, gave a heartening leap upwards away

from the wet, tenuous depths of the cloud.

Douthwaite came up with the course for Iceland, 031 degrees, and set it on the compass. And twenty minutes afterwards, the time it took for the pot of tea on the throttle pedestal to go cold and undrinkable, the whole aspect of the flight had changed. Here they were, Cavendish and Bellamy still sitting side by side, the autopilot re-engaged, back at altitude, in the clear with the de-icer boots

reports. They were growing progressively worse.

Cavendish observed, "Keflavik's going down fast."

"Yes." "Have we enough fuel to go there, and then return to London?"

"I doubt it."

A silence fell between them. "The Chairman will be disappointed."

"Yes."

"When are you going to break it to him, Captain?"

Bellamy said, "I'm just giving myself a rest . . . before the big moment."



"The name's Johnson—insurance is my line . . ."

struments. "Going well, anyway," he said to Rawlings.

The engineer said, "Yes, sir," and went back to his struggles with the fuel figures. Hooper was tensely awaiting the next weather report from Iceland.

Just before he pushed open the door to the cabin, Bellamy heard Douthwaite humming, with the curious, unruffled attitude to everything, good or bad, that all navigators have, a rather tuneless version through his teeth of "Here we sit like birds in the wilderness—birds in the wilderness—"

details, each one equipped, until it was taken care of, by sharp, sleepless sting.

Here it was! Sir James found the fact, broke off the smile. Cheerfully now, because it was less than he had imagined, he was just preparing to lie down flat again when he noticed the bunk curtains were moving.

A voice said, "You awake sir?"

"Yes," he said, pulling the curtain aside. "Hello, Bellamy! Nice night outside."

But the pilot made no comment on the night. He came straight to the point. "Bad news, I'm afraid, sir."

His mind now suddenly flooding with all sorts of dire possibilities, Sir James demanded, "What's the matter with her?"

"The aircraft's fine, sir. Going well. It's the weather—"

"Oh!" For a moment the Chairman's face relaxed. Then he said, "But Captain Cavendish told me New York was all right."

"Fog there now."

"Well . . . where are we going? Boston . . . Washington?" In the dim light that was glowing from the back of his bunk, Sir James searched the pilot's face for the answer.

"We've run into hundred knot headwinds."

An awful thought suddenly gripped the Chairman's brain. "Bellamy, we're not going back?"

"Not as bad as that, sir. Iceland."

"Only thing I could do, sir. I'm sorry—"

But Sir James, with all his plans for the Emperor balanced on the pivot of this proving flight, was not one to accept an explanation like that. "But

To page 56

Lying on his back in his bunk, Sir James had been dozing on and off, still in his clothes. Vaguely he had heard the engine note change several times, but it had not worried him. The pilots were doing their job of finding the best altitude to fly, and he had other matters on his mind.

One of them had woken him up now and, sitting up, he noticed that instead of a dark mass of cloud, now they were flying in the clear black air under the whole canopy of stars.

That was better.

He turned the light on and leant over to the bottom of the bunk, where he had put his brief-case, anxious to clarify a particular detail (the estimated operating cost of the Emperor per ton mile) which had for the moment eluded his over-worked subconscious mind. Pulling it up to him, he started to search through the papers.

In his opinion he was doing this because of his pride in never leaving a job undone, but really it was in order that he could get some rest, for, like most chairmen of big businesses, his mind was pursued day and night by a swarm of

cracking the ice off the wings.

But the estimated time of arrival, 0151, on the piece of paper between them was for the American air base at Keflavik, in Iceland. And just above it was a square card, made out in columns, at the head of which Hooper had written his

name and address.

He climbed out and stretched, watching the excellent behaviour of all the engine in-

Bring variety to your sandwiches and savouries with tasty

KRAFT SPREADS



Choose from: Cream Cheese Spread — a smooth, creamy, delicate flavour . . . Smoky — distinctive cheese with a smoked "ham" flavour . . . Gorgonzola — rich piquant flavour and zip . . . Cheddar Cheese Spread — fully matured "tasty" flavour . . .

Danish Blue Cheese Spread — a blend of fine cheese with a rich, full flavour.

Kraft makes a delicious non-cheese spread, too — Sandwich Relish — a delicate blend of gherkins and spice in a creamy spread.



get a beautiful set of drinking glasses

FREE!



Here's all you do: Stock up with the wonderful range of Kraft foods that s-p-r-e-a-d. Each Kraft spread comes to you in a beautiful fluted tumbler. Spread creamy Kraft goodness on bread or biscuits. And

then, after you've enjoyed the spreads right down to the very last morsel, you have a set of fine quality drinking glasses. So sturdy for the kiddies — so smart for your guests.

CHEEZ WHIZ — different from any cheese flavour you've ever tasted. Spread it on sandwiches, heat it for a quick cheese sauce, spoon it over hot vegetables or into mashed potatoes.



VELVEETA — the cheese food in a packet that spreads like butter. In fact, when you spread Velveeta you don't need butter. Saves money — adds extra nourishment to your sandwiches. Velveeta puts back the milk minerals and Vitamin B₂ lost in ordinary cheese making.

Best present I could ask for!

Not only a great thrill for Christmas . . . but
something I'll appreciate for the rest of my life

Installed in Capital City areas by Hills Hoist experts
... instruction booklets issued
to Country buyers.

Hills
FOLDING LAUNDRY
PRAM . . .

Eliminates the heavy burden of
carrying clothes from laundry
to line . . . makes hanging
out so much easier!



Manufactured and Guaranteed by:
HILLS HOISTS LTD.

BRANCHES AT : Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth
and Hobart.

NEW ZEALAND OFFICE : Hills Hoists (N.Z.) Ltd., Butchers Bldgs.
51-57 Hobson St., Auckland . . . Phone 42553.

For gifts to the United Kingdom : Order from the Hills Hoist
Branch Office in your Capital City.

OBtainable from all HARDWARE and DEPARTMENT STORES.

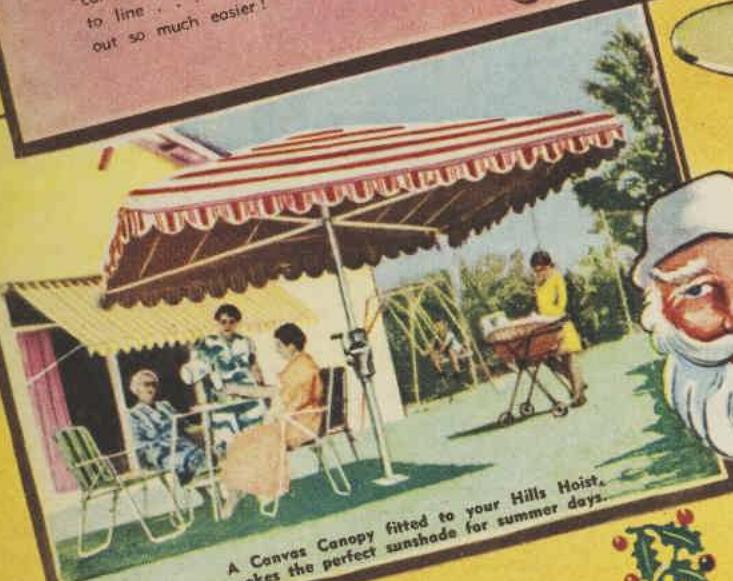
AND FOR FATHER . . .

For relaxation in the house
and outside . . . for use at
the beach or away camping.

Hills
"COMFORT"
FOLDING CHAIR

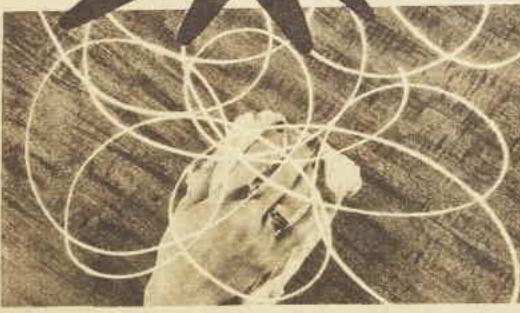


A Canvas Canopy fitted to your Hills Hoist
makes the perfect sunshade for summer days.

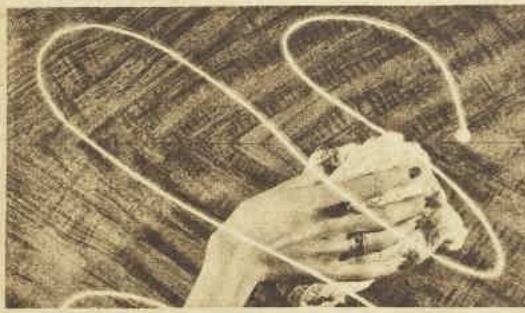


WUNDAWAX

FIRST WITH
INSTANT
SHINE



Actual photographic test, conducted with the electric Tracer Light, graphically illustrates the amount of effort required in order to obtain a shine from ordinary polish when it is applied to the surface of floors.



On an identical floor surface, the Tracer Light traces the swift, smooth, effortless movement that is sufficient to reproduce the new, lasting INSTANT SHINE which is the result of using WUNDAWAX. Only WUNDAWAX gives you INSTANT SHINE!

Wundawax Polish, with Instant Shine, resists all scuffing—all marking. It seals the surface against dust and dirt, preserving as it polishes . . . gives the cleanest, brightest finish to any floor.

Wundawax Polish is easy to apply . . . economical to use. It provides an anti-slip surface . . . yet a shine which lasts for days.

Wundawax with Instant Shine—by independent survey, the largest selling floor polish in Australia.



THE WUNDAWAX "INSTANT SHINE" Trio:

WUNDAWAX POLISH

WUNDAWAX POLISHING CREAM

WUNDAWAX SELF-SHINING POLISH.

WUNDAWAX

AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST SELLING FLOOR POLISH

POLISH

W7

Captivating • Entrancing
**EVENING IN
PARIS**
PERFUMES

Originated by
Bourjois in Paris

Outlets in Paris
A. Bourjois & Cie

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

A. Bourjois & Cie
Outlets in Paris
A. Bourjois & Cie

A. Bourjois & Cie
Outlets in Paris
A. Bourjois & Cie

A. Bourjois & Cie
Outlets in Paris
A. Bourjois & Cie

there are a lot of aerodromes on the North American seaboard!

"All marginal now."

"What does Captain Cavendish say to this?" Watching Bellamy carefully, he noticed a certain stoniness come into his eyes.

"I'm in command on this leg, sir."

"Surely we can find somewhere better than Iceland! That'll make us hours late! This aircraft is intended to operate non-stop in all conditions! The reception committee—" He was getting really rather angry now. This pilot Bellamy, he had realised yesterday, was not so much his man as he had thought. Perhaps it had been a mistake to include him on the same crew as Cavendish. "The weather can't be as bad as all that, Captain."

"Worst situation I've ever seen." The pilot paused. "The Emperor can operate non-stop in the worst of normal weather conditions. But this is phenomenal—hundred-knot head-winds coupled with bad weather at all the terminals and alternates. You can't fight a situation like that, sir."

But Sir James hardly heard him.

"When are we turning off?" He had started to clamber down from his bunk, all hope of sleep gone now. He seemed just on the point of marching to the flight deck to take over.

"We've turned off, sir. Nearly an hour ago."

So there was nothing that could be done about it now. He sank into his seat, fingering the fat folds of his chin in furious concentration. "How late will that make us?"

"At least six hours."

It was the man's calm that was so infuriating. His apparent indifference to the issues at stake. Joliffe felt as he sat there that he was in a prison—a beautiful airborne prison he had erected himself and had paid for and then handed the keys to someone else so they could lock him up in it.

Just as he had not explained the complications in the Emperor's building to the pilots, because they wouldn't understand, now Bellamy did not further elaborate on his decision, assuming with that infuriating airman's attitude to laymen that he wouldn't understand.

And then, realising the impasse, his well-drilled mind refused to try to shift the past. It was Iceland now. And Iceland had to be explained.

"Very well, Captain Bellamy," he said.

"Pity! Just one of those things." An observation like that, Sir James thought grimly to himself, gave warning of how much Bellamy understood. And then his parting remark, as he moved away, proved that lack of knowledge. "We won't arrive before 01.51. Time to get a couple of hours' sleep in, sir."

Sleep! Sir James was at that moment busily reorganising in his mind the programme of the proving flight. Already the words "due to the worst weather for many years" had occurred to him to explain the diversion. "The cautious skill of the pilots, sensing trouble ahead"—there were nine more. Wide awake now, he watched the dark, chunky shape of the pilot's back go through the door to the flight deck.

Nobody said anything to Bellamy when he came into the cockpit. Hooper, his eyes as wide as saucers, looked up from his set. As he settled himself back into the left-hand seat, Cavendish silently passed him the weather card.

Cavendish had changed places with Seawood, and was now pacing up the tiny floor of the cockpit as though it was a quarter-deck. Every half-hour, as though he could influence the instrument, he bent over the radio while Hooper took down Keflavik's latest weather. But his presence

Continuing . . .

The Proving Flight

from page 54

made no difference. The Emperor was racing north at a groundspeed of over 300 miles an hour, but the storm had had a long start.

"You'll want me to stand between you," he said to Bellamy. "To keep a look-out for the runway."

There was another three-quarters of an hour to go. Time to descend. Hooper, as a change from his eternal weather reports, obtained clearance, and Bellamy nosed the aircraft gently downwards.

Heavy snow was now being reported, with a visibility of less than half a mile.

Bellamy sat quietly in the left-hand seat, studying the NOTAMS—notices to airmen concerning aerodrome states and the serviceability of blind landing aids. Though the world knows the news about magnificent runways and marvellous scientific devices, it is only airmen who need to be warned to land on the left-hand side of such-and-such a runway, since work-in-progress has dug a deep ditch on the right, or to be told about the height of water towers, pylons, and other obstructions, or to be informed of the serviceability of the radio aids.

But Sir James hardly heard him.

"When are we turning off?" He had started to clamber down from his bunk, all hope of sleep gone now. He seemed just on the point of marching to the flight deck to take over.

"We've turned off, sir. Nearly an hour ago."

So there was nothing that could be done about it now. He sank into his seat, fingering the fat folds of his chin in furious concentration. "How late will that make us?"

"At least six hours."

It was the man's calm that was so infuriating. His apparent indifference to the issues at stake. Joliffe felt as he sat there that he was in a prison—a beautiful airborne prison he had erected himself and had paid for and then handed the keys to someone else so they could lock him up in it.

Just as he had not explained the complications in the Emperor's building to the pilots, because they wouldn't understand, now Bellamy did not further elaborate on his decision, assuming with that infuriating airman's attitude to laymen that he wouldn't understand.

And then, realising the impasse, his well-drilled mind refused to try to shift the past. It was Iceland now. And Iceland had to be explained.

"Very well, Captain Bellamy," he said.

"Pity! Just one of those things." An observation like that, Sir James thought grimly to himself, gave warning of how much Bellamy understood. And then his parting remark, as he moved away, proved that lack of knowledge. "We won't arrive before 01.51. Time to get a couple of hours' sleep in, sir."

Sleep! Sir James was at that moment busily reorganising in his mind the programme of the proving flight. Already the words "due to the worst weather for many years" had occurred to him to explain the diversion. "The cautious skill of the pilots, sensing trouble ahead"—there were nine more. Wide awake now, he watched the dark, chunky shape of the pilot's back go through the door to the flight deck.

Nobody said anything to Bellamy when he came into the cockpit. Hooper, his eyes as wide as saucers, looked up from his set. As he settled himself back into the left-hand seat, Cavendish silently passed him the weather card.

Cavendish had changed places with Seawood, and was now pacing up the tiny floor of the cockpit as though it was a quarter-deck. Every half-hour, as though he could influence the instrument, he bent over the radio while Hooper took down Keflavik's latest weather. But his presence

whose heavenly body could indefinitely maintain a position relative to space, must return to the earth whence she came.

The dark tops of the

came slowly up to meet

And then, in a great, wet

come, they hugged her all

Able Dog's wings shone

from the shock. Snow so

flew towards them in a

unending pattern of dots, at

nowhere. The almanac

like a clock going backwards

read 16,000 . . . 15,000 . . .

Bellamy had tuned in

radio compass to the range

but at present the needle

was flickering around its

unable to make up its

where to point. But on

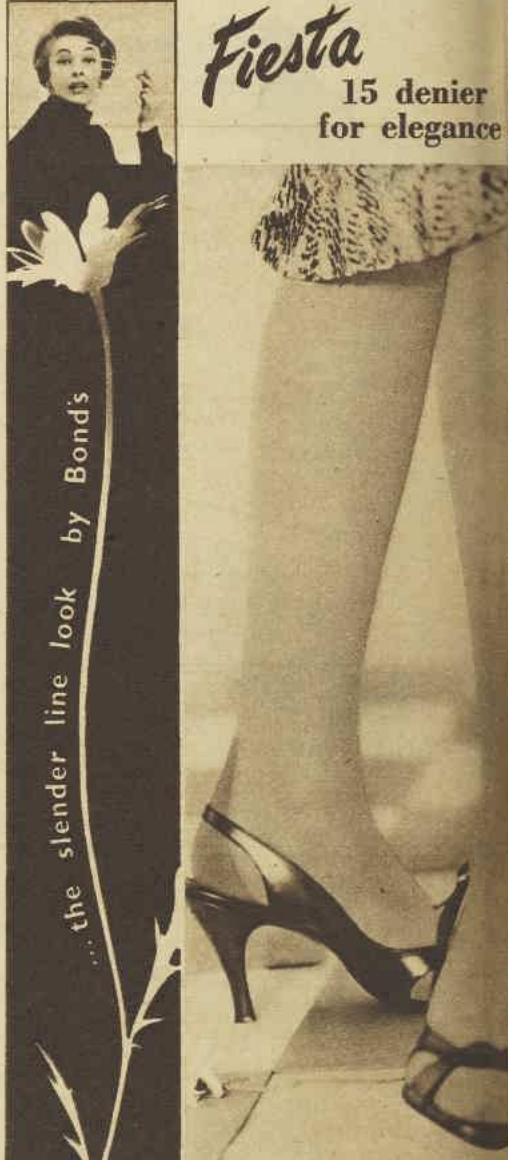
voice radio they could h

Keflavik Tower giving instr

tions to another aircraft.

Like a radio play whose p

To page 59



As you draw them on you feel the flattery of Fiesta nylons—so smoothly clinging at the ankle—so firm at the calf—never a wrinkle or sag. Only Bonds have the American-designed Munsingwear slender heel, with its slenderising narrow back panel, next-to-nothing instep, and broad, reinforced ball-of-the-foot section. Only Fiesta has snag-resisting "Secre-Seal" Ask for Fiesta next time you buy Nylons.

Prices subject to control in each State
Fiesta BY **BOND'S**

The Australian Women's Weekly
events this astrological diary as a
store of interest only, without
accepting any responsibility whatever
whatever the statements contained in it.

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning November 26

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21 — APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck in a journey.

TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21 — MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
Gambling colors, navy-blue, grey.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Luck in financial stability.

GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21 — JUNE 20

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, any pastel.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
Luck in personal relationships.

CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 21 — JULY 20

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, orange.
Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday.
Luck in a job well done.

LEO

The Lion

JULY 21 — AUGUST 20

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, light blue.
Gambling colors, light blue, rose.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
Luck in a romantic episode.

VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 21 — SEPTEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, black.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in the family circle.

LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 21 — OCTOBER 20

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Lucky gambling colors, red, white.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Luck in a chance meeting.

SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 21 — NOVEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, silver.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
Luck in a crowded building.

SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 21 — DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, mauve.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in personal influence.

CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, blue.
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
Luck in careful planning.

AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 18

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, violet.
Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
Luck in sport and social events.

PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 19 — MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in knowing the right people.

★ If your qualifications for your work are not high, consider ways of raising them. Refresher courses can also bring pleasant contacts. Plan ahead for next year.

★ Money makes the wheels go around. If you could earn more, the extra cash might help you gain your wish. Otherwise, saving is the answer.

★ You enjoy meeting people, and this week you're bound to them. Listen and learn from the experienced, be friendly with those who could help you in your work.

★ Plenty of real hard work and less play than usual. It's up to you to make good, particularly if you have been boasting of your ability. Don't shirk responsibilities.

★ Luck and the element of chance favors you. If you're hunting a job, or seeking an increase in pay, you are surely in the money, for this is a really propitious cycle.

★ If you are a housekeeper, step high, wide, and handsome. Your job will keep you busy, and those moving into new quarters will be on top of the world.

★ Many a business errand is likely to squander your time, but in the end you hit the jackpot. You'll need to be aggressive and persistent.

★ In any trade you will gain advantages this week. Buying and selling are under smiling stars. As a shrewd bargainer you cannot fail to increase your assets.

★ Tact and diplomacy will take you farther than either ability to deliver the goods or sound arguments. The woman's approach is your best bet. Be confident.

★ Pull every string. Bait your hooks, but do not expect an immediate nibble. Watch competitors, and say very little about your own hopes and ambitions.

★ The influence of friends could be valuable in business. A job or a presentation if you have been active in some group. Otherwise, a venture with a friend.

★ Put on a stunt that could raise your standing with the boss and workmates. It could put you in line for a niche to which you are well suited.

★ Get set with holiday plans. Don't dither. Some of you may be putting wheels under your home for shorter or longer periods. Do not hop in blindly; investigate.

★ If you stick your financial neck out you are in trouble. Try supplementing your regular income with part-time work. The extra money will be useful.

★ Be prepared for chance visitors, too, over your guest list. Think up some new ways of entertaining guests. This is a generally propitious period for Geminians.

★ Get that overhaul off your mind. A brisk and thorough clean-up now will leave you free for Christmas shopping, holiday planning, and other more exciting tasks.

★ High jinks are in store for parents. The children will be packed with family festivities in which the entire household will take part. Plenty of guests.

★ Staying home to complete a special task? Whatever it is, you will spend happy hours in your home and discover that you like being there.

★ You may resent being called from your usual round, but it will give you new ideas. At least one piece of knowledge will be put to practical use.

★ Set out to accomplish the almost impossible and you will triumph. There is going to be a smile on your face and a lift in your heart during this period.

★ Home and family surround you with affection and appreciation. Friends and neighbors will go out of their way to cement their ties with you. Parties galore.

★ There is a secret in the household. You may not be in it, but don't worry too much. Talk and laughter behind closed doors add to the spice of home life.

★ Most of you look up and step out. Preparations for looking your best may be your chief concern. You might find a new use for an old possession.

★ Do you have to entertain your son's new girl-friend or your daughter's first love? Your home is going to be the setting for an interesting evening.

★ There may be a social occasion nearby which you plan to attend with your beloved. Try to link up with a party or group for a better time.

★ Nothing is too much trouble if it pleases the one you love most. A curious incident may be the means of cementing your romance even closer.

★ Do you have to entertain your son's new girl-friend or your daughter's first love? Your home is going to be the setting for an interesting evening.

★ There may be a social occasion nearby which you plan to attend with your beloved. Try to link up with a party or group for a better time.

★ Office responsibility may be thrust on you, or you may assume it because you see the necessity for leadership. Support your helpers to the best of your ability.

★ Patience while social enterprises mature will be your greatest asset. You cannot hasten unwilling or irresponsible people into situations they cannot handle.

★ Outdoor interests are fine for health and companionship. If you play any game, practise to improve your skill. Hobbies are valuable for new contacts.

★ If you are anxious to join an organisation, find the best possible sponsor. If you are sent on a mission on behalf of some group, speak up boldly.

a Fiesta of Flavours...



Q.T. FRUIT DROPS
Refreshing as the fruit itself

ORANGE
LIME
PINEAPPLE
LEMON

4d.

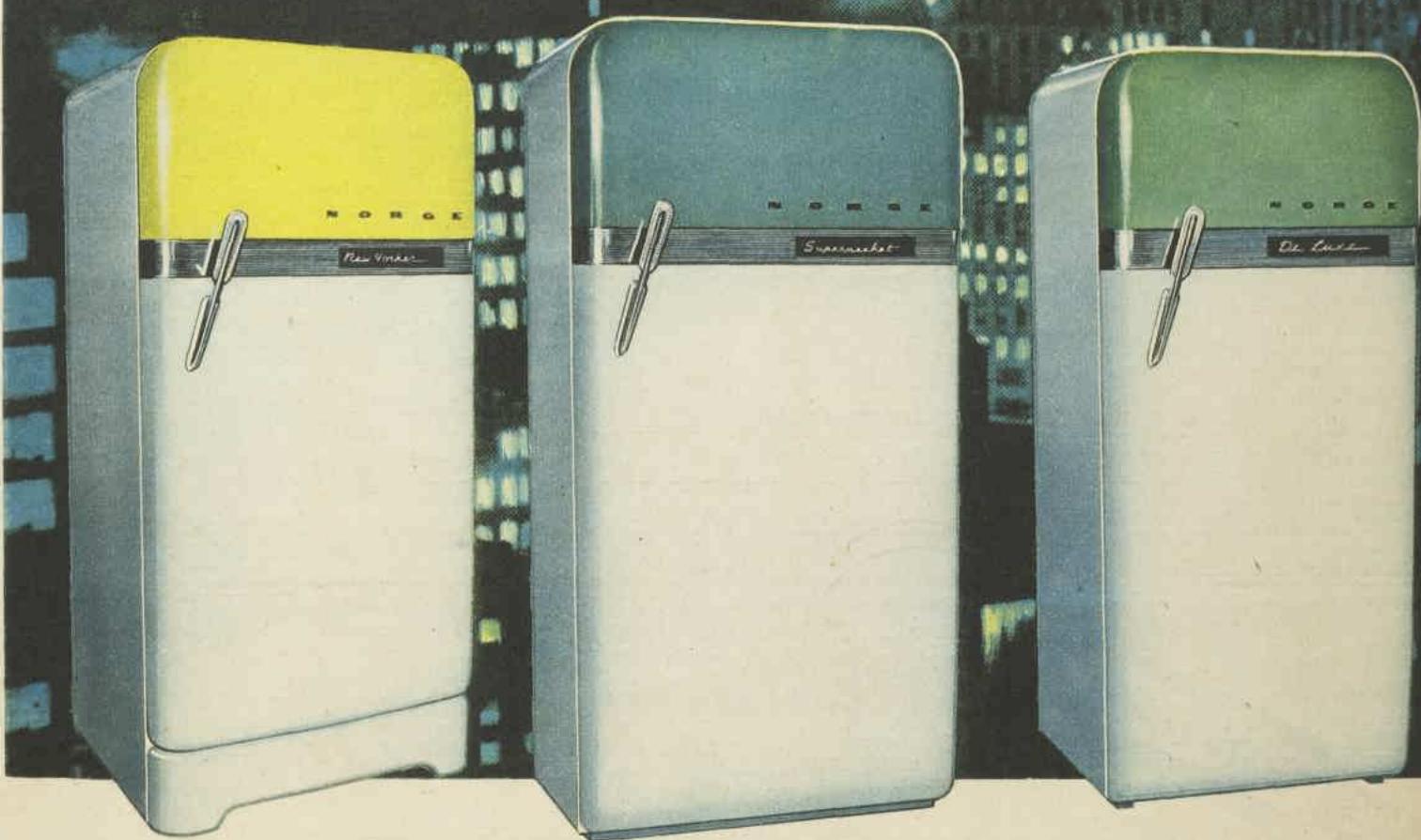
ALLEN'S

SWEETS ARE Good Sweets!

POPOETTES — Q.T.'S — STEAM ROLLERS — COCONUT QUIVERS — TRUMPS — TOOTY FROOTY — FRUIT TINGLES — HAVAPAK BARLEY SUGAR — HAVAPAK BUTTERSCOTCH — IRISH MOSS GUM JUBES
BUTTER MENTHOLS — TARZAN JUBES — CURE-EM-QUICK

HPAS

Tops in Colour



NEW **NORGE** of America with  *Colour Caps*
the bright new decorator idea



Here's the idea that will transform your kitchen! The new NORGE refrigerators with "Colour Caps" — Tops in colour!

New NORGE is tops in everything. All the features you've always wanted — roll-out shelves; big full-width Freezer chests, meat keepers and crisper drawers; Norge "Handidors" carefully planned for efficient in-the-door storage; special butter, cheese and egg compartments. Norge has them all, and more — extra refinements like the cleverly angled door handle that opens or closes at elbow touch when hands are full. The nylon-faced door catch that works so quietly and never wears. Even the door closes on a special PVC "plastic cushion".

And under its beauty is the famous Norge "Power King" sealed unit, internally sprung to work at whisper level.

Four beautiful new models. There's one that's just right for your home. Norge "Special" (7.7 cu. ft.), Norge "de luxe" (8.1 cu. ft.), Norge "New Yorker" (10.6 cu. ft.), and the Norge "Supermarket", the King-size refrigerator (12.3 cu. ft.). From £146.15.0 *

COLOUR CAPS. Choose Daffodil Yellow, Vermont Green, Bermuda Blue, each with white or cream base. Also available all-over white or cream. ("Special" model all-over white or cream only).

* Prices slightly higher in Country, W.A. and Tas.

AND THE NEW NORGE "PINK ICE" INTERIOR. IT'S A DREAM INTERIOR IN SOFT PINK AND WHITE. MAKES FOOD LOOK MORE ATTRACTIVE, MORE APPETISING.

Manufactured in Australia under licence from Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corp., U.S.A. Write for illustrated folder and full specifications to Appliances of America Pty. Ltd., N.S.W.: 821 Botany Road, Mascot, MU.04. Vic. and Tas.: 3 Hoddle Street, Collingwood, Melb., JA.6117; Qld.: 91 Edward Street, Brisbane, B.1721; S.A.: Ebenezer Place, Adelaide, W.1151; W.A.: D.G. Sales Pty. Ltd., 114 Murray Street, Perth, BF.24. Page 58

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28

was oddly prophetic of their own future, they heard:
— You are now Number One to land.

— Roger, roger . . . I'm Number One, Tower.

— Keflavik Tower to Six-oh-six.

Latest visibility, six hundred yards blowing snow. Runway lights turned full-bright.

— (Laconically) Six-oh-six is on final.

— Clear to land, Six-oh-six.

— Say (in a conversational aside), is this localiser serviceable? Needle's got D.T.'s.

— Flight checked yesterday, Six-oh-six.

— Maybe it's this wind! What's the cloud base? (Pause.)

— (Very loud) What's the latest cloud base?

— Hang on, Six-oh-six. We're just checking for you.

— (Very fast) Where - ja-think - I - am - straphanging - in - a - New - York - subway? (back to a professional rate of speech) For your information, approach speed of a D.C.6 is a hundred and twenty knots.

— What's your altitude, Six-oh-six?

— Four hundred feet descending.

— Can you see anything, Six-oh-six?

— (Bitterly) Snow.

— Do not descend below Company limits.

No answer.

— Here is the latest weather: ceiling indefinite, visibility four hundred yards.

No answer.

— Ceiling indefinite. Visibility four hundred yards.

No answer.

— Can you hear me, Six-oh-six . . . Six-oh-six . . . are you receiving me?

No answer.

— SIX-OH-SIX!

— (A microphone switch crackle) See anything, Bob?

— (A brand new voice, almost inaudible) Nuttin'.

— (With relief) Request your position, Six-oh-six . . . (The gentlest of reminders) Your aircraft intercom is on the broadcast position.

— Thanks . . . (Officially) Six-oh-six is overshooting. Now

Continuing . . .

The Proving Flight

from page 56

at three hundred feet, climbing east of the field. Request clearance back to London at 19,000 feet.

— You're not making another attempt?

— No, sir!

— Climb on course. Stand by for clearance.

— Climbing on course. Standing by for clearance . . . (A long pause, then good-humoredly, philosophically) Know somp'n? Don't believe you got an airfield under that stuff. Just don't believe you have!

Bellamy said to Cavendish, "There's a D.C.6 gone back to London."

— Why . . . couldn't he get in?"

— No.

The altimeter unwound past 5000 feet. Keflavik Approach

Song is the licensed medium for bawling in public things too silly or sacred to be uttered in ordinary speech.

— Oliver Herford.

cleared them to the Tower, and the Tower, having obtained two-way communication, informed them that they were "now Number One."

Impatient as he was to get down, mindful of the probable increasing violence of the weather, Bellamy nevertheless was carrying out the standard procedure more fully and correctly than ever he would have done in practice.

He knew there were no shortcuts to safety. The weather and the visibility were almost impossible. Therefore, his flying must be dead accurate, unhurried, his eyes taking in, all at the same time, a many-dimensional scene of instruments, controls, throttles, and correlating what he saw with his arms and legs.

The Emperor was bumping about much more now. The new wings shook up and down, protesting. Eased back, the engines grumbled into the cold, snow-filled air.

— "Visibility," the Tower said, "is now two hundred yards."

The needle on the radio compass, tuned in to the range station, wavered and hesitated, but Bellamy could get a mean of its position, despite the bad static that was diverting the signal. He saw the instrument landing system indicator move over hard into the blue sector. Then he throttled back farther and descended to 1500 feet with half-flap and undercarriage down, and all landing checks complete.

The I.L.S. needle came over towards the centre again. Wrestling with the controls in an effort to keep a steady course in the bouncing, turbulent air, Bellamy got the nose of the aircraft pointing in the reciprocal direction of the runway, still keeping exactly to the let-down pattern as laid down by the Company route book.

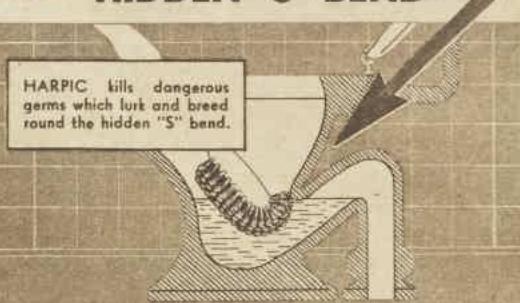
For a full two minutes he went away from the airfield, and then altered course on a procedure turn, so that Able Dog finished on a course for the instrument runway, eight miles from the threshold.

— "On final," Seawood told the Tower.

Cavendish stood quite still between the two pilots, alternately staring ahead into the snow-filled darkness and looking at the stopwatch, timing them from the Outer Marker. Able Dog was rocking about like a wild thing. Everyone in the cockpit was held by the tenseness of Bellamy's concentration. Slowly, he allowed the aircraft to move lower. The needle on the I.L.S. localiser gradually crept into the centre. Lower and lower the aircraft descended into the blackness of the night. The alti-

To page 62

No brush can clean around this dangerous
HIDDEN "S" BEND



Keep your toilet clean
and bright with HARPIC



NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC REGD.

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

What can a motorist learn from twins?

He can learn that in a petrol two things are better than one. High octane is good, but high octane with I.C.A. is far better! And the petrol that gives him both is Supershell. It's because of I.C.A. that Supershell gives you all the extra pull, all the extra miles per gallon, all the improved performance that high octane makes possible. For I.C.A. saves the power normally lost through pre-ignition and spark plug fouling. It stops these troubles at the source. Thanks to I.C.A. you get, and keep, the full power of your engine. Just two tankfuls of Supershell with I.C.A. will prove it. Fill up once and you'll say "That's better" — fill up twice and you'll say "That's terrific!"



high octane
and
ICA

...Supershell has both

it's the most powerful petrol you can buy

* Containing tri-cetyl phosphate
which eliminates pre-ignition and
spark plug "miss". Aust. Patent
No. 152857.



The Shell Company of Australia Ltd.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

Page 59

LAVISH ELEGANCE



• LOVELY TRIO of colors is combined for the theatre and dinner dress (above). The material is luscious satin. The rouge-red cummerbund is bound high under the bosom and spiked with a single pink rose. Moonstones and gold are used for the exotic necklace and long, matched earrings.



• SHORT-SKIRTED formal (above) extended to the new longer length—six inches above the ankle. The dress, by Christian Dior, is made in layered mouseline, and large roses in self-material trim the front hemline. Dior calls this silhouette, with fullness swept to side and back, Tornado. It is a new line for autumn.

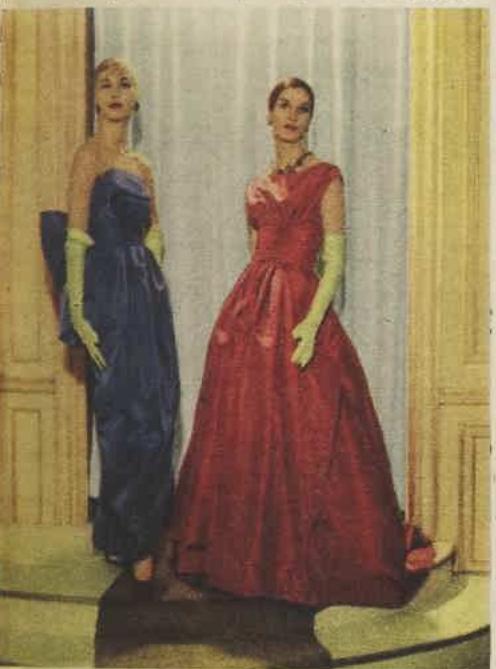
HERE are eight new ways a woman can be in fashion and look alluring tonight. This season, that Paris triumph, the short-skirted evening dress can be just as elegant as a floor-length gown, and a dress, whether long or short-skirted, can be slender or full. Stiff beauties in silk, thin papery taffeta, supple satin, printed faille are the fabrics of the season. For the grand ball gown, white is unsurpassed, and is often lashed with contrasting colored embroidery. The most formal accessory in a real formal season is the shoulder-high glove—and there is scarcely one dress worn without its own fak or real jewels.—BETTY KEEP.



• WHITE SATIN in a formal mood (above) from the Paris house of Fath. Beautiful embroidery in sapphire-blue and silver trims the moulded bodice and apron-fronted floor-length skirt. The sapphires and-crystal necklace and earrings were designed by the same house specially for the dress. Shoulder high white kid gloves complete the superb ensemble.



• PAISLEY-PRINTED silk faille in blues with a flash of gold is Pierre Balmain's choice for this slender-waisted, floor-length sheath-dress. The Empire-line is suggested by back draperies starting from under the shoulder-blades. A three-strand pearl necklace and dangling pearl earrings complete the ensemble.



• AMETHYST and sunburst-red are used by Jean Patou for his two taffeta evening dresses (above) with the new high waist-line. Patou designed the dresses and added matching shoes and long gloves.

• DIOR'S green and black flower-printed satin evening dress (below) has a matching jacket worn casually with its sleeves tied scarf-wise. The dress is worn with a glittering jet necklace and earrings.



• "VIOLETTE RUSSE" (above), by Norman Hartnell, a spectacular grand, floor-sweeping ball gown in stiff white slipper satin. The matching stole is lined in violet and green. Bunches of violets, embroidered in sequins and beads, trim the stole, the strapless bodice-top, and one side of the narrow skirt, which has an enormous, apron-like overskirt.



All the drugs and pills you've tried
Just ill-treat your poor inside.



But nut-sweet All-Bran every day
Keeps you fit the natural way.

A nut-sweet natural FOOD — not a harsh, habit-forming medicine

All-Bran, Kellogg's crisp, natural breakfast cereal, reaches the cause of constipation by supplying bulk your system must have for daily regularity without medicines. At the same time, All-Bran builds up your health and energy with Vitamin B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron.

Accept this friendly offer: Get All-Bran from your grocer, enjoy it every morning and drink plenty of water. If, after 10 days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and get double your money back.



All-Bran is a trade mark of
Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
ABSA-11

He brought the Emperor down past 200 feet, 100 feet. "Fifty feet indicated," Seawood warned.

Cavendish called out: "Five seconds to go."

Bellamy counted them to himself—one, two, three, four, five, holding the aircraft level on the artificial horizon. "Any sign?" he shouted.

"Nothing," Cavendish said. Then, "Wait! Yes . . . there are the threshold lights!"

Bellamy allowed his eyes to come away from the instruments and look out. He saw one white light. The ILS indicator was dead centre. He called abruptly, "My throttles!" and, slamming the four levers hard back, he pushed the nose down.

Another white light reluctantly revealed itself, slightly below them and to port, before snuffing out. The speed dropped past 110 knots. Bellamy edged the Emperor's nose higher until she started to sink into the black, bottomless pit below her. He opened the throttles so she hung on her propellers.

Then he saw two more lights, one on either side of the runway. More slowly this time he closed the throttles again and hauled back on the nose.

Slowly the Emperor mushed on to newland snow. Her wheels made a soft crunch and began to slow up rapidly. Then she stopped.

For a few moments nobody in the cockpit said anything. Bellamy got a handkerchief and wiped the sweat off his face. Seawood said, "Nice landing, sir."

"Well, at least we're down. Problem now is . . . how do we find the ramp?"

Though he knew Keflavik well, in the blind invisibility Bellamy had to use his compass and the map of the field in the route book. The Emperor crawled forward from one dim glow to another.

Bellamy tried the landing lights, which twitched on to grey rocks, half covered in snow, and then shone back in his face. "Hopeless," he said,

as he switched them off. The wind was tearing at the tail, slapping it about as though it was a rigid steel sail. The side windows were open, and both pilots peered out into the night.

"We've sent a Follow-me Van to bring you in," the Tower told him, "but I think it's got lost on the way."

Eventually, over two thousand miles away from where a swarm of high-up aviation officials and representatives were making their way to New York International Airport to welcome her, the Emperor—her four propellers threshing the wet air, her brakes gently

and they could breathe again. Nothing to do with either of their departments, after all.

Bellamy said, "The weather . . ." and began to explain.

Sir James waited until he heard the word "night-stop" before saying quickly, "Was Captain Cavendish with you at the Meteorological Office?"

"He was, sir."

"Then where is he now?"

"He's arranging accommodation with Murdoch." Bellamy paused. "It isn't going to be easy, with all this crush."

Sir James said, "I feel we should discuss this situation together, Captain Bellamy."

"Can't see there's anything further to discuss, sir."

He was so glaringly wrong that the Chairman did not trouble to disagree with him. There was everything to discuss. A discussion between the two of them, properly conducted, would take all night—crammed as it would have to be with descriptions of the growing faith he had felt in the Emperor, even before she had been built; of long tramps in search of money and backers, of political arguments with governments, of fights with other airlines, of exhaustive efforts to keep on good terms with the manufacturers, of long nights without sleep when there were labor troubles, delays, unforeseen mechanical snags.

Presently, over cups of coffee, the Chairman was impressing on the Under-Secretary that "it was the worst Atlantic weather within living memory," and adding, on the bright side, "We'll be airborne within the hour. Six hours or so late . . . that'll be all."

He saw Bellamy struggling through the mob.

"Want us out at the aircraft right away, Captain?" He drained the last dregs of coffee in his cup with an eager relish. Then he put the cup back on the saucer balanced in his hand and saw the bad news in Bellamy's eyes. "Well . . ." he added grimly, "what is it this time?"

Eastlake and Cruttwell, the two designers, standing in the group as far as possible from each other, individually held their breaths. Then each of them saw the pilot produce the folder he had been given at the Meteorological Office

To page 64

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 59

for the night. They took in the unfamiliar outlines of her unorthodox design. They gawped at the swept-back wings, mostly indistinct, contained between a muzzy red light on her port side and an almost invisible cream-colored glow on her starboard.

One of the Americans pulled down the long peak of his cap, tilted up his head and blinked the snow out of his eyes. Then he said to the other, in a voice shrill with indignation: "Aw, Eddie . . . what we got here? A flying-saucer?"

Sir James, flanked by Cavenish, elbowed his way through the packed Reception Hall at the head of the Emperor's inhabitants. Irritable voices muttered and shouted. Men parked round the bar. Women sat patiently shushing the children. The harsh metallic voice of the Tannoy regretted to announce cancellation after cancellation.

Presently, over cups of coffee, the Chairman was impressing on the Under-Secretary that "it was the worst Atlantic weather within living memory," and adding, on the bright side, "We'll be airborne within the hour. Six hours or so late . . . that'll be all."

He saw Bellamy struggling through the mob.

"Want us out at the aircraft right away, Captain?" He drained the last dregs of coffee in his cup with an eager relish. Then he put the cup back on the saucer balanced in his hand and saw the bad news in Bellamy's eyes. "Well . . ." he added grimly, "what is it this time?"

Eastlake and Cruttwell, the two designers, standing in the group as far as possible from each other, individually held their breaths. Then each of them saw the pilot produce the folder he had been given at the Meteorological Office

There were millions of hours filled with sweat, hope, and dreams, all of them delicately balanced on the pivot of a successful proving flight. And the man said there was nothing to discuss!

All Sir James did was to call out, louder and more insistent than before, "Where's Captain Cavendish? I want Captain Cavendish! Ah, there he is!"

One head taller than the sea of faces around him, the older pilot, with Murdoch slightly ahead of him, slowly struggled towards them. The company

Home Freezing Offers You a New Way to Better Living

By Dorothy Summers,
Home Economist of Kelvinator.

"In Australia today hundreds of Australian housewives are experiencing an entirely new way of living. For that is what Home Freezing means—a thrilling new way of living that gives you more time for leisure, that allows you to cook less, shop less, save money and enjoy better, more varied meals.

"Just think of the wonderful convenience of having a Kelvinator Home Freezer in your own kitchen!



Think of the economy . . . you buy in bulk and when prices are low—that way you really save money on food. Think of the time and trouble you save . . . you cook in advance, two or three dishes at a time, then heat and serve them weeks, maybe months later—no trouble at all!

"So, now, why not discover how much better you will live with a Kelvinator Home Freezer? Freezer-Living is the simple, modern way. It introduces a new world of easier and better living . . . for you!"



Left: Kelvinator Chest-Type Home Freezer. Above: Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer. Available on lowest deposit—easiest terms. 5 Year Protection Plan.

Read how these modern Australian Housewives live better



"Our Kelvinator Home Freezer takes most of the worry out of entertaining—I can have every-thing ready, for the most elaborate meal, ahead of time," writes Mrs. F. A. Williams, Adelaide.



"When I arrive home late, it's wonderful to find a meal ready in our Kelvinator Freezer. I just heat and serve it, and the quality is perfect," writes Mrs. Ruth Sneddon, Surrey Hills, Victoria.



"It's so convenient," says Mrs. James Clark, of Bankstown, Sydney. "I used to go shopping every second day, but now we go shopping at the market only once a fortnight."

Two New Kelvinator Models for Better Freezing

Kelvinator Chest-type Home Freezer holds 210 lbs. of food. Capacity, 6 cubic feet. Offers latest American designed freezer features: Special Section for fast freezing . . . Two large Storage Baskets for easy storing and food removal . . . Five-sided refrigeration for effective and dependable freezing . . . Spring Action Lid—springs up, stays up . . . powered by famous "Polaris" Sealed Unit. £185.

CHOOSE
Kelvinator
FOR BETTER LIVING

PRECISION BUILT BY KELVINATOR AUSTRALIA LIMITED

Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer holds up to 312 lbs. of frozen food. Capacity, 10 cubic feet—yet takes up same space as average-size refrigerator. Features: Three fully refrigerated Storage Shelves—all food is within 6 1/2" of a freezing surface . . . Large Storage Basket for food packages of assorted sizes. Powered by dependable "Polaris" Sealed Unit. Price, £199/10/-.

(Prices slightly higher in Country Areas)

FREE LITERATURE FOR YOU
Send this coupon for informative literature on the Kelvinator Home Freezers to: Kelvinator, P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide.

Name _____

Address _____

KHF18

NAPRO'S

4 magic steps to year-round hair beauty

Napro's Year-Round Hair Beauty Plan is so easy—you can do it yourself at home. It's a plan tailored for busy women—a plan that takes little of your time, yet gives you the shining, easily managed hair that everyone admires—and notices! To-day, to-morrow or the very next time you are shopping, buy the four basic Napro hair beauty preparations—Hair Lightener, Lecithine Shampoo, Hair Vitalizer and Luxury Cream Hairdressing—at any Chemist, Store or Beauty Salon.



1. Lighten your hair just one shade with HAIR LIGHTENER.

It's wonderful how just a shade of difference makes you younger, smarter, more attractive. This wonderful new Napro product lightens your hair just as much—just as little—as you desire, and not a fraction more. Hair Lightener is perfectly safe and so easy to use. 6/7 a tube.

2. LECITHINE SHAMPOO washes sun glints into your hair.

Shining hair is clean hair—hair washed to immaculate beauty with Napro Lecithine Shampoo. Made with the active ingredient of egg yolks, Lecithine Shampoo works wonders for all shades of hair—it's good for your scalp, too. And it lathers richly, even in hard water; leaves no deposit. 4/9 in the large bottle.

3. HAIR VITALIZER transforms lack-lustre hair.

Use Napro Hair Vitalizer after you shampoo your hair, and never again will you be worried with split ends, brittleness, dryness and dandruff. Napro Hair Vitalizer completely conditions every strand of hair. You need it most if you sun and surf often. Special formula for men, too. Tubes, 3/11 and 6/11; Jars, 16/11.

4. LUXURY CREAM HAIRDRESSING—3-second daily beauty treatment.

The loveliest hair needs the daily care of Napro Luxury Cream Hairdressing to keep it well groomed. Non-oily, non-greasy, Napro Luxury Cream Hairdressing contains Vitamin F and Cholesterol, two vital requisites of lovely hair.

Napro Luxury Cream Hairdressing is available in attractive plastic squeeze bottles—pastel-pink, blue or green for women, bronze (with a special formula) for men. Refills of both formulas in two sizes are always available. Plastic bottle, 7/11; Refills, 3/11 and 6/9.

NAPRO



For Radiant Hair Loveliness



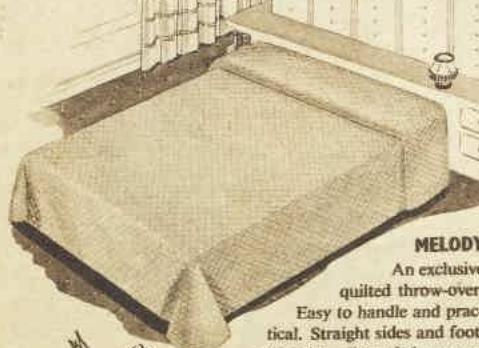
Watch for "SUSIE"

Don't miss seeing famous film star, Ann Sothern, in the Napro TV comedy programme, "Susie," 7.30 to 8 p.m. every Wednesday on ATN Channel 7 in Sydney—GTV Channel 9 in Melbourne!

N. 206 FPC
Page 63

Sonata

Quilted Bedspreads
do wonderful things for bedrooms



An exclusive
quilted throw-over.
Easy to handle and practical.
Straight sides and foot.
24" skirt. Rounded corners.



A really glorious
2-piece bedspread with separate skirt and quilted throw-over.
Reverse sham is scalloped with gathered piping.

SONATA Bedspreads in SATIN & TAFFETA
range from £9/17/6 in

Any Leading
Store will
gladly show you
the full range.

8 Lovely Styles
14 Fashionable Colours

A. MUSHIN & MILLER PTY. LTD.,
219 Johnston Street, Fitzroy, Victoria.



Send your man to work
looking smarter in American-
styled **MATCHED** work clothes

CANT-TEAR-EM

SANFORIZED

MATCHED
**SHIRTS AND
PANTS**

Wear **CANT-TEAR-EM** matched
work clothes and look smart on the
job. Shirts are of fine twill drill and
Pants of heavy duty drill. All sizes up
to 50 inch waist and chest.

In **FIVE** matching colours:
KHAKI • GREY • NAVY
FAWN • JUNGLE GREEN

* Unconditionally Guaranteed



Continuing . . .

The Proving Flight

representative reached the
circle first.

"I've got two rooms, sir." He had threatened, fought, and bribed to get them. "Mr. Brocklehurst in 21. And you in 24, Sir James." He turned to the others and ruefully shook his head. "Nothing else left, I'm afraid."

But the Chairman brushed the man aside. "Captain Cavendish," he said, "you've seen the weather?"

"I have, sir. A most complex situation."

"But surely there must be somewhere—"

Cavendish methodically stroked his chin. "The temperature at Montreal—" he began.

It was enough. Through the grey overcast the Chairman had seen the glimmerings of light. A great hand came up under Cavendish's arm. The Chairman started to move forward and the pilot moved forward with him.

"This calls for a get-together. Between the two of us, I mean. Room 24, Murdoch said. This noise!" The Chairman's round face gave a wince of pain. "Up there at least we'll be able to hear ourselves speak!"

It was perfectly obvious to

from page 62

lines of the long sentences followed by the emphatic dots of the short ones all vividly contributed to the design of all his difficulties, the invisible blots on the Emperor's silver sides. And right in the foreground, painted a rich red, was the money involved.

He finished by saying, "And these enterprises are always so uncertain that something quite minor" — he shrugged his shoulders — "like night-stopping in Iceland, might be disastrous. The Press might take the wrong slant. People might get the wrong idea. Before she had a chance to prove herself, the Emperor might get a bad name!"

A short silence fell between them. Then, with eloquent simplicity, the Chairman signed off. "That's my side of the picture," he said.

Cavendish fingered his grey moustache, preparatory to beginning the pilot's painting on the back of the same canvas.

"Now, from the master of the aircraft's point of view—" he began, but Sir James was too quick for him. "Now, tonight . . . we managed to land. Therefore, the visibility is ade-



"Let's see . . . Was I going to bed or getting up?"

quate for the actual operation take-off. Am I right?" His paint-brush parried before it could express itself, Cavendish frowned. "Just. But —"

"From what Bellamy said, I gathered that the forecast weather on the other side is better than here."

"That wouldn't be difficult, Sir James." At last his brush had registered—but the color and shape were transformed by the Chairman's overlaying, "But we landed."

"After a considerable—"

"And forecasters being what they are . . . the American weather might be perfectly all right, after all."

"Company regulations—"

"But this is no ordinary commercial flight!"

"Very high headwinds, of course—"

"But look at the Emperor's range . . . her power! And what a trouble-free performance she's given us from London!"

"She's certainly kept remarkably serviceable."

"Smooth! Smooth!" Sir James paused, partly for breath, partly as though now he was positively encouraging Cavendish's collaboration. "And there's the temperature at Montreal you mentioned earlier."

"Yes . . . interesting, that. A possibility, perhaps, of fog

To page 65

Colinate your
and make it silkier, so
and so easy to manage.



Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo cle
delightfully, rinses out easily and leaves the
brilliant, silken-soft and shining . . . carryin
every bit of excess oiliness, dust, dirt and dandr
Avoid shampoos containing harsh detergents v
dry the scalp and make the hair brittle. Coli
Foam Shampoo contains no ointments whatever. Price: 3/-

COLINATE
Coconut oil **FOAM**
SHAMPOO

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY

Velmol keeps the most unruly hair in place all day without looking stiff or greasy. Your perms and home-sets will last longer when you "damp-set" with Velmol. Velmol is a tonic as well as a hairdressing—prevents dandruff, too. Give your hair that well-groomed look with Velmol. Price: 2/6 a bottle at any chemist or store.

VELMOL
THE WORLD'S BEST HAIRDRESS

Mercolized Wax brings you...

*Beauty while
you sleep!*

AT BEDTIME. Mercolized Wax gently
softens skin. Feel it soft and smooth
texture of your face.

WHILE YOU SLEEP. Mercolized Wax
rejuvenates "fired" facial tissues . . .
smoothes away tiny lines and wrinkles . . .
dissolves dry skin particles.

IN THE MORNING. wake with a fresh,
clean skin . . . softer and younger,
looking . . . thanks to Mercolized Wax.
Paint the new day with new beauty . . .
new radiance.

AS A MAKE-UP BASE. for
beauty all day long. Mercolized Wax
is non-greasy . . . moist and
velvety. Mercolized Wax nourishes
lotion . . . penetrating deep
into the pores . . . dissolves
skin particles . . . and leaves
skin in all its natural radiance.

Mercolized
cream

THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM
A DEARBORN Quality Product — LONDON,
SYDNEY, CHICAGO, BUENOS AIRES.

FLY NOW . . . PAY LATER . . . on the

PAN AMERICAN
"PAY-LATER" PLAN

Call your travel agent or Pan American World Airways

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 64

say anything against him. He's a young man, not settled down yet. He's a skilled man. But still . . . and I'm sure you see what I mean . . . a pilot. I was surprised when I found he was in command on the eastbound."

"I was reserving myself for the homeward trip, Sir James."

"Quite! But you and I are of the same generation. We know where our duty lies. And I want you to take over now. In a difficult situation like this . . . something more than piloting is wanted." Sir James raised his head, and his eyes glittered with a burning respect. "Leadership! The pioneering spirit! You . . . Captain Cavendish!"

"I've known all over England, Captain Cavendish. Your reputation is bound up in the name of the Emperor. And long have you been flying

for the last twenty years."

"James quickly corrected him. "Of course . . . right from the start of civil aviation!"

"James quickly corrected him. "Of course . . . right from the start. You've done a great deal of pioneering. Through difficulties. Taken all the chances that has made civil aviation the phenomenon it has done. And it is advancing!" Dramatically, the Chairman came to a stop.

"And why?" he added, but Cavendish could say anything he had provided his own excuse. "Because men like you will out there in front . . . and us on."

"A faraway look came into Cavendish's eyes, as though he was remembering the excitement of the dangers, the early days. He said, almost to himself, "It's been a long time!"

"Half-way down the stairs the lights went out.

"Sir James made a joke about

fuses. With difficulty in the

darkness they located their own kind. Then the lights came on again.

Cavendish was just saying that the Emperor would be taking off immediately, under his command, when Murdoch came up to interrupt him. The

The Chairman suddenly grasped what the man was driving at. "You mean . . . there's no runway lights now?"

"None, sir. And no I.L.S. and no main radio. Until the cable's repaired."

"And when will that be?"

"Tomorrow some time, sir. With all the snow, it'll be difficult. I'm afraid it rules out

Alternately with the Government, he had been down on one knee and up in arms. He had flattered and threatened. He had borrowed other people's money and mortgaged his own. With his employees, he had inspired a few and driven the others. Even now, on the proving flight, he was still battling against the very elements themselves.

Through all that avalanche he had won out. And yet, after this single arrogant piece of carelessness committed by an unknown oaf, there was only one thing on heaven and earth that was left in anyone's philosophy.

And that was to go to bed.

Sir James and Brocklehurst departed, with Captain Cavendish in attendance. Left on their own, without a centre, the human circle from the Emperor for the moment looked lost, until Bellamy stepped into the vacant middle to make arrangements for their lodgings.

"Looks like the barn for us tonight," he said. Then he turned to the stewardesses. "But you two might as well go to bed properly in the aircraft bunks."

"Yes, sir," Lalette said for both of them, and they started to squeeze their way through to the door.

Bellamy called after them: "Don't use the lights! The batteries are low . . . and I don't want you messing around the cockpit, looking for the master switch. You've got torches?"

They nodded at him vigorously and moved on towards the door. Then, huddling their shoulders up and shielding their faces, they dashed through the snow across the ramp and up the stairs by the Emperor's flanks. In the light of her

torch, Lalette opened the heavy aircraft door.

Inside, Angela shivered.

"Cold," she said.

"Absolutely petrifying. I thought the men were being uncommonly chivalrous!" Lalette smiled wryly over her shoulder as she closed the door. "Let's keep some of that air out, anyway."

She rubbed her hands together and looked around the cabin. It was not quite dark. An opaque bluish light leaked in through the portholes from across the snow, and the pale light diffused it around the cabin into a glimmering, ghostly light.

And that was to go to bed.

"Anyway," she said doubtfully, "there's plenty of blankets. Look, if you put your torch beside mine we can see to get the bunks down." She kicked off her shoes and stood up on one of the seats to tug at the handles.

"I thought," Angela said at last, still standing in the same place as though she had been really frozen to the spot, "that you were supposed to be the small and helpless variety."

"Sometimes," Lalette said. "But not here and now. And certainly not for your benefit." She smiled down at Angela, and then went on fixing the bunks into the down position. "What wouldn't I give for a cuppa! If the Big White Chief hadn't said no lights, we could make quite a cosy brew. Anyway — she jumped down — I'm going to forage."

She came back, swinging her torch gaily and tossed a packet of biscuits into Angela's hands. Then she curled herself into one of the seats and said, "You know, it's really fun, after all. It's a lovely sight if you look out of the galley window. You

To page 67



"Harvey, you remember Virginia Lloyd?"

the car that's turning Motoring Mountains into Molehills . . .

Morris 'Isis' brings you great new concepts of power...comfort...strength!

City or country, highway or byway, you'll really appreciate the Morris 'Isis.' For this big, powerful, extremely robust car is setting new standards of comfort and performance even under the toughest conditions. The brilliant 6-cylinder 86 b.h.p. engine produces the kind of power that says "go ahead" . . . the suspension and transmission have exceptional strength . . . the spacious 6-seater interior has a host of outright luxury refinements. The Morris 'Isis' is the outstanding car in the medium-priced field . . . the car that's perfectly suited to Australian conditions. Call your Nuffield Distributor or Dealer and he will bring the 'Isis' to you for a fact-proving demonstration.



CHECK THESE GREAT FEATURES

- brilliant 6-cylinder engine—silent, extremely flexible and high speed
- surprisingly low running costs in relation to performance—the 'Isis' won the big-car class of the 1956 Mobilgas Economy Run with a remarkable average of 33.44 miles per gallon
- highly efficient air-circulating, heating and demisting unit
- big boot capacity
- magnificently appointed interior with ample room for six adults
- advanced hydraulic clutch operation.

THE NEW
6 CYLINDER

MORRIS 'ISIS'



Sold and Serviced by Authorised Nuffield Distributors and Dealers Everywhere

NUFFIELD (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., A UNIT OF THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

Page 65

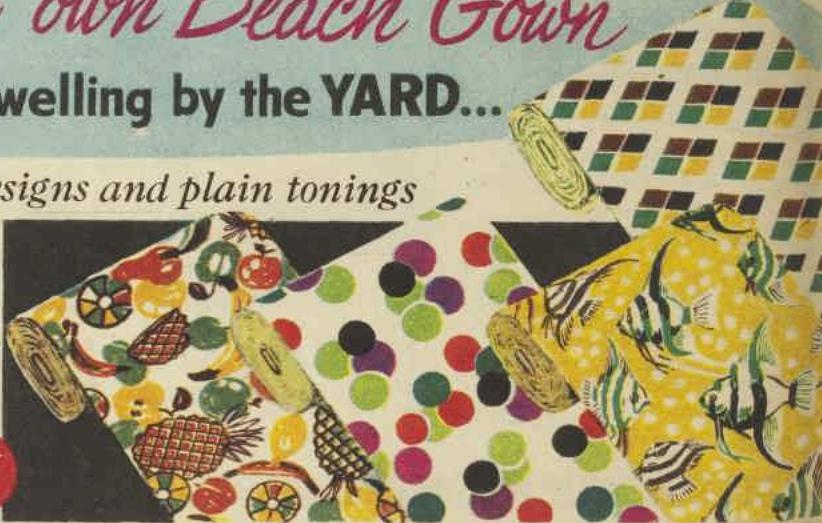


"Mermaid" SuperTex Beach Towel, size 25" x 50" — one of the many 1957 designs.



At every fashion store you'll find SuperTex Terry Towelling for sale by the yard—in a marvellous choice of colourful designs. Now it's so easy to make your own beach gown or "Dry-off"! See, too, the attractive creations by leading beachwear makers—fashioned in SuperTex Towelling. For quality, look for the SuperTex tag.

SuperTex



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28,

can see all the aircraft and the snow and the lights in the hangar. It's quite a picture!"

Angela had slid reluctantly into one of the seats. She sat, her face half turned towards the curtained porthole, her arms hugged tight across her body as though to protect her.

"I don't think it's fun," she said flatly. "None of it has been. And now this cold!" She clenched her fists and banged them together. "I never could stand cold. Never!" She looked across at Lalette. "I was brought up in India. Daddy was Indian Army."

"I see," said Lalette gently. "But if you got ready for bed you'd feel better."

"I can't. Not for the moment. I'm too cold to move." Her teeth chattered together.

"Well, put a couple of these around you." Lalette pulled down two of the cellular blankets and tossed them over to her.

"And all the fuss there's been all day! That awful send-off! Having Sir James on board! And then everyone knew something would go wrong. I know I did." Angela covered her face with her hands. "I knew! I knew it! I knew it! And then . . . it did!"

She put her hands down in her lap and looked around the cabin with a sudden calm that Lalette found rather eerie. "And now to sleep in it as well," she whispered. "I feel so shut in, as though I'll never get out. Just like we all did up there . . . in the cloud . . . seeing nothing. Just going round and round."

Very quietly, she had started to cry. "And then that awful landing! Five attempts! Worst I've ever been in." She looked across at Lalette. "And other people were frightened, too. I know they were."

Her eyes wandered from Lalette's face, beyond the pool of torch-light that they sat inside

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the Publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Continuing . . .

The Proving Flight

from page 65

to the grey shadows of the rest of the cabin. But it was all quiet and unrevealing. On the ground the life, good or bad, had gone out of it.

Lalette shrugged her shoulders. "Well . . . we're here now. That's all that matters. We did get down."

Angela said wearily that she supposed it was. She reached for her expensive fawn leather overnight bag and then sat staring at it as though trying to remember what it was for.

Lalette had begun unbuttoning her blouse. "You know," she said, eyeing Angela warily, "the longer you sit there the worse it'll get. The cold, I mean."

Angela whirled round suddenly. "Leave me alone!"

Lalette looked around, pretending to be absorbed in the unzipping of her skirt. Then she heard a snuffle from Angela. She saw the tears rolling down her cheeks.

Nervously Lalette edged nearer. She put out a hand to touch the other girl and then withdrew it. After a moment, afraid to speak, she stretched out her hand again and put it on her shoulder, and, with quite disproportionate relief, she saw that Angela was going to allow it to remain there.

Sympathy and the desire to comfort seemed to well up inside Lalette, only to crack the little vessels of conventional phrases and to leave her without anything to say. She wondered if understanding could come out of her fingertips, and she pressed a little harder for them to express it in good measure. Gently, she edged her hand across the back of Angela's neck and on to her other shoulder. Then she drew her closer.

Quiet minutes went by. The nearness of another human being, even the slight warmth of her body seemed to soothe Angela. Outside the wind was rising. It pushed and nudged the side of the aircraft as

trying the feel of it. "I must say, a hot drink would be nice."

"A hot drink and a hot bottle. Absolute bliss! And absolutely essential!" She fished inside her bag and brought out a pair of highly impractical satin mules, and then, stockinged heels smacking against the quilted soles, she moved gracefully towards the galley.

She was back almost at once. "I forgot," she said, "about the master switch. Now, where would it be?"

Angela shook her head. "I can't remember from the conversion course. Should I know?"

Lalette pursed her lips. "If you mean would you get a 'below average' if you didn't, no. But unless we're to die of cold and thirst and general frustration, yes, you should. Or I know."

Angela smiled briefly as though her mouth were just

should." She tapped her white teeth with her fingernail thoughtfully. Then she said: "Well, it's bound to be up at the front. That's one thing."

Angela looked distressed again. "But ought we to? I mean, Captain Bellamy did say —"

Lalette said quickly, "Well, there's no harm in looking. It's not sacred up there. Not quite. And I think I can remember which it is." She started to move towards the door. "Come on," she called over her shoulder. "Stretch your legs. Come and make sure I don't pull up the undercarriage or something."

Angela got up and followed her through the flight-deck door.

Through the wide front windscreen a strange glow came from the lighted windows of the reception hall, which outlined the dark emptiness of the

two pilots' seats, glittered here and there on the glass of an instrument, and showed up with a cold, flat light the deserted put-away look of the navigator's table, the engineer's panel, and the radio officer's equipment. Hundreds of dark button eyes looked back at them, round dials grinned or frowned or kept blank faces.

Angela shivered. "It all looks different, doesn't it?"

"Very!"

Lalette scanned the front instrument panel, and then turned and looked at the engineer's. "Now, let me see . . ." She laughed. "It would be rather awful if I really did do something dynamic!" She giggled helplessly. "Imagine old Bellamy! Only imagine!" She looked in silence for a moment, her finger poised. "Ah, there it is, I betcha!"

She flipped on a switch with a for-a-sheep-as-a-lamb air. "I'll wait here if you'll try the kettle and the hot-plate. Will you?"

Angela nodded.

"Oh, and try the cabin lights as you go by."

Through the half-open door she saw the long cabin suddenly illuminate. Then Angela put her head through the doorway to the galley, and called, "Everything's working. Hot-plate, kettle, and lights." She smiled.

"Praise be!" Lalette waltzed herself skilfully round and round up the aisle and into the galley. She screwed her eyes up and rubbed them. "I say, is it the light? Or do you feel a bit grim?"

"A bit." Angela put up a hand to her face, and it was still not quite steady.

"Look," Lalette said, giving her a gentle push out of the galley, "leave all this to me. You choose your bunk. The ones at the back haven't been used yet. And I'll make you a drink."

She hummed to herself while she boiled water, filled two hot-water bottles, and put them in

To page 70

Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

WE stopped for petrol, and I got out of the car to speak to the garage attendant. As I wasn't sure how much petrol to buy, I said to my wife: "How's the petrol tank, dear?"

She replied: "Well, the indicator says half, but I don't know whether it means half-full or half-empty."

£2/2/- awarded to Mr. J. Ryan, 15 Drysdale Street, Malvern, Victoria.

● Send your entries to "Just Like A Man" or "Just Like A Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUST LIKE A MAN

AS we have been married only six months, my husband still enjoys washing up while I wipe. One night when we were entertaining a young married couple, my husband rushed into the kitchen, neatly stacked the dishes in the sink, and poured a kettleful of hot water over them.

"Now watch this," he said in a superior tone to the visitors. But a moment later he looked up sheepishly. "I forgot to put in the plug," he cried.

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. A. J. Burfield, Aldgate, South Australia.

WELL?
naturally I'm well

I take **ENO**

says star of *Kismet*, Hayes Gordon

How are you? Do you always feel "well"—like Hayes Gordon? Or do you find you get off-colour every so often — perhaps through over eating . . . or upset routine . . . or even through oppressive weather?

ENO—the sparkling health drink will keep you feeling happier—really well.

And Eno's prompt antacid action

relieves acid indigestion . . . settles upset stomach.
It will gently correct irregularity . . . calm sick headaches.

Any time enjoy a glass of cooling, good-tasting Eno . . . feel refreshed . . . feel well all the time.

Get Eno today, in hygienic glass bottles, for lasting freshness. At all chemists and stores.

SPARK UP WITH SPARKLING ENO

EADS 1/16

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956



Page 67



Xmas Time is Sunbeam

Sunbeam

Controlled Heat

AUTOMATIC FRYPAN



Marvellous!

NOT ONLY FRIES
BUT GRILLS,
BAKES, STEWS,
ROASTS and
CASSEROLES

It's the most amazing cooking appliance ever . . . it does so much—so much better. For breakfasts, lunches, dinners—and for in-between snacks as well—the Sunbeam Automatic Frypan saves time and trouble . . . and gives perfect cooking every time, automatically. Its automatic heat control eliminates all guesswork.

*She'll use
it every
day of the
year!*

Sunbeam MIXMASTER



Life is so much easier when there is a Sunbeam Mixmaster in the kitchen to do all the tiring work of food-mixing. Just a flick of the switch and it whirls through all the mixing automatically—and at scientifically correct speeds. Now available in four lovely colours, as well as white, to suit all kitchen colour schemes. Optional attachments: Juice extractor, blender, mincer.

Sunbeam MIXMASTER JUNIOR



There's no need for anyone to be without an electric food-mixer (to end the drudgery of hand-mixing) with the Mixmaster Junior as well as the full-size Mixmaster from which to choose. This low-priced, mighty Junior Mixmaster has all the correct mixing speeds and is also available in four colours as well as white. It is compact, hangs on wall if desired, stores easily.

All Sunbeam appliances available on EASY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1953

Gift Time....



Sunbeam AUTOMATIC COOKER & DEEP FRYER

The Sunbeam Cooker and Deep Fryer brings new taste thrills with controlled heat deep frying. DEEP FRIES delicious fish and chips, chicken, rabbit, sausages, cutlets, fritters, rissoles, shell foods, croquettes, etc. AND IT COOKS, TOO—it's an automatic saucepan. Cooks perfect pot roasts, corned beef, stews, steamed and braised dishes, Chinese meals, vegetables, soups, etc.

Sunbeam AUTOMATIC TOASTER

Getting breakfast is so much easier with the Sunbeam Automatic Toaster... perfect toast without watching—no more burning—no smoke—no wasted bread. POPS-UP toast when done or keeps it warm as desired. Quicker—toasts both sides of two slices at once. Toast exactly as you like it—light, medium or dark. Automatically switches itself off.



Sunbeam **IRONMASTER**



Reaches safe, low heat for rayons in 30 seconds and quick, high heat for heavy, damp linens in 2½ minutes. Push-button, fingertip, thermostatic control gives exactly the right temperature for every type of fabric. Easy, effortless ironing! Weighs only 2½ lbs but irons perfectly without heavy hand pressure.

Make your choice from this great range of Sunbeam appliances.

The Newest and Greatest Steam Iron of All!

Sunbeam STEAM OR DRY IRON

WITH THUMB-TIP CONTROL



Irons easier faster, better on an ***ALL-OVER CUSHION OF ROLLING STEAM***

Automatic heat control for quicker, steadier heat—heats faster but never overheats. Hot in 30 seconds—steam in 2 minutes. Steady, low heat for finest lingerie—quick, steady high heat for heavy, dampened linens. Special settings for rayon, silk, wool, cotton, linen. Instant switching from dry ironing to steam ironing or steam to dry. Better balanced, lighter—weighs only 3 lbs.

Sunbeam
exclusive
Steam-Flow
Vents
in the exclusive, specially designed sole-plate give a continuous, overall, rolling cushion of steam.



TERMS from ***Sunbeam*** Dealers everywhere!

the bunks, and made the hot drinks. Five minutes later she put her head round the door. "Get into bed; I've put your hot-water bottle in. The drink's just coming up."

She came slowly up to the bunk, carrying one of the Company's cream plastic trays. "If you wanted tea, I'm sorry, but you're going to be disappointed. I thought it would keep you awake, so it's hot milk instead. And there's a couple of aspirins, just to make sure."

She watched Angela, looking relaxed and comfortable in her demure white nightgown, sip the drink gratefully.

"There's something in it, isn't there? What is it?" She sniffed the beaker that she was holding in both her hands to keep them warm. "Brandy?"

Lalette nodded and laughed. "I took some out of the first-aid kit. That will really warm you. Now, don't say what someone or other'll say, because no one will say anything. I'll pop it back when we get to the bar tomorrow. Otherwise, they might think Hamilton was having a nip!"

They both laughed heartily at the very idea of Mr. Hamilton breaking the law.

Angela drained the beaker, and handed it back to Lalette. "You make a good nurse," she said, "and I feel much better." She huddled herself under the blankets. "But tell me," she added anxiously, as Lalette turned away. "Weren't you nervous yourself? I mean, just a bit?"

"Oh, I was terribly nervous at the time. But I knew Bellamy would get us down. If it was possible. And if it wasn't . . . well . . . there wasn't much any of us could do about it."

"But in here . . . in the cold, thinking about it . . . I was awful, I'm afraid. Daddy would have hated it. He loathes that sort of thing."

A ghost of a smile plucked at the corner of Lalette's mouth, but was immediately laid low. "Oh, different things make different people feel mis-

Continuing . . .

The Proving Flight

from page 67

erable. It's the cold that gets you . . . Now, with me—"

"Oh," Angela said a shade disapprovingly. "I really can't imagine anything getting you down. You're not the kind."

"Well . . . let's hope you're right," Lalette began to close the curtains of Angela's bunk. "I don't suppose it'll be a long night, but sleep well."

She walked over to her own bunk and finished undressing. She folded her clothes with mechanical respect, and then scrambled into bed. Then she rested her body, now suddenly tired, the first humble, unpaying guest on the soft, foamy freshness of this much-advertised luxury bunk.

The others had gone to the barn.

This was a disused hangar, separated by wooden partitions into cubicles containing six or eight bunks. When things got desperate mattresses were taken along there, together with rough, brown, army blankets, and it served as an overflow dormitory.

Through half a mile of snow they had battled down the road in pitch darkness, leaving Bellamy and Cavendish behind to wait for the 04.00 Tafors—the long-range weather forecasts—due any time now.

The crew knew the place of old, but it was worse than they remembered. The emergency supply did not cater electricity for it, and the place was already full of stranded men of a number of nationalities. A couple of noisy poker games were going on by candlelight.

A party over in one corner was guarding its liquor against the invasion of uninvited guests.

"You're sure this is it?" Payton asked Douthwaite.

The navigator smiled. "This is it, sir."

They went from cubicle to cubicle, peering into the darkness to try and locate odd unused beds. Riley and the doc-

tor got two bunks, one under the other, in quite the quietest backwater. Payton was not so fortunate. The only bed he could find was in a cubicle larger than the others, in which a card game was in full swing. He pulled his ration of scrubby blanket around him, and turned his cold face to the wall.

Hooper and Rawlings found two beds over on the far side, away from the door. Before he got into his bunk the engineer tested it. Under his weight, it didn't give an inch. Fully clothed, they clambered in and lay down. For a number of minutes they listened to the snores and the talking, while outside the wind howled. Then Rawlings suddenly sat up in bed and said, "I've had enough of this!"

Hooper grumbled, "Bad, isn't it?"

The engineer swore. "Awful beds! Awful blankets! Awful noise!" A large leg came over the side, above the radio officer's bunk.

"What you doing, Red?"
"I'm going!"
Hooper sat up in alarm. "There's nowhere to go!"

"There's the aircraft." "But Bellamy said—"

"This is an airline . . . not a school! Girls' dormitory . . . boys' dormitory. Who does Bellamy think he is? The headmaster?"

"All the same—"
"He won't find out, anyway." The engineer eased his body gently back on to the floor. "Are you coming? Or aren't you?"

"Well, if you're going, Red—"

Outside they found the snow had turned to hail, coming down thick and fast over the bleak blasted heath of Keflavik aerodrome. They lowered their heads and ran.

The wind, gusting in from the Atlantic, beat strongly against their half-hidden faces,

Suddenly a great glow of light shone out into the blizzard. He stopped. The Emperor, among all her dark bedmates, glittered from nose to tail in a blaze of glory. Her cockpit lights, her cabin lights, her navigation lights sent out a flaming glow of warmth into the cold night.

He walked quickly across the fifty-odd paces to the aircraft.

With a frown he noticed the footprints in the snow around the steps. Then all the lights went out.

Blinking in the sudden darkness he ran quickly up the stairs. He banged loudly on the door. "What's going on?"

There was no answer. He hauled the big door back and

stepped through into the cabin.

"It's only us, Skipper," Rawlings' voice said, half-apologetically, half trying to bluster it out. "There wasn't a hope of sleeping in that barn, sir. And—"

Hooper interrupted him with: "Some skippers, sir, they let the crew sleep in the airplane."

"Get your things," Bellamy said, "and get going!"

Then he remembered the lights, half-forgotten in the surprise of finding the two men. He tried the switches. The cigar-shaped cabin was flooded with hard illumination. The pilot's face was pale. Hooper and Rawlings looked embarrassed and slightly indignant.

And the grey curtains of the girls' bunks were quiet and still, but almost visibly listening like wide-open elephants' ears.

Bellamy looked at the lights. He said, for the first time raising his voice a little as though he was too tired for a moment to control it, "Who put the master switch on?"

"Not me," Hooper said quickly.

"Only just got in here. Haven't touched a thing," said Rawlings.

The grey curtains parted. "I did," Lalette said.

Bellamy swivelled round slowly and stared at her. For about ten seconds he kept his eyes on her face. Then he looked away from her and back to the others.

"Sorry, sir," Rawlings and Hooper said together.

"Turn the master switch off, Rawlings," Bellamy said, and the engineer hurried up the aisle to the flight deck.

The cabin became once more dark. Bellamy reached over and flicked the switch off. As though he could feel her waiting for him to speak he said quietly, "Why did you put the switch on?"

Lalette's voice was low. "To make a hot drink. I'm sorry."

Bellamy said nothing. When Rawlings came back he said, "I'm sorry, Skipper, we didn't mean . . ."

"I know," Bellamy said wearily. Then as the two of them shuffled towards the door he shone his torch far and said, "Good-night."

Lalette called out to "Captain Bellamy, I'm sorry. About the lights and everything."

He shone his torch to one side of her, away from her eyes. Her face was pale and strangely pointed.

Her short hair, ruffled by sleep, was like a flurry of gold snowflakes. She blinks her eyes. Just for a second her mouth trembled.

"You didn't touch the other switches?"

"No, Captain Bellamy," moistened her lips. "I'm sorry. She began again flatly.

"That's all right, then," said. "Good-night." He turned towards the doorway.

"Good-night," she said. She sat still, listening to the sound of his steps on the stairs. When all was quiet she lay down on the low, her mouth pressed its soft thickness.

"Whew!" Angela sat up in bed. "I must say he has made quite such a noise about it. After all—"

stopped.

"Lalette," she said.

There was no answer.

"Come on," she said. "I can't be asleep."

Lalette said, "I'm asleep. Good-night."

Angela listened. The still thumped and snuffled body of the aeroplane. A few seconds a burst of hail machine-gun fire rattled on metal sides. But along with the noises of the storm out went a quieter one—one kept mood with the snow the cold.

Someone else now was in this aeroplane. But for fear of it, not for the unimaginable things that might happen in the morning.

For something much, in worse.

To be continued

Got Rheumatism?



Get De Witt's Pills



—and get fast relief!



The one sure treatment for muscular and joint pains

"Wonderful relief" says Mrs. H. Wyong, N.S.W.

"Suffering from a bad back and pains in my legs, I could hardly get about. Listening to your radio sessions I decided to give your pills a trial. I had only taken three doses and I got wonderful relief. I will recommend De Witt's Pills to my friends. I always keep a bottle in the house."

"Pain disappeared" says R.G.R., Ryde, N.S.W.

"For some months I suffered very acutely from pain in the kidneys for which I got no relief. After trying many different medicines, I tried De Witt's Pills. After taking them for a few days the pain disappeared. I have since made a habit of keeping a bottle in the house and I advise one and all to do the same."

The originals of these letters can be seen in our Melbourne office.

If you suffer from pains in the back, aching joints or muscular pains that keep you awake at night, you have the tell-tale symptoms of Rheumatism. To recognise them and start taking De Witt's Pills without delay is the one sure way of obtaining quick, lasting relief.

When your kidneys fail to function correctly, impurities are left behind in the system. It is these poisonous impurities that so often give rise to muscular and joint troubles; you feel out of sorts, and everything becomes an effort. By taking the world-famous De Witt's Pills you get right at the CAUSE of the trouble. De Witt's Pills

go to work immediately, cleansing the kidneys and stimulating them to their normal healthy action. Once these pain-causing poisons are flushed from your system and the kidneys return to their proper work, the relief is wonderful; even long-term sufferers start to enjoy a life they'd almost forgotten. Ask your chemist or storekeeper for a bottle of De Witt's Pills today.

Save 3/- on the economy size pack.

100 pills . . . 7/-

Regular size

40 pills . . . 4/-

DeWitt's Pills

For Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and all Rheumatic Pains

omeone
didn't

INSIST ON "SELLOTAPE"



"Sellotape" is the consistent brand

REGD. TRADE MARK

of sticky tape — it always stays stuck

Here's why you can always depend on "Sellotape" brand

When "Sellotape" leaves the factory its sticky surface is just the right strength and it's just right when you buy it in the shop — because each roll is over-wrapped in protective Cellophane*. "Sellotape" always comes to you "Factory-fresh"; never dries out, never goes gooey, never splits. And because it's "Factory-fresh", "Sellotape" sticks like a limpet to any surface and stays stuck!



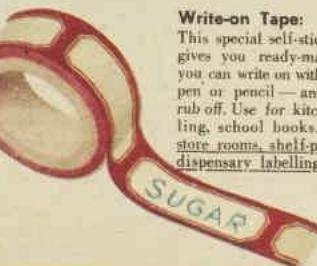
For the factory, shop or office: "Sellotape" comes in factory-sealed tins containing 72 or 36 yard rolls to fit standard size dispensers.



For the home: "Sellotape" costs only 9d, for a 3 yard roll — 1/9 for 8½ yards. A thousand uses round the house. Look for "Sellotape" in these gay, new displays.

OTHER TYPES OF "SELLOTAPE" BRAND TAPES

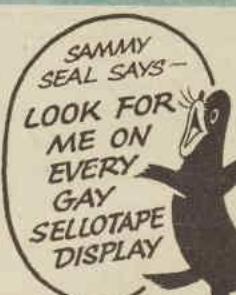
New Waterproof Vinyl Tape: Extra strong, clear — the only completely waterproof sticky tape. Ideal for mending plastic raincoats and shower curtains. Keep in car for electrical insulation repairs. Ask for "Sellotape" Vinyl Tape in 5-yard rolls of ½" width for 1/6, and 72-yard rolls for trade use.



Write-on Tape: This special self-sticking tape gives you ready-made labels you can write on with ordinary pen or pencil — and it won't rub off. Use for kitchen labelling, school books. Also for store rooms, shelf-prices and dispensary labelling.



Cloth Tape: New — self-sticking cloth tape, 6 different colours. Binds books, racquet handles, steering wheels, bike handles. 5 yard rolls, ¾" wide, 1/9. 50 yard rolls for trade use, all widths.



* "Cellophane" is the registered trade mark of British Cellophane Ltd.



JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH

Colgate Dental Cream

CLEANS
YOUR
BREATH



WHILE IT
CLEANS
YOUR
TEETH



STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Scientific tests over a 2-year period show a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people.

Keeps children's teeth healthy

Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stopped decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history. Your teeth are whiter — brighter — and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes.



Colgate Dental Cream is Australia's largest — America's largest — the world's largest selling dental cream

Get the Family Economy Size and save 1/8.

62B

now,
glowing
pearls

for YOUR fingertips!



• NEW TRIDESCENT NAIL
POLISH jewels fingertips with the
fabulous sparkle of pearls!

• LONGEST WEARING TOO.
For just like precious pearls, Pearl
Cutex has a pearl-like finish that
defies chipping. Outwears any nail
polish you've ever known before.

• IN LUXURIOUS
WHITE PEARL as well
as in four glamorous
fashion colours.

For lasting beauty ..



Pearl CUTEX 63

Continuing . . .

Is He The One?

from page 45

and crying excitedly, "Engaged? When?" Now her hand was outstretched and they were all squealing over the ring that glittered on her finger. "Divine," Midge Greene was saying, her voice dripping envy.

Lesley stirred a little in her chair, a smile on her mouth. Now she was walking down the church aisle on her father's arm. Her bridal gown was a floating white cloud that wrapped her in beauty, and a murmur seemed to rise faintly like a sigh from the crowd as she passed: "Oh, how lovely! . . . Isn't she a dream?" . . . And there was Biff Caldwell, who had given her such a rush up at the Cape last summer, and then dropped her suddenly for that giggly Carpenter girl. He had a stricken look on his face that said, "What did I let slip away from me?" She could see that he was eating his heart out with regret.

Lesley's mind lapped up the scene like cream; oh, how sweet, how delicious it was. And then suddenly, the whole picture was arrested into a still life. Where was Ted?

Her smile faded. She swallowed and closed her eyes, doggedly seeking his image again. And suddenly, just like that, his face popped obediently into her mind; she saw the horn-rimmed glasses, the straight nose, the firm mouth. She felt an overwhelming relief.

"Does it always get results?" a voice said.

Lesley's eyes flew open, and she saw that it was the young man again. "Does what get results?" she said.

He grinned. "That method you use to—ah—concentrate. The closed eyes, the limp body, the arrested breathing."

Suddenly, because she could remember Ted now, Lesley felt a rush of gaiety.

"And the stopped pulse," she said. "Of course, if you can go into a coma, you get the best results of all."

"Well, well," he said. "I'll have to try it." He closed his eyes and let his head fall back. "Give me a mathematical equation."

She hesitated. But there was something too infectious about his foolishness to resist. "How much is two and two?"

He frowned, his eyes shut, his body very still. Then he said, "Four." He opened his eyes, looking awed. "How do you like that? I usually use an electrical computer." He sat up straight again. "Something tells me, however, that you weren't working out mathematical equations before."

Lesley blushed. Suppose she said, "I was trying to remember what my fiance-to-be looked like." How awful it would sound. Nobody would understand that a thing like that could happen and yet not have a thing to do with the intensity of your love. It was like a temporary nervous black-out, that was all. Anyway, she remembered Ted's face perfectly now.

"My name," the young man was saying, "is Warren Trent."

Lesley hesitated as she looked at him. He was smiling, and his teeth were very white. Suddenly Ted was sponged cleanly and completely from her mind.

"I'm Lesley Gibson," she said, and all at once the colors around her were brighter, deeper, and it was wonderful to be nineteen years old and on a railroad train talking to a new and good-looking young man. She loved to rise to an occasion, and now it was as if all her senses had been alerted in expectation.

"You know," he said, "this kind of thing is what they call 'meeting cute' in the movies."

"Meeting cute?"

"Sure. You know those situations they dream up. The boy

way the scene should be; the other had been all wrong.

She kept her eyes determinedly on the printed page. After a while something inside her eased. Actually, what had really happened? Less than nothing. That moment before, when their eyes had met—she hadn't really felt anything. It had been like—not an optical illusion—but an emotional illusion. It was Ted she loved, deeply and forever.

She drifted into a dream in which she was fifty-nine years old and it was her wedding anniversary. Her large family was gathered around the table and Ted, grey-haired and distinguished, was lifting his champagne glass to her in a toast: "To my lovely wife and girl bumped into each other in real life, they'd get tongue-tied, too."

"How true. Actually, all the females I bump into are either too fat or too skinny or in their fifties. I guess I just don't go through the right revolving doors." His face changed and his words came slowly: "There was only one time when it all worked out exactly right."

"Really?" Lesley said. Her mouth was parted. "When was that?"

"About twenty minutes ago."

They looked at each other and, somehow, Lesley could not look away. When she finally turned her face toward the window there was a circle of dryness in her throat, and her heart-beat was quite fast. "There's something exciting about him," she thought.

She drew in her breath. "We seem to be going quite fast now."

He smiled at her. "For the ground, yes. We'd be crawling in the air. Do you like to fly?"

"I don't know. I never have."

The idea scares me a little."

He looked surprised. "Why?"

His chair swivelled around.

"Oh—I guess I'm a coward at heart."

"You don't look like one."

"I know. Most people who meet me think I'm——" She stopped.

"Think you're what?"

"Well, ready for anything."

"And you're not?"

"Actually, I'm a very conservative person. A little—reserved." She looked up, blushed, and was annoyed with herself.

But he was grinning. "You're about as reserved as I am. We're both naturally outgoing and conversational. We love to meet people and find out what they're like inside."

"Really?" Lesley struggled for the next words. "You seem to know me remarkably well. Naturally, your opinion has been forming gradually over the years."

"Oh," he said cheerfully, "I go in regularly for snap judgments. Most of the time they're wrong, but my judgment keeps on snapping just the same."

Suddenly she grinned. "You're crazy."

"Now, that's a snap judgment if I ever heard one." He jumped up. "How about having a lemonade with me in the club car?" He looked down at her. "Now that we're introduced and everything."

"But that's just it." We haven't been introduced."

"Oh—we'll talk a bit and hit on someone we both know. That's as good as an introduction any day. What college do you go to?"

"Wellesley."

He looked thoughtful. "Do you know Peg Roland?"

"Never heard of her."

"Liz Austen? Kay Summers? Jane Schlesinger?"

Lesley looked up at him suspiciously.

"Are you sure you're not

To page 73



Protect you
from sun
GLARE

The bright, hot day
mer put a severe
your eyes—and, c
that, they have to
with dust and wi
way to relieve tire
eyes is to use
Optrex Eye Lotion
gives wonderful
relaxes tense eye
and gently wash
dangerous germs,
tonic action of Opt
to bring back the s
health. Give your
comfort and prote
Optrex—get a bo
your chemist and
every day.



Large
bottle
at C

Optrex
the EYE LOTION

• • • • •
Lobster
give yo
Indigesti
?

YOU NEE
Hardu

INDIGESTION

(Also available in tablet

Proved over ye
in thousands of c

NO DIETING NECESSA

• • • • •
Staiswi
Stay as sweet as yo
Staiswi
The Deodorant yo
Staiswi

Entertain
the easy way



LIST OF FLAVOURS

CHERRY APRICOT MANDARIN
PINEAPPLE ORANGE PASSION FRUIT
STRAWBERRY MARTINI MANHATTAN
BANANA TROPICAL FRUIT PEACH
SERVE ICE COLD

McWILLIAM'S
WINE
Cocktail

Treat your guests to McWilliam's Wine Cocktails. With the range of twelve palate-pleasing Cocktails, you are able to make drinks to suit everyone easily and quickly. This Christmas, give and serve McWilliam's Wine Cocktails.

LONG DRINKS

1½ ozs. Cocktail, fill glass with ginger ale, lemonade or soda water according to taste. Long drinks can be embellished with crushed ice and a slice of lemon or cucumber. In fact, you can make an almost unlimited variety of palate-pleasing drinks with McWilliam's Cocktails.

SHORT DRINKS

Fill small glass with Cocktail and add a maraschino cherry.



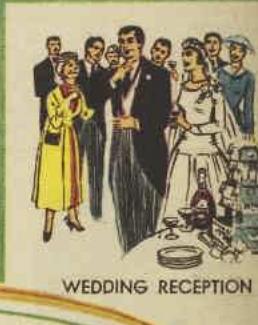
CHRISTMAS PARTY



CHRISTENING PARTY



CARD PARTY



WEDDING RECEPTION

Continuing . . . Tuesday the 27th

from page 41

few places in the world where he was entirely unknown. Secondly, under the influence of Robert Louis Stevenson, Herman Melville, and other writers, plus his own romanticism, he had yearned for years for some lush island paradise in which to end his days.

Nukahiva, when he first saw the island, was so beautiful that Bert wept unashamedly. It did not seem possible that such transcendental loveliness could be real.

At first there was some little difficulty about obtaining permission to settle in Nukahiva, but Bert had anticipated this. From an official of the Colonial Ministry in Paris, a man to whom he had once rendered some service, Bert obtained a letter of commendation to the Administrator. On production of this, all difficulties vanished like magic.

This letter — and Bert was uncomfortably aware of the fact — was the weakest link in the chain of his disappearance. But he hoped that, even if his friend in the Colonial Ministry remembered the name of his firm — and he doubted this — the chances of any contact were so slight as to be negligible.

The more he saw of Nukahiva, the more he liked it. The climate, though warm, was excellent, the people friendly, and the soil rich. Here a man could lead a full life provided his tastes were reasonably simple.

Two weeks after his arrival Bert bought a small, Europeanised house. It had two bedrooms, a large lounge, a fine, shady verandah with a view across a wide bay. There was no plumbing, but there was a hot mineral spring in the garden.

The previous owner — a French official who had retired to France — had constructed a bath-house which ensured privacy. The hot spring was extremely efficacious in the relief of rheumatism, of which Bert suffered occasional twinges.

So the first fruits of his sojourn in this remote island was a complete absence of any rheumatic pain, thanks to frequent immersions in the bath-house.

At least half of Bert's luggage was books. He had arranged while in Sydney to have a further constant supply of books, periodicals, and newspapers sent to him. Now, and for the first time in his life, he would be able to catch up on his reading.

Meanwhile, the rich soil of the garden was crying out for cultivation. And Bert, who was accustomed to an active life, set to work with a will to make himself independent of outside sources of fruits and vegetables.

Bert spoke French fluently and he was soon on pleasant terms with the small official and mercantile community, but during these early months in Nukahiva his chief pleasure in the evenings was to lie full length in a cane chair reading, in the certainty that his train of thought would not be interrupted by the telephone, or Lucy's voice asking him for a five-letter word meaning a fruit and ending with — mon.

When tired of reading he put himself in Lucy's shoes, trying to guess just how she had set about the task of finding him. Her first inquiries, of course, would be at the office of Welland Brothers, where she would have been told that he had resigned and that nobody had the smallest know-

ledge of his movements or intentions from the day on which his resignation had become effective.

Then, Bert guessed, she would have called on Dick Hayden. He, poor chap, would have been embarrassed by having to confess that he, too, knew nothing.

At this juncture, if he read her character and likely behaviour rightly, Lucy would indulge in the luxury of a little private grief at No. 17 Lawn Crescent. Her vanity would have sustained her in the belief that in a few weeks, or months, and, despite his letter, Bert would return to her.

Doubtless, she had rehearsed ad nauseam a lachrymose scene, at the end of which she would forgive him and welcome him back to his home.

Shortly after his forty-sixth birthday Bert was delighted to realise how adaptable he was. He had shed the old life as a snake sheds its skin and, as he expressed it privately in his own thoughts, taken to the new life as a duck takes to water. He wondered whether Lucy would have expressed it thus neatly.

In Nukahiva the rich soil, alternating rain and sunshine, made the ground a forcing house for weeds. It was impossible to keep pace with them. But fortunately it did not matter. Weeds or no, there were always vegetables aplenty.



Aubergines, okra, chick peas, several gourds, including a delicious melon, christophines, sweet potatoes, yams, and many more simply ran riot.

Planted by his predecessor, Bert found several varieties of banana, oranges, guavas, passionfruit, avocados, papayas, and other fruits too numerous to mention, all with the irreducible minimum of effort on his part.

On the outward journey Bert had more than once wondered whether the romantic writers who had described the Pacific island had not been guilty of drawing the long bow. But now, amid all the luxuriance, he knew that, if anything, they had understated the immense fertility.

There was a shortage of razor blades in the islands and, when his own were exhausted, Bert considered that a beard gave him a distinguished appearance.

Good brandy and excellent rum were cheap in the islands. Bert, who had always prided himself on being able to shake an excellent cocktail, began to experiment. There were certain difficulties, the chief among these being the absence of ice.

But by trial and error he evolved one excellent drink which he called the "Hartley-Simmonds Special." Scooping out twenty passionfruit and straining them through a handkerchief — preferably a clean one — he mixed the resultant juice with an equal quantity of fresh pineapple

juice, choosing for the purpose pineapples just short of ripeness, so that the juice would not be too sweet.

To these were added a few shavings from the peel of a bitter orange. These gave the mixture a certain zest.

All that it then required was the admixture of an equal quantity of brandy or rum. Bottled and corked, and left for twelve to twenty-four hours at the bottom of a cool, deep well, the "Hartley-Simmonds Special" was quite delightful.

As a substitute for coffee, bacon and eggs and toast in the early morning it was an unqualified success.

One evening, when well into the second bottle since sundown, Bert remembered Lucy's pursed lips and the look of disapproval on the rare occasions when he had drunk more than one whisky and soda. The memory evoked sent Bert into peals of uproarious laughter.

Standing out in the garden in a deluge of rain, he shouted defiance to the elements. Obediently the thunderstorm ceased, the clouds rolled away, and the sky once more became a placid starlit dome. Bert felt omniscient and godlike.

This called for a celebration. He nearly fell down the well while hauling up another bottle of the "Hartley-Simmonds Special."

Bert had a bad dream that night. In it Lucy went by accident to the Sydney bookshop which supplied him.

There was a distressing scene on the beach at Tai-o-hae, with Lucy screaming ugly recriminations and then, after a fit of weeping, imploring him to return to England with her. The outlines of the dream became somewhat fuzzy at this stage and altogether inconclusive, but when Bert awoke he was alone.

This occurred in the third year of Bert's self-imposed exile, at which time some rather odd rumors were circulating about him in Nukahiva. He had developed the habit of talking to himself — not in conversational tones, but at the top of his voice.

He was still living upon his travellers' cheques and, upon his rare visits to Tai-o-hae a complication arose because of his inability to countersign them with a signature which resembled his own. There was, understandably, a certain reluctance upon the part of the French trading house where he was in the habit of obtaining money to provide him with funds or credit.

When it was suggested to Bert that his signature might improve if he curtailed his intake of "Hartley-Simmonds Special," he was deeply wounded.

Indeed, the incident assumed a sinister significance in his mind, as part of an elaborate Communist plot against him, a plot, furthermore, to which the Administrator was a party. To make matters worse, Bert accused the Administrator openly.

During the period of enforced sobriety which followed the cutting-off of credit, an official (instigated, doubtless, by the missionaries, who were also in the Communist plot) brought Bert a slip of paper, informing him that he was now "persona non grata."

The little house was seized for debt and, protesting violently, Bert found himself one morning upon the deck of an Australian trading schooner bound for Sydney. When the schooner dropped anchor in Woolloomooloo Bay, Bert was carried ashore to hospital.

After some five weeks in a

To page 78

feedin's fun
at our house



*
No more colic — no more wind

Steadiflow

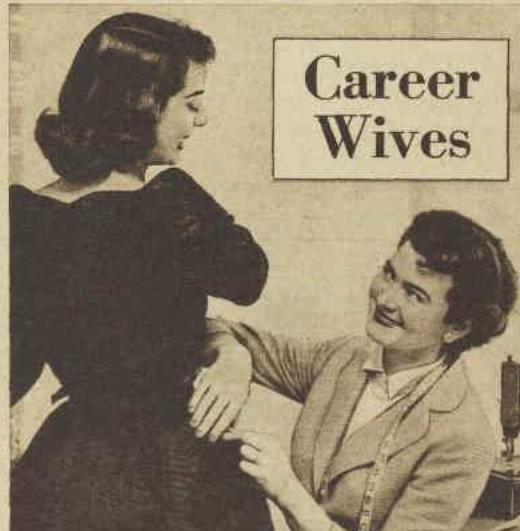
BABY'S FEEDING BOTTLE

- Controls milk flow automatically
- Encourages correct mouth and teeth growth
- Doctor-designed hygienic teat

Standard glass Boilproof pyrex Unbreakable plastic
5/- 6/- 7/-
complete complete complete

AT CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

**Career
Wives**



"Every year more and more housewives are taking on a job," says dressmaker-housewife, Madame P. Fischer, 28 Anglo Road, Greenwich. To any woman thinking of doing the same, Madame Fischer has this advice:

"MUSTS" FOR WORKING WIVES

"Remember you'll have half your usual time for housework, so work out a routine. Then, of course, you must keep up your appearance. Nice hands are an asset in any job you take. For instance, all the time I'm fitting a customer my hands are on view. That's why I give them the best of care — and that includes using Persil on washday. Persil, I find, is especially kind to hands, keeping them soft and smooth."

F.142, WW629

Page 75

Tek
The best
Toothbrush
money can
buy!

2/-

**SUPER TEKLON NYLON
SLEEK TAPEFED HANDLE
NO SLIP GRIP**

**Finest
First Aid
Treatment
for all
minor
injuries**

BAND-AID
Adhesive Bandages
Waterproof

JOHNSON & JOHNSON

DUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1956

★ EXCITINGLY NEW... and your choice of 5 lovely interior "confection" colours!



Westinghouse Food-File REFRIGERATOR

Model 1196
9.0 cu. ft. food
storage capacity.



A SPECIAL PLACE A SPECIAL COLD!

For each and every kind of food

SIX WONDERFUL NEW "FOOD FILE" MODELS

A Westinghouse triumph of modern styling and engineering ranging from compact yet spacious 7.1 cu. ft. to de-luxe 9.0 cu. ft. press-button and automatic defrost "Frost Free" models.

- ★ Controlled temperature zones.
- ★ All-steel cabinets.
- ★ Big 1/6 h.p. sealed-in-oil Economiser Unit.
- ★ Self-cleaning condenser—no cleaning necessary. Low operating costs.
- ★ Silent Watchman protects motor.

IN REFRIGERATION... EXPERIENCE COUNTS!



Behind every
"Food File"
Refrigerator stands
the international
reputation of
Westinghouse —
the world's greatest
name in home
appliances.

FREEZE CHEST

"Dry" cold for frozen foods, ice cream, ice blocks. Fast freezing and safe, uniform storage temperatures.

MAIN STORAGE COMPARTMENT

Correct temperature for all general food-keeping requirements. Ample provision for tall bottles, sundries, leftovers.

HUMIDRAWER

Cool, "freshening" moist cold is maintained to keep vegetables crisp and garden fresh for maximum storage periods.

DOOR SHELVES

Five temperature zones—eggs, butter, milk, cheese and fruit—right at your fingertips.

BUTTER & CHEESE KEEPER

Just the temperatures for safe butter and cheese storage. Keeps cheese palatable and butter spreadable.

FRUIT BIN

Fruit retains its orchard freshness... children love cool, firm fruit straight from handy bin.



Write for free literature on Westinghouse "Food File" refrigerators to:

Westinghouse Rosebery Pty. Ltd.,
Joynton Avenue,
Waterloo, N.S.W.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Cut Out and Mail this Coupon

FIVE SPARKLING INTERIOR COLOURS. The very latest kitchen decorator shades... Desert-Sand, Sunshine Yellow, Sage Green, Arctic Blue, Shell Pink. Exteriors in White or Cream.

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S

Westinghouse

AT ALL LEADING ELECTRICAL RETAILERS

MANUFACTURED BY A UNIT OF EMAIL LIMITED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28, 1958

COLORFUL ODDITIES

• Some of the strangest plants in the garden world belong to the euphorbia or spurge family, which ranges from the small snow-on-the-mountain to spiny or prickly shrubs; from the tall poinsettia to big trees.



*EUPHORBIA marginata (above), or snow-on-the-mountain, a garden favorite, and *Euphorbia jacquiniæflora* (right), with its tall clusters of reddish flowers, are attractive members of an unusual plant family.*

MOST euphorbias grown belong to the tropical and sub-tropical areas, and many do quite well in temperate climates as far south as Melbourne.

At this time of year the dainty little half-hardy annuals snow-on-the-mountain (*Euphorbia marginata*) and Mexican fire plant (*Euphorbia heterophylla*) can be sown. The fire plant often will last two or three years in warm districts.

Euphorbia marginata is an old annual garden favorite that produces cream-green foliage and white bracts with tiny flowers in the centre. It grows to about 18in. and is ornamental, and seeds fairly freely. The Mexican fire plant closely resembles tall, shrubby cousin, the poinsettia, producing colorful red leaf-like bracts and very small reddish-and-yellow flowers.

This plant should be sown from seed and standing — as it does not transplant well. The same applies to snow-on-the-mountain. One of the best known of the family in Australia is the brilliant poinsettia, which can be obtained in single form (Poinsettia *herrerae*) and the so-called double-flowered variety (known as "Eck").

GARDENING

creamy yellow variety is popular along the coast from Sydney to Queensland. Rooted cuttings are set out now.

The most euphorbias, poinsettias will not stand heavy frosts, although if planted in east or north-east against a wall or fence they will do well up to about 1500ft. in New South Wales, and in warmer areas as far south as Albury. Melbourne gardeners who give this lovely shrub good attention can get satisfactory results.

The poinsettia is easily propagated from cuttings taken after the red bracts have fallen in late winter. It usually makes its display in early winter. In very good soil it will grow to 10 or 12ft. It suckers freely and should be thinned regularly.

The "double-flowered" poinsettia is easily more brilliant, but, like the single type,



needs hard cutting back to the main trunk after the bracts have fallen.

Probably the most quaint and curious of this family is the snake-like plant known as *Euphorbia caput-Medusæ*, or Medusa's head plant, because of its resemblance to the mythical goddess with hair of snakes.

This grows well in a big pot or deep basket, over which the sinuous, slender stems spill downwards a foot or more. It is a vegetable oddity sufficiently queer to be included in any indoor collection.

A plant often regarded as a cactus is another member of this extraordinary family. It is *Euphorbia splendens* and it is armed with sharp thorns.

However, if planted in a deep pot or a rocky bay not often disturbed, it makes a brilliant display with its tiny red bracts or flowers, which appear almost throughout the year. Its common name is crown-of-thorns.

One of the strangest of the family is a native tree of Venezuela known commonly as cow-tree, which yields rich sweet milk used by the natives as a health drink.

Most euphorbias exude latex or whitish sap, so gardeners allergic to such juices should take care — they may cause skin irritation.

Many have poisonous juice, but most ornamental types are safe and do well under garden conditions if given uniform warmth and moisture during growth.

EAT OUT-OF-DOORS — the easy way

— let the family fix their own sandwiches, salad — on the spot! Made in a jiffy when you pack Kraft Cheddar Cheese.



SEASIDE SALAD:

Pack your picnic hamper with salad foods, bread and Kraft Cheddar. You'll make a fresher, crispier salad — satisfy those hearty seaside appetites with the wonderful nourishment of mellow Kraft Cheddar.



BUSH BARBECUE:

Toasted cheese sandwiches go well with sausages at a barbecue picnic. And another tasty cheese treat is "Picnic Bread", made at home before you set out on the picnic.

Recipe: Rub 1/4 cup softened butter into 1 1/2 cups wholemeal S.R. flour, 1/2 cup S.R. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup shredded Kraft Cheddar. Add one beaten egg and a cup of milk and beat until smooth. Pour into a greased cake tin. Bake in a hot oven for 25 to 30 minutes. At the barbecue split each piece and toast.

Kraft Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition that is perfect for picnics — gives you and your family body-building protein and valuable milk minerals . . . plus Vitamins A, B₂ and D. Tastes so good, too — whether you serve it in salads, sandwiches or toasted sandwiches.



Available everywhere in the blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size economy 2-lb. pack, or cut from the 5-lb. loaf.



SENSATIONAL! NEW ODO-RO-NO STICK DEODORANT



WITH ONE STROKE YOU

- Wipe out perspiration odour instantly
- Protect yourself "round the clock"
- Feel fresh and sure of yourself

New, Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is the easiest, quickest way to apply your deodorant. Especially handy to use right from its ingenious plastic case — there is nothing to unwrap — no contact with fingers — no rubbing in. Sure to be a winner with men, too!

Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is completely new — protects as no other stick deodorant can, thanks to amazing new formula giving unmatched triple protection! Wonderfully pleasant cologne fragrance.

SO QUICK! STROKE IT ON — IT'S DRY.
THE EASIEST UNDERARM PROTECTION.

Available everywhere — only 6/11.

Instant STICK
ODO-RO-NO

FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN



P161

Continuing . . . Tuesday the 27th

darkened room and a further period of convalescence, Bert was pronounced well and able to leave hospital. Although the most acute of the zoological manifestations no longer troubled him, he was in fact far from well.

But he could walk—just. And after some practice could sign his name well enough for banks to cash his travellers' cheques. On the advice of a kindly doctor he went to a mountain sanatorium, where, since liquor was barred, his return to normal health might be expected.

After a winter spent in the keen, dry mountain air, with plenty of good food, regular exercise, and no alcohol, Bert realised with thankfulness that he was cured and able to face the world again. He also realised that he was somewhat homesick.

Upon a sudden impulse he went down to Sydney, where he booked a passage for England, arriving in London three years and nine months after leaving home.

One evening, having seen all the good films and feeling restive, Bert took a bus to Twickenham. Hoping that he would not be recognised, he walked to Lawn Crescent, No. 17 was in darkness. Opening the front gate, he went into the garden.

The melancholy air of neglect, visible even in the light of a street lamp, shocked Bert. His beloved roses were rank and almost choked with weeds. The lawn was a tangle of dead grass. The skylight over the front door was broken, where some mischievous boy had thrown a stone. Bert fled. He could bear no more.

On the following morning he called upon his lawyer, Dick Hayden, who received him somewhat coolly.

"I've been wondering when I should hear from you," he said. "Where have you been?"

"I've been three years in the Marquesas Islands. They're in the Pacific—French. But the climate didn't agree with me."

"Well, what brings you here?"

"I just called in for a friendly chat, Dick. After all, we were friends, weren't we?"

"Of course, Bert, of course! But right now I'm busy. Tell you what! Let's have lunch together. I'll be able to talk them. But just now, you understand . . ."

"Of course, Dick. I'll come back for you at twelve-thirty. I should have phoned for an appointment."

At lunch the two men chatted unceasingly. The bond which had united them for many years was curiously non-existent. They talked warily, like strangers.

"I hope," said Bert over the coffee, "that Lucy is well. I suppose my leaving like that was a great shock to her?"

"I dare say it was," replied the lawyer. "I don't mind telling you, Bert, that in my opinion you behaved abominably. But how should I know what happened to Lucy?"

"But didn't you carry out my instructions?" asked Bert, agast.

"I couldn't, my dear chap. Lucy never got in touch with me. Your instructions presupposed that she would. But she didn't and I have done precisely nothing."

"But this is terrible, Dick. Poor Lucy's private income is almost nothing—certainly too small to live on. She isn't at

our old house. By the way, what's happened there?"

"A few weeks after you left, the electric light people and the water company got in touch with me. I paid the bills and arranged for the water, electricity, and telephone to be cut off. There have been several offers for the house, but in the absence of instructions from you I could do nothing."

"What do you suppose," asked Bert, "can have happened to Lucy?"

"Your guess is as good as mine, my dear chap."

"You know, Dick, I'm afraid my last letter to her must have shattered her. I wish now that I had kept a copy. Lucy, like all of us, has her pride, and I only hope I didn't say too much."

"While we are on the subject, Bert," said the lawyer, "what was the trouble between you two? I never did understand what it was all about."

"There was no trouble, Dick. Never at any time. But for years Lucy bored me until, sometimes, I could have screamed. I tried, and I hope I succeeded, in keeping that knowledge from her. I had no desire to hurt her—needlessly. It was, simply, that on the day Carol was married and sailed for Canada, there was no longer any need for us to go on living together. We had done our duty and I—well, I wanted to live."

"That's your affair, Bert. Meanwhile, something has to be done about that house of yours. If you don't want to live there, let me sell it for you. I have half a dozen buyers . . ."

Bert still had his latchkey, so that afternoon he again went down to Twickenham. In daylight No. 17 Lawn Crescent looked simply appalling. The air of neglect gave him a strange feeling of guilt.

The letterbox was filled, while an overflow had fallen on to the hall floor. Dust lay thickly everywhere.

In the kitchen, where he had left them, were the identical dirty dishes from the last breakfast he had eaten in the house. The thought struck him: Lucy would not have left them like that. It followed, if he were right, that Lucy had never returned. But that was absurd.

Bert went into the living-room where — in accordance with the best traditions of fiction — his letter to Lucy stood propped against the clock on the mantelpiece — unopened.

This could only mean one thing: Lucy was dead. Bert went to the telephone with the intention of calling the police. But the line was dead. He rifled carelessly through the pile of letters he had taken from the letterbox. Most of them had long since lost any meaning.

Notice to Contributors
PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.
Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamp to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088SW, G.P.O., Sydney.

intellectual vacuum by spending the evenings working out word puzzles designed for children.

It is better that we part without recriminations. We have left you, Bert, and not coming back, I may face financial demands of any amount on you. I have found an interesting job and in two weeks I shall be working at it. If you want a divorce, I course, make it easy for me.

For myself, I do not want a divorce. One marriage has been plenty for me and I am not tempted to repeat the experiment. My decision is final, so I beg you not to find me. Mabel will always be where I am.

I hope you will be happy, Bert, as I hope to be happy.

As he slammed the front door and staggered out into the foggy dusk, Bert Sims failed utterly to understand the hot tears which hit him.

(Copyright)

TIME . . .
SAVE . . .
TEMPER . . .
YOUR HANDS

... bring streamlined beauty to your kitchen with American style

CAN-O-MAT

the precision wall can-opener, styled for modern living, made to last a lifetime



NO MORE FUSS,
NO MORE MUSS,
AND NO CUT
FINGERS WITH
LOVELY-TO-
LOOK-AT
CAN-O-MAT

A LITTLE
MAGNET LIFTS THE LID,
CUTTING WHEEL COMES
OUT FOR EASY CLEANING.



Can-O-Mat clips to any wall in any shape of can. It's the simple, one-hand way to open quickly, cleanly. No more mess in the can for severed lid. Clever magnet whisk it away. No more hunting for elusive old-style opener once you've clipped your CAN-O-MAT to the wall! See CAN-O-MAT at your nearest home appliance and department stores!

* WEDDING PRESENT PROBLEM

Can-O-Mat's a wonderful "breathe roses" gift for a bride—Lifetime usefulness and good looks, too!

* MEMO FOR HUSBANDS!

Make homekeeping happier for the woman in your life . . . with CAN-O-MAT, the gift that goes on helping 365 days in the year for a lifetime.

CAN-O-MAT is fully guaranteed
and precision engineered.

C.C. Distributors Pty. Ltd., 221 Bridge Road, Glebe, N.S.W. NSW 2117

*"that's what
we want for
Christmas!"*

*If
we were asked
we'd say*

MAIDS' SATIN TRIM
Velvet in Black/Red,
Black/Blue.

MAIDS'
QUILTED SATIN
Red, Blue and Rose.

CORNELLI
MORCAIN
Red, Blue and Rose.

QUILTED SATIN
Colours include Blue,
Rose, Wine.

SOFT LEATHER
Royal, Jet, Riviera
Red.

MEN'S
Tan or Black leather
with Tartan lining.

FLORAL
MORCAIN
Red, Blue and Rose.

QUILTED SATIN
Colours include Blue,
Rose, Wine.

LUREX TRIM
Black/Blue as
shown.

MEN'S SCUFF
Natural colour
Beaver hide.

Betta

*"never
wear out
their
welcome"*

**CASUALS and
SLIPPERS !**

NOW AT ALL GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Page 80

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 28

1863.—Beginner's pattern for easy-to-make boy's sunsuit. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1 yard 36in. material and 1/4 yard 36in. material in contrast. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4348.—Prettily waisted one-piece dress. Sizes: Length 18, 20, 22, and 28in. for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2 1/2 yards 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F3875.—Sundress and matching bolero. Sizes: Lengths 20, 22, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 yards 36in. material, 1 to 1 1/2 yards 36in. contrast, 1-3rd yard edging. Price, 3/-.

F3435.—Short-sleeved school uniform. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 years for 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 to 3 1/2 yards 36in. material and 1/4 yard 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

F4350.—Tailored school uniform. Sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years for 30, 32, and 34in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yards 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F4351.—Braid-trimmed sundress. Sizes: Lengths 23, 28, 34 and 40in. for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1 1/2 to 2 1-3rd yards 36in. striped material, 1/4 yard contrast, and 2 1/2 yards rick-rack braid. Price 3/-.

F4352.—Sundress designed with an unusual heart-shape bib top. Sizes: Lengths 18, 20, and 23in. for 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires 1 1/2 to 1 1/2 yards 36in. material, and 1 yard bias binding. Price 3/-.

FP1.—Iron-on transfer for skirt trim, consisting of 14 motifs of Dutch boy and girl figures. Price 2/6.

F4349.—Two-piece pyjamas. Sizes 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 3 1/2 to 4 yards 36in. material. Price 3/6.

FP1000.—Iron-on transfer for pocket trim, consisting of 8 novelty circus motifs. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 368.—HOSTESS APRON

Waist apron finished with a crisp white organdie ruffle trim is obtainable cut out ready to make. The color and material choice includes check gingham in red and white; lemon and white; green and white; blue and white; and black and white. Price 8/3. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 369.—TEA-TOWELS

The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is linen toweling featuring a multi-colored stripe. Size 22in. x 32in. price 6/11. Postage and registration 9d. extra. Set of three 19/11. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

No. 370.—LUNCHEON SET

The mats and matching serviettes are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes Irish linen in white and cream, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, and pink. Größe mats 14in. x 14in.; plate mat 11in. x 11in.; and cup-and-saucer mat 7in. x 7in. Nine-piece set, including 1 centre, 4 plates, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats. Price 18/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre, 6 plates, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats. Price 22/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Serviette 11in. x 11in. price 1/9. Postage and registration 3d. extra.

No. 371.—DAYTIME DRESS

Smart one-piece dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed cambrie cotton. The color choice includes white and mauve on a blue ground; white and cherry-red on a pink ground; and white and lemon on a turquoise ground. Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust 23/6, 36 to 38in. bust 25/3. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.



F3862.—Lace-trimmed half petticoat and matching panties. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Requires 1 1-3rd to 2 yards 36in. material, and 9 1/2 yards lace edging. Price 3/-.

F3862



Cotton singlets
are pretty when they're

BOND'S

Choose a cotton singlet with a pretty fancy rib, a neat-fitting elasticised top. Bonds know that lots of women prefer cotton undies, so they've devoted themselves to making them fresh and dainty looking. Ask to see Bonds singlets in peach and frosty white at good stores everywhere.

"care for
mustard?"



"yes, if it's
KEEN'S"

Appetites everywhere are sharpened by Keen's Mustard. It brings out the full flavour of all meats, and adds zest to almost every food you serve.

RECKITT & COLMAN (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

Page 81

givings grand when it's



planned



CHOOSE FROM 11 COLOUR COMBINATIONS → SET OF FIVE - 19/11

The ideal gift for Xmas, birthdays, shower-teas, weddings



The joys of giving are grand indeed when you wrap a bright, practical Gayware gift.

For Xmas, for birthdays, weddings or kitchen teas, a Gayware Table Gift Set is always met with: "Ah! wonderful, just what I want."

See the Gayware range now.

Page 82

COVERED FOOD DISHES, illustrated above. Colours to match Gayware canisters. Set of five, 19/11—or can be purchased individually.

- A—Chef match-box holder, 5/11.
- B—Water or beer jug in glamorous colours. Quart size, 12/6.
- C—Wash basin or mixing bowl in unbreakable polythene. Size 16 in. 29/11.
- D—Cocktail shaker with strainer top, in black, red, green, yellow, 7/11.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 28, 1956

DEBBIE SERVES A SALAD LUNCHEON

• Teenage chef Debbie shows how to make a meat loaf which she serves cold with crisp celery, lettuce, tomato, and cucumber to make a salad luncheon (illustrated at right).

One pound minced steak, 1 lb. sausage mince, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bacon, 2 onions, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, level teaspoon salt, pinch pepper and herbs, 1 egg, milk, 3 hard-boiled eggs.

Place minced steak, sausage mince, and chopped bacon (rind removed) in basin. Mix well, then add breadcrumbs, chopped onion, parsley, salt, pepper, and herbs.

Beat egg, mix thoroughly with meat mixture, adding a little milk if necessary. Place half the mixture in a greased loaf-tin. Make three depressions in meat; place one shelled hard-boiled egg in each depression. Brush surface of meat with melted butter, and cover with remaining meat.

Bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Remove loaf from tin; allow to become cold. Serve sliced with fresh salad.



CHOP bacon finely and add to minced steak, sausage mince, and chopped onion in the basin. The most satisfactory way to get good minced steak is to choose the cut of steak and have the butcher mince it.



PRESS half the prepared meat mixture evenly over the base of a well-greased loaf-tin (8½ in. by 5 in.). If you prefer a crusty covering on your loaf, coat the inside of the greased loaf-tin with browned breadcrumbs.



MAKE three depressions in meat mixture with the back of a dessertspoon. Place one shelled hard-boiled egg lengthwise in each depression. Be sure the eggs are quite cold, or a dark ring will form around yolks.



GLAZE surface of meat with a little melted butter before covering with second half of the mixture. This keeps the two layers of meat together during cooking. Press balance of meat over eggs, bake as directed.



Busy Sue

SHOWS

YOU
HOW!

• Make
this
marvellous

Quick, easy, delicious ...



Place unopened 12-oz. tin of Nestle's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. 20 minutes before making set control at maximum. When ready to make, add one tablespoonful of cold water to one teaspoonful gelatine and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved, cool. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ packet Nestle's Choc Bits over double boiler. Pour Ideal Milk into bowl, add 2 oz. sugar and the melted Choc Bits. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine, one packet chopped mixed nuts and whip until thick and creamy (only seconds). Place in freezing trays and freeze.

To make SNOWCAP. Chill one 6-oz. tin Ideal Milk and a bowl overnight in the refrigerator. Pour contents of tin into bowl and whip—takes only seconds for a glamour topping!

Ideal Evaporated Milk is so thick and creamy it whips—just like cream! Ideal is not only super in ice cream, it gives new flavour and texture to soups and main course dishes too. Ask for Ideal recipes at your grocers.

NESTLE'S
IDEAL
Evaporated
MILK



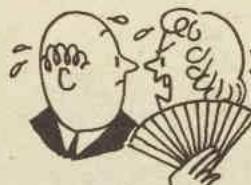
Try IDEAL with
NESCAFE too for
delicious creamed
Coffee!

Once upon a time

—a man took a pencil and some paper. He drew a plan, and then built himself a house. It was just what he wanted. A pretty house. But a week after they moved in the man's wife said: "This house is cold".



It was, too! During the day she would keep the heater going and the heat would go out through the lining, through the outside walls into the great outdoors. There was nothing to stop it. And when the house turned out to be hot in the summer, it was too much! "This house," said the man's wife, "should have been insulated". And she looked very fierce.



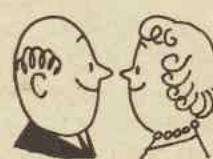
S

o the man took some more timber and some more lining. And £36 worth of Cane-ite Insulating Wallboard. And he built another house. It looked the same, but it was oh! so warm in winter and oh! so cool in summer—because the Cane-ite was put on as a sheathing—that is, all round the walls between the outside lining and the timber framing.



And the woman said "See, if you'd spent that £36 and taken a little more trouble in the first place we needn't have gone through this. Now go and sell our old house to someone who doesn't know just how important it is to ask

"Is it insulated?" before they buy a home.

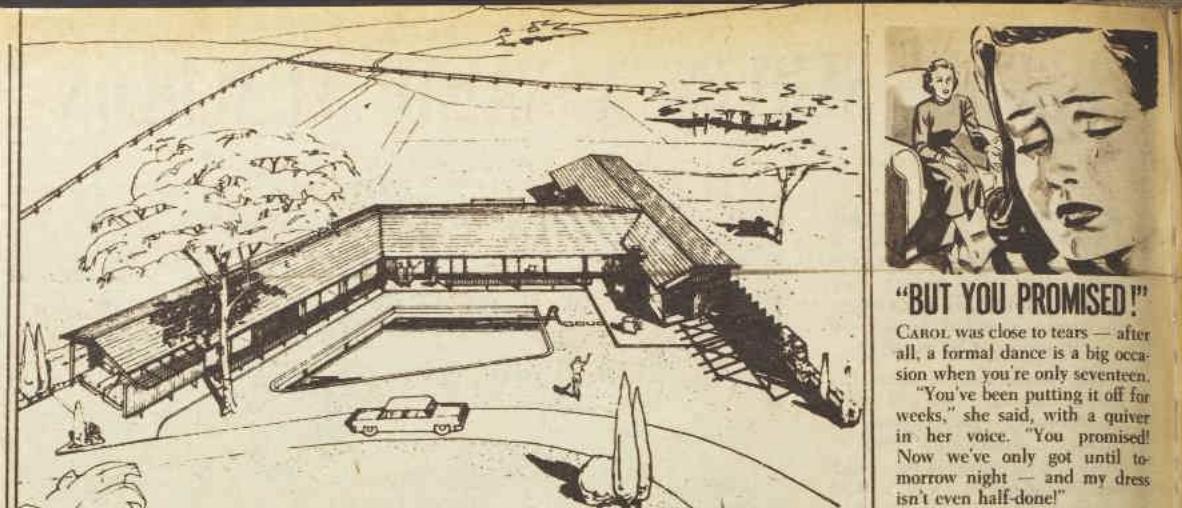


Moral

Learn more about insulating your house with Cane-ite before you build. Your nearest C.S.R. Showroom will be glad to give you any information.



Made by THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
Building Materials Division
Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Wollongong, Brisbane, Townsville,
Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart. CS6-1P



THIS SPACIOUS HOME built on rambling, ranch-type lines is ideal for country life. Designed to make the most of the view and to give protection from the winds, it is also planned to ease the housewife's cleaning and managing problems.

Architect's diary

Country home built in ranch style

• A country reader who lives near Goulburn, N.S.W., has planned to build a new home that will be modern and labor-saving but will also have plenty of space for the usual country activities.

She believes the old-fashioned, square type of country house makes too much work for the housewife, and wants a home that can be easily worked and will contain all the latest labor-saving devices.

At a family conference the new home was discussed and a list of the requirements made. These requirements, and the fact that there was unlimited land on which to build, resulted in the choice of a plan for a ranch-type house.

The plan, as shown in the sketches on this page, is for an open U-shaped house, broadly subdivided into a bedroom-wing on the east, connected to a family living-wing on the west by the formal living-rooms.

All the rooms are connected by a continuous verandah that gives protection from direct sunlight, and has large areas of glass facing a beautiful view to the north.

The house also has an extended windbreak and barbecue on the west that form a barrier from the unpleasant westerly wind. An open courtyard has room for a swimming pool, and makes a pleasant outdoor living space.

A utility room has been de-

signed for many purposes. It provides an alternative living-room for the whole family, and has, in addition to comfortable lounge furniture, a built-in ironing-board, sewing bench, and storage cupboards.

This room can also be used as a teenage recreation room. It has sliding glass panels that

can be opened to make extra room for a large party.

The kitchen has been restricted to a fairly small area for convenience. It will include a four-oven, slow-combustion stove, twin refrigerators and freezer, a dinette, cooling cupboards for hot food, garbage-disposal unit in the bench, ample servery space, twin-bowl stainless steel sink and drainer.

There is a rather large pantry to store food in bulk, including 200 to 300 jars of jams and preserves.

The house also has an extended windbreak and barbecue on the west that form a barrier from the unpleasant westerly wind. An open courtyard has room for a swimming pool, and makes a pleasant outdoor living space.

A utility room has been de-

signed for many purposes. It provides an alternative living-room for the whole family, and has, in addition to comfortable lounge furniture, a built-in ironing-board, sewing bench, and storage cupboards.

Near the kitchen and accessible from a sheltered porch is a small dairy, housing a meat chopping-block, milk separator, butter churn, and stainless steel washing-up trough.

The laundry is large, and includes an ironing-board, sorting bench, first-aid cupboard, and space for a mobile clothes-container.

The formal living-room is designed to take two sofas, a baby-grand piano, and a large built-in unit incorporating radiogram, music and record store, and bookshelves.

Living, dining, and utility rooms can have sliding panels that open to form one large space for entertaining.

In the bedroom-wing are two bathrooms. No. 1 bathroom is accessible from the main bedroom and from the gallery. No. 2 bathroom has direct access from outside, and is close to the vestibule for use by guests.

Three bedrooms are connected by a gallery or hall with glass walls that allow the garden running its full length outside to be seen from indoors. All bedrooms have large areas of glass that give a view to the north.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.



"BUT YOU PROMISED!"

CAROL was close to tears — after all, a formal dance is a big occasion when you're only seventeen.

"You've been putting it off for weeks," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "You promised! Now we've only got until tomorrow night — and my dress isn't even half-done!"

"I know, I know!" snapped Mrs. Allan, her mother, "but I can't do everything!"

Supper was silent — except for a muffled sniff or two from Carol. Then Mrs. Allan got up and gave her a big hug.

"I'm sorry darling," she said. "I'll see your dress is ready in time — if I weren't so tired these days, I'd have finished it long ago... and I wouldn't be so edgy, either, I suppose." Carol looked worried. "Mum, why don't you see the Doctor? Let me make an appointment for you!"

Mrs. Allan's Doctor was able to reassure her. "There's nothing organically wrong with you," he said. "I suspect Night Starvation. You see, while you sleep, your body goes on working—demanding more energy, after a hard day's work has already exhausted you. You wake tired and nervous and worry even more. Take a cup of hot Horlicks every night at bedtime." Soon Mrs. Allan found she was waking refreshed and ready for the hardest day. Right now she's working on a dream of a frock for Carol.

Near the kitchen and accessible from a sheltered porch is a small dairy, housing a meat chopping-block, milk separator, butter churn, and stainless steel washing-up trough.

The laundry is large, and includes an ironing-board, sorting bench, first-aid cupboard, and space for a mobile clothes-container.

The formal living-room is designed to take two sofas, a baby-grand piano, and a large built-in unit incorporating radiogram, music and record store, and bookshelves.

Living, dining, and utility rooms can have sliding panels that open to form one large space for entertaining.

In the bedroom-wing are two bathrooms. No. 1 bathroom is accessible from the main bedroom and from the gallery. No. 2 bathroom has direct access from outside, and is close to the vestibule for use by guests.

Three bedrooms are connected by a gallery or hall with glass walls that allow the garden running its full length outside to be seen from indoors. All bedrooms have large areas of glass that give a view to the north.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

The car-port provides convenient access direct into the main bedroom or along the verandah towards the main entrance.

Veal recipe wins prize

• An interesting and unusual veal dish flavored with ham, lemon, and nutmeg wins this week's £5 prize in our recipe contest. Serve it for lunch or dinner.

THE appearance of the Dutch sweetbreads depends largely on careful handling when shaping the uncooked mixture, and the even browning of the "sweetbreads" in the fat.

Winner of the consolation prize is a recipe for stuffed prunes. The prunes do not require any cooking, and are ideal to serve at parties.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

DUTCH SWEETBREADS

One pound fillet of veal, 1oz. butter, 2 tablespoons milk, 2oz. soft breadcrumbs, 2oz. fat ham, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white stock, egg - glazing, browned breadcrumbs, fat for frying, parsley, bacon rolls.

Melt butter in saucepan, add milk and crumbs, stir over low heat 2 or 3 minutes. Mince veal and ham together, add to crumbs, then add lemon rind and juice, nutmeg, salt and pepper, bind with beaten

egg. Turn mixture on to board, and with lightly floured hands shape into 8 or 10 sweetbread - shaped patties. Brush with egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Fry lightly on both sides in a little hot fat. Drain off excess fat, add stock, cover closely, simmer 20 to 25 minutes. Serve on hot dish, garnished with parsley and bacon rolls.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. S. Blake, Toolondo, Vic.

STUFFED PRUNES

Three dozen large dessert prunes, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon finely chopped preserved ginger, 1 tablespoon icing sugar, squeeze lemon juice.

Cut a slit in prunes, remove stones. Whip cream, fold in walnuts, ginger, icing sugar, and lemon juice, then fill a teaspoonful of cream mixture into each prune cavity. Spear each prune with a cocktail stick.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Buckley, 3 Rosedale St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.



SMALL R OR K CHOPS, browned in fat, then simmered in equal parts of pineapple juice and water, are served with pineapple.

Family dish

CAPE cod fillets are used in this week's family dish, but tinned fish cutlets, tuna, or fresh fish can be used instead and the result will be just as good. This recipe is a good way of making a small quantity of fish serve more by extending it with cheese and breadcrumbs. Using cod fillets, this dish costs seven shillings and sixpence and serves four or five.

CAPE COD CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds Cape cod fillets, lemon juice, 2oz. butter or substitute (melted), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated tasty cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft white breadcrumbs, 2 onions, 2 tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Place fillets in cold water, bring to the boil, drain. Pat dry. Remove skin and any bones. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Arrange a layer of fish in greased casserole, brush with melted butter or substitute. Cover with a layer of breadcrumbs and cheese. Season with salt and pepper. Add a layer of sliced onion and tomatoes and parsley. Repeat layers, using up all ingredients. Cover and cook in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until fish is soft and flaky. Serve immediately.

PROTEINS FOR THE EXPECTANT MOTHER

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

milk, help to prevent anaemia, and build up a resistance to infection.

Although the calcium and phosphorus in milk supply the framework of a baby's body, it is the proteins that provide the tissue-building materials.

Proteins in the pre-natal diet also improve and increase the quality and quantity of breast

During pregnancy the diet should include more animal proteins than vegetable, because animal proteins are more easily digested. Protein is especially necessary when carbohydrates are restricted to keep down excess weight.

Therefore milk, cheese, eggs, lean meat (such as beef, lamb, mutton, liver, heart, kidneys), wholemeal, and oatmeal, peas (especially dried peas), beans, and nuts.

STOP SAND PAPERING YOUR SINK WITH SANDY CLEANSERS

MAKE THIS TEST!

Pour some sandy cleanser on one side of wet sink. Pour some BON AMI on the other. Then rub each with your fingertips. Feeling is believing!



USE **BON AMI** WITH 'fsp'
IT'S 100% CLEANSER!

Ordinary, sandy cleansers actually scrub off the fine enamel finish of your sink... actually make dirt traps.

BON AMI with 'fsp' cleans...polishes...and protects your sink without scratching...your sink stays clean longer! Its smooth-gliding cleaning action swishes away the dirt and grease completely and leaves a shiny, protective coating to keep your sink clean longer.

BON AMI IS THE CLEANSER RECOMMENDED BY LEADING PLUMBING AND FIXTURE MANUFACTURERS



GOT THOSE
stale-air
summer
blues?



Quick!
the Air-wick

The "good old summer time" would be *really* good if we could spend it all at the beach! But most of us have to put up with that hot, humid, breeze-less staleness at home. What to do about it? Just this...

You can stop any smell or staleness at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, give you *garden-fresh* air. Remember, for less than one penny per day...



FIERY ECZEMA
QUICKLY CURBED

Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has the Amazing New Remedy Discovery called Nicoderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal skin clear, soft and smooth. No matter how bad your hands are, get a new form from your chemist to-day. Under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.



"Wonderful Australia" is packed with beautiful color pictures on art paper. The price is 5/- See order coupon in this issue.



Panel 4 of the 'TEENA' comic strip is cut off at the bottom.

Fashion

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"EUGENIE".—Pretty torso-line afternoon dress in printed, non-iron cotton. Color choice includes pink, blue, and gold; saxe-blue, American Beauty, and orange; sage-green, aqua, and gold; and pale blue, lemon, and green. All are printed in a lattice and floral design on a white background.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 84/6; 36 and 38in. bust 87/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 54/9; 36 and 38in. bust 55/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

"ELIZA".—Perfectly tailored, short-skirted tennis dress in white pique. The dress has a wide neckline and flared skirt.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 63/9; 36 and 38in. bust 66/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 29/3; 36 and 38in. bust 31/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.



* Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 81. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are obtainable for only six weeks after publication.

At any price you won't find

BETTER FINISH

and **FIT . . .**

BETTER VALUE

than you do in

**CHESTY
BOND
ATHLETICS**

Why? Because all Bond's knitted underwear is made from super-carded cotton that's softer, more comfortable and longer-lasting.

6'II



Now!
**MATCHING
KNEE PANTS**
in super-carded
cotton **9'II**

Ask for Chesty Bond Junior Athletics **4'6**

FOR COMFORT AND FIT . . . IT MUST BE KNIT . . . BUY BOND'S
Prices subject to control in each State.

For real
skin health
and natural
beauty

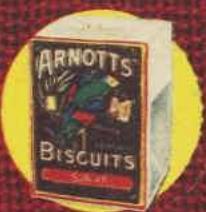
Solyptol
REG TRADE MARK
Soap



Only a healthy skin can be
really beautiful, and Solyptol
Soap keeps your skin healthy.
The rich, creamy lather of
Solyptol Soap refreshes as it
cleanses. You'll like Solyptol
Soap . . . it's so smooth!

PAA
PAN AMERICAN WORLD'S MOST
EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

*Often
buttered
never
bettered*



Only
Arnott's
make
Sao (REGD.) Biscuits

For economy and convenience, always keep a tin in the house.

There is no Substitute for Quality.